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BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

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CHARLES MACKAY. 1886.

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THROUGH THE LONG DAY,

OR,

MEMORIALS OF A LITERARY LIFE DURING HALF A CENTURY.

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BY

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THROUGH THE LONG DAY.

CHAPTER I.

A ONCE NOTED CLAIRVOYANT.

In the summer of 1844 the *Morning Chronicle* received an invitation from the celebrated Dr. Elliotson, to attend at his house in Conduit Street an exhibition of the wonderful powers attributed to a French youth named Alexis. The young man was asserted by his friends to be able to read in any page of any book, known or unknown to him, with his eyes bandaged, even if the book were held behind his head, or in an adjoining room; to see into the interior of any strong box, however securely locked or fastened, and to describe its contents, whatever they might be. Clairvoyance, then comparatively new as an imposture, had many believers; all impostures have for a time, however absurd or

outrageous they may be, among the unfortunately large and silly multitude, who love to be deceived and take a kind of insane pleasure in disbelieving the natural and true, in order that they may more thoroughly believe in the preternatural and the false. I was deputed by Mr. Black to attend the exhibition and report upon it without fear or favour.

I went accordingly, and was courteously received by Dr. Elliotson, with whom I was previously acquainted, and found from twenty to thirty ladies and gentlemen assembled in his drawing-room. Among the company was Colonel Gurwood, the editor of the *Duke of Wellington's Despatches*, to whom I was introduced by the Doctor. I was the only representative of the press present, for which I was afterwards sorry. Alexis was accompanied by a M. Marcillet, a French gentleman, whom I supposed at first to be his father, but who turned out to be the agent or speculator who had brought him over to England to make money by the display of his real or pretended powers. The performance began by M. Marcillet bandaging the eyes of Alexis, seated in a large arm-chair. The bandage was three, if not four-folded with silk handkerchiefs, so securely and artistically done that it was all but impossible that the slightest ray of light could reach the eyes. This done, M. Marcillet produced a large folio volume from Dr. Elliotson's library, and held it behind the head of Alexis at a distance

of three or four paces. The book was then opened, apparently at random, and Alexis was asked to read, either at the left hand or the right hand. He read a sentence accordingly, but very slowly and deliberately, and as if every word cost him an effort to decipher. M. Marcillet, Dr. Elliotson, Colonel Gurwood, and one or two others examined the page, and declared that the clairvoyant had read correctly, and without the mistake of a single word. I, however, was not satisfied. I did not even in my own mind accuse Dr. Elliotson or Colonel Gurwood of collusion, but I could not be certain that the book, the page, the very passage that had been read had not been made known to Alexis, either by M. Marcillet or some other agency, before the performance commenced, and that the whole affair was premeditated, prepared, and very cunningly devised, to deceive the credulous, the unthinking, the idle-minded, and the half-crazy lovers of the marvellous. I expressed my dissatisfaction with the experiment to Dr. Elliotson, who immediately suggested that it should be tried again, and that the volume should be opened at another page. But though the proposal might seem to be fair, there was no security to my mind against previous collusion, and that the next page, opened apparently at random, might not be as familiar as the first to the trained memory of Alexis. I replied that I would believe in the powers claimed for

Alexis if he would read on a piece of paper one word written by me, and known only to me, which I would fold up and enclose in an envelope, to be sealed in the presence of the company. I did not care, I said, whether, if his eyes were bandaged, the sealed envelope were placed in front of his face or behind his back.

This seemed to me to be a fair proposal, but was not considered to be so by the majority of those present. Dr. Elliotson himself, though willing that the experiment should be tried, expressed doubts of the result, because any openly expressed incredulity might, he said, have a disturbing effect on the magnetic and sympathetic current essential to be maintained in the mind of the clairvoyant! It was ultimately decided, though not without opposition by the believers in Alexis, that my little simple experiment should be tried. I retired alone into the adjoining room, and wrote one word, which I thought no Frenchman or Englishman would guess, if he exercised his imagination or his memory ever so industriously; and that word was "*Dingwall.*" I proposed making a journey to that little remote town in the Highlands of Scotland during the ensuing week. If he read that word correctly, the castle of my incredulity would be stormed and captured, and Alexis for the future might number me among the staunchest believers in his extraordinary power of seeing without eyes; though at the same time I felt

assured that I should be able to convince any doubter, as hard of faith as I was, to absolve me from the charge or the suspicion of collusion.

The sealed envelope was held before the face of Alexis, and, after two or three minutes, behind his back, all the company looking on. After an interval, which was not, perhaps, very long, though it seemed to be so, Alexis declared that the word commenced with the letter F. I was requested to state whether this was right. I declined, on the ground that if he could see, he could see, and continue seeing, and that my assertion that he was right or my assertion that he was wrong could answer no good purpose. It was held by Colonel Gurwood that if he were right he needed encouragement, and that if he were wrong he needed a spur to try again. But I was obdurate in my refusal to give any hint whatever to the pretended clairvoyant. After another interval, he said that the second letter of the word was R. As the company were growing impatient, or if not impatient, weary, the experiment was brought to a close; the envelope was opened, and the written word was found to be *Dingwall*, in which there was neither an F nor a R. It appeared from M. Marcillet's explanation that Alexis had read the hidden word "*France*," the name of a place; and as "Dingwall" was also the name of a place, it was held by the believers and devotees that clairvoyance had

achieved a partial if not a complete triumph, and that Alexis, by his magnetic power, had been enabled to perceive that a place was indicated, and that in all probability, if more time had been given him, he would ultimately have succeeded in naming it correctly. Faith, it is declared on high authority, can remove mountains; and in this case it certainly removed a mountain of difficulty or absurdity.

The experiment, however, was not considered conclusive by Dr. Elliotson, and I was asked to renew my visit on a future day, when another opportunity should be given me to try it. In the meantime, and before the assemblage dispersed, a further attempt was made to try the strength and accuracy of the mental and abnormal vision of Alexis. Colonel Gurwood had brought with him a mahogany box of about a foot in height and of proportionate length, which he placed before the clairvoyant, and requested him to state what was in it. The Colonel had the key of it, and declared that he had not mentioned its contents to anyone in the room. Alexis, with his eyes still bandaged as before, was allowed to feel the box with his hands to make sure it was a box, and then sitting down in the arm-chair, with M. Marcillet on one side and Colonel Gurwood on the other, seemed to fix his whole attention on the task before him for five or six minutes, more or less, and then de-

clared that the box contained a bone; that the bone was the tibia of an officer who served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula; that his leg had been amputated, and that the officer was still living and had a wife and family of several children. Colonel Gurwood declared the story to be true, unlocked the box, and produced the tibia. A little, thin, weazened old gentleman who sat beside me, and who was apparently a friend of Colonel Gurwood, turned to me, and said emphatically, "That is a clencher!" I did not feel inclined to enter into an argument with him; but it was no "clencher" to me, inasmuch as to have made it a "clencher" it would have been necessary to convince me that Colonel Gurwood had not been indiscreet enough to have mentioned the contents of the box to some person in the room, and that the history of the former owner of the tibia had not in some indirect manner reached the ears of M. Marcillet or other person pecuniarily interested in the success of Alexis, and had thence been allowed to percolate into the mind of Alexis himself. So I continued incredulous, though at least nine-tenths of the witnesses present remained firmer in the faith of clairvoyance than they had been before, if such a result were possible.

On the day appointed by Dr. Elliotson for the second trial of the experiment with the "one word," and the one word only, I attended at his

house, accompanied by my friend Patric Park, the sculptor. Though I had previously published in the *Morning Chronicle* a plain unvarnished account of the results of the first seance, I was not prepared for the repulse I received from the Doctor in again presenting myself at his house. On arrival Mr. Park and myself were shown up to the drawing-room, where a few ladies and a number of gentlemen were present. We were hardly seated when Dr. Elliotson came towards us, and objected to the presence of Mr. Park, who had come uninvited. Mr. Park offered immediately to withdraw, and I, on my part, if I had done wrong in bringing him as a witness of the experiment I proposed, offered to withdraw with him. Dr. Elliotson expressed his wonder that, after the opinions I had expressed in the *Morning Chronicle*, I should have come at all, and bowed us out of the apartment.

I published an account of this also in the *Morning Chronicle*, and so ended my connection with the affair of Alexis. I never heard any more of him or his patron Marcillet, except to learn, some weeks afterwards, that they had both quitted London.

Two or three years afterwards, being on a visit to Manchester, on the occasion of a grand soirée given by the directors of the Athenæum in that city, I attended a kindred display at the house of a physician who believed in the occult mysteries of

magnetism, clairvoyance, and thought-reading. The patient on whom the experiment was tried was ne less celebrated a personage than Lord Morpeth, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The experiment was strictly private, the only persons present, besides Lord Morpeth and the physician, being myself and Dr. W. B. Hodgson, afterwards Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh. His lordship was put to sleep in an arm-chair by a few magnetic or mesmeric passes from the physician. Though his eyes were shut, he was not apparently wholly unconscious, but answered the questions put to him by the operator. We were told by the mesmerist, that by the strong mental and unexpressed exercise of his will, he could cause Lord Morpeth, or any other parties whom he might put into a mesmeric or magnetic trance, to think with his thoughts, whatever they might be, or however often he might vary. Taking from his vest-pocket a small gold pencil-case, and holding it to Lord Morpeth's nose, he asked him what it smelt of? Lord Morpeth replied without hesitation, "Of roses." The operator turning to us, said, "He is right, I thought of roses." Again placing the pencil-case to the patient's nose, he asked what it smelt of now? Lord Morpeth replied, "Of eau de cologne." "Right again," said the Doctor, "I thought of eau de cologne." The experiment, on being tried

for the third time, produced on his lordship's face an expression of disgust, and the reply, "Gas," while the Doctor as before replied, "Right! I though of gas." Several other experiments were tried, all of them having reference to the sense of smell, and all yielding replies corresponding with those already cited.

The results were inexplicable to me at the time. They are inexplicable now. I report them exactly as they occurred. I cannot believe that Lord Morpeth was playing a part to mystify Dr. Hodgson and myself, nor can I believe that the highly respectable medical practitioner was in collusion with his lordship to play a trick upon me, or that he thought otherwise than he said he thought, in the matter of the various odours which he mentally attributed to a non-odorous substance. I leave the riddle as I find it, and pass on my way, unconvinced but not unbewildered.

CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL IN 1850.—MR. EDWARD RUSHTON AND MR. WILLIAM RATHBONE.

WHEN engaged for the *Morning Chronicle* in 1850, to take part in its comprehensive inquiry into the great subject of "Labour and the Poor" throughout England, I passed three months in Liverpool. During that time I made many friends in that great town, or city as it might be called, though, through not being the see of a bishop or an archbishop, it has no valid title to that designation. In the United States, or Canada, even if it were but a tenth part of its size, or if it did not contain a tithe of its population, it would to a certainty be called a city; while perhaps some of its populous suburbs would claim the same designation. Among the valued friends, now, alas! no more, were two whom I especially prized, and whom I most affectionately remember; Mr. Edward Rushton, the able stipendiary magistrate, and the venerable William Rath-

bone, one of the most eminent merchants in Europe, whose firm imported the first consignment of cotton from America that ever arrived in England. Mr. Rathbone was the highly respected mayor of the town, and conferred honour upon the municipality by accepting the onerous but not particularly honourable charge. He was highly popular, as he deserved to be, though he differed in politics and religion from the great majority of the inhabitants. He was what it was then the fashion to call a "Whig-Radical," though more perhaps of a Radical than a Whig; and he was a pillar and support of the Unitarian Church. He bore his faculties so meekly as a politician and a Christian, as scarcely to make opponents of those who differed from him in opinions, and was wholly without enemies.

Mr. Rushton, called "Roaring Rushton" at an early period of his career by the plain-speaking and often foul-mouthed William Cobbett, in his once notorious "Register," had, for several years before my visit to Liverpool, exercised the functions of stipendiary magistrate with general favour and acceptance. He was worthy, as all who knew him admitted him to be, of a much higher post in the administration of justice than fate or fortune had accorded him. His politics had excluded him from the patronage of the Tory ministries, who were in possession of power in his early manhood, and he had not suc-

ceeded in obtaining a seat in Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill—another circumstance which impeded his progress up the ladder of legal advancement. But, perhaps, he was too little acquainted with the technicalities, the quirks and quibbles, sharp practices, and possessed too admirable a fund of sound, sterling, and uncompromising common-sense, to have been made a judge of the superior courts in the metropolis. He found a sphere of greater usefulness, though of less dignity and emolument, in the inferior social position of stipendiary magistrate in a provincial town. In Liverpool he shone as a legal luminary of the first magnitude, whereas in London he might, like other police magistrates, have shone but as a faint star in a crowded galaxy, and been out-glittered by Solicitor and Attorney Generals, Puisne Judges, Barons of the Exchequer, Vice-Chancellors, and Chancellors. In Liverpool he reigned without a rival, except during the assizes, when he was eclipsed by the superior judges on the circuit, but nobody eclipsed him as a social star in the limited hemisphere in which his lot was cast. He was a man of varied erudition and accomplishments, a lover of literature, and of surprising tenacity of memory. He possessed a fund of humour, which rendered him an admirable conversationalist, a *raconteur* in all respects equal to the most celebrated adepts in the almost lost art of amusing, while instructing a mixed com-

pany of men and women without sermonising, lecturing or soliloquising, or otherwise becoming a bore or attempting to monopolise the attention of his listeners. His society was in consequence in great request in the town, to such an extent that he was seldom enabled to enjoy the luxury of a quiet dinner at home. Yet he managed at times to do so, to his great satisfaction, and very possibly to the equally great benefit of his health. Unlike many great diners-out, he was not a professed wit, neither a punster, nor a funster, though terse, epigrammatic witticisms often came unstudied and unbidden from his lips, and were invariably appropriate to the subject in hand. He and Mr. Rathbone were much attached to each other's society, and to their frequent symposia I was often invited as a favourite guest, an honour which I highly appreciated, more especially when the company on the occasion was select and not numerous, and no wet-blankets or extra stupid persons were invited.

I remember particularly on one occasion, when Mr. Rushton had invited Mr. Rathbone and myself to dine with him, that both of them were highly amused at the account I gave them of my morning's work among the slop tailors of the town, employed by firms engaged in the manufacture of cheap clothes for sailors and emigrants. The town was over-run, both with sempstresses and

journeymen tailors, all competing with each other for the lowest kind of needlework, and receiving in consequence the lowest kind of wages. I learned that many of the poor tailors earned—in twelve hours' daily toil—no more than from eleven to fourteen shillings a week, out of which they had to provide their own thread; and that they could not always reach the maximum of fourteen shillings without working at least half of the Sunday. I made a point of questioning each of them, who was willing to tell me the story of his hardships and privations, whether he was compelled to work on Sundays to earn so scanty a pittance. One man to whom I put the question answered me with a loud, emphatic and defiant No! adding that he would not work on Sundays for any man. There was such a gleam of anger in his eye, that I at first thought he was a rigid Calvinist, or other zealot of strong religious opinions, and so I questioned him once more, expecting to find him a fanatical Sabbatarian, and asked him if he went to church or chapel. He replied in a moment, with an oath, "Damn all churches and chapels! I never go near any of them!" The word he used in his anger was far more vulgarly odious than the not altogether ungentlemanly world "damn," once held on the Continent to be peculiarly English; but I shall not soil my page by repeating it. "What do you do with yourself then?" I continued. "Do

you read or go to sleep?" "If the weather is bad," he replied, "I try to go to sleep until the public-house opens; but if it is fine, I take a walk into the fields, lie on my back in the grass, or under a tree, watch the clouds as they sail over the sky, and thank God that I am alive!"

"I rather like that free-minded tailor," said Mr. Rushton, "except for his use of the most detestable word in the English language. I would fine every man five shillings who polluted his lips with it, if I could catch him at it."

"Somewhat of a philosopher, too," said Mr. Rathbone, "and with a spirit of independence in him, which needed but proper training to make a true man of him."

On another occasion, I informed Mr. Rushton that in making researches into the condition of the seafaring population of the town, I had discovered a street, called Denison Street, where no black man dared to show his face, except in peril of his life, and where, if he were seen, the alarm was raised as of the "Fiery Cross" of the olden time in Scotland, and the whole population turned out with sticks and stones and other convenient weapons of offence to expel him. Mr. Rushton was incredulous.

"You have been imposed upon," he said. "I have been a magistrate here for many years, and if the thing were true I should certainly have heard of it."

I repeated the story, gave him the name of my informant, and added, in explanation, that Denison Street was inhabited by Americans and Irish Americans of low grade, who kept sailors' boarding and lodging houses; that the sailors who patronised them were mostly from New York and Boston; and that the antipathy or hatred of the lower class of American white men, native or imported, to the negro race, was notorious.

"Dine with me to-morrow," replied Mr. Rushton, "and in the meantime I will make inquiries, and let you know the result. Were I a betting man, which I am glad to say I never was and never will be, I would bet ten to one against the truth of the story."

On repairing to Mr. Rushton's house on the morrow, as invited, where I found Mr. Rathbone had arrived before me, Mr. Rushton informed me that he had made inquiries of the police and found that my information was correct. The law had never been put in force to remove the scandal, mainly because the breaches of the peace had never been serious enough to call for an exercise of authority, and because the aggrieved negroes were either too poor, too ignorant, or too indolent to take the trouble of complaining.

"Strangers in a town, who keep their eyes and their ears open," said Mr. Rathbone, "often see and learn more about the ways and manners of

the inhabitants than the inhabitants themselves know."

"Because the inhabitants are too much occupied with money-getting and their own affairs," said Mr. Rushton, "to have time or inclination to attend to such every-day matters; while the stranger has but little else to do, and his curiosity is excited by novelty."

The conversation next turned upon the subject of the Irish and the police, and the very large numbers of Irish in the town, larger, it was believed, than the Irish population of any town in Ireland, except Dublin, Cork and Belfast. I learned that the conflicts between the Irish and the police, which had for many years been of constant recurrence, had of late shown signs of abatement, and that the welcome change had been mainly due to the counsels of an Irish gentleman, which had been followed by Mr. Rushton and the local magistracy. The Irish mob were so turbulent and excitable, and so strongly inclined to riot on the slightest pretexts, that it was thought necessary to arm the police when on duty with cutlasses. The police in repressing disturbances often had occasion, or fancied that they had occasion, to use these weapons, and bloodshed was the too frequent result. Bloodshed, it appeared, invariably led to renewals of the conflict on the following day, when the Irish gathered in increased numbers, to take revenge or

otherwise try conclusions with the forces of law and order. The Irish gentleman, who knew and had studied the character of his countrymen, represented to Mr. Rushton that the serious nature of the weapon in the hands of the police, especially if a fatal result should accidentally follow its use, only exasperated the lower classes of the Irish; that the sight of blood inflamed their passions, and urged them to revenge; and that the true way to deal with an Irish mob was to call out the parish fire-engines and pump dirty water upon them; or, if that were considered inexpedient, to arm the police with short shillelaghs or long truncheons, and belabour the skulls of the rioters with those formidable but not commonly fatal weapons.

"An Irishman," he said, "would encounter more recklessly the slash of a cutlass, or even a pistol-shot, than he would the crack of a shillelagh on his pate. If he were hurt by a blow, his fate would not largely excite the sympathy or the commiseration of his comrades."

He advised the authorities of Liverpool to make the change and try the effect of the experiment, which would not be a costly one; nor would the drilling of the police in the dexterous manipulation of the shillelagh be either tedious or difficult. The advice was taken, after the usual dilatoriness exhibited by English municipalities and other public

bodies whenever change or improvement of any kind is recommended. The best results ensued. The Irish gentleman's opinion was supported by many of his well-to-do and peaceably-disposed countrymen in the town; and the conflicts between the Irish mob and the police, though they did not wholly cease, became less frequent than of old, and lost nearly all their bitterness. If heads were now and then broken, no lives were lost, and the police became to a certain extent popular even among the Irish, because they fought them, when fighting became necessary, with the familiar Irish shillelagh and no longer with what they called the cowardly cutlass of the "brutal and bloody Saxon."

During my visit to Liverpool, Mr. Rathbone was asked, as Mayor, to take the chair *ex-officio* at a public meeting which was to be called to advocate the extension of church accommodation. He at first refused on the plea that he was adverse to the project, and that he thought there were already too many mean-looking churches and chapels in the town, without architectural beauty of any kind, and that they disfigured the streets which they ought to adorn. He was ultimately prevailed upon to alter his resolution; and, on taking the chair, made a speech which, if it did not throw cold water upon the hot zeal of the promoters of the movement, did not give much aid to the cause which they had at heart. He was of opinion, he said, that there

were too many churches and chapels, and too little religion and Christian charity in Liverpool. He did not say this, he added, with any view of saving his money, for he was willing to subscribe the sum of £50,000 towards the building of a grand cathedral in Liverpool which would be an ornament to the town, on the one condition that it should be the church of every denomination of Christians, and even of Jews and Mahometans, and that it should be used by all sects at stated hours, so that the several services should not interfere with each other. This great cathedral, he thought, would render unnecessary the building of any inferior or meaner edifices, whether churches or chapels, while its very existence, and the purposes to which it was devoted, would preach Christian charity and Christian unity, and act as a shining example of enlightened toleration to all the too numerous sects of Christians in Great Britain.

The suggestion fell dead upon the ears of the Liverpudlians, who appeared to have no faith in the seriousness of the grand proposal, though Mr. Rathbone had both the will and the means to carry it into effect had it met with the sympathy, approval, and support of his fellow-citizens. Nothing more was ever heard of it, not even in the shape of friendly or unfriendly comment in the local newspapers.

Mr. Rathbone took much interest in the edu-

cation of the children of the poor, which all the benevolent and religious agencies at work in the town failed to accomplish, except by weak and hardly perceptible attacks upon the great citadel of ignorance, defended in its approaches by Apathy, Niggardliness, and Sectarian Bigotry, all enemies to, or stumbling-blocks in the way of, the instruction of destitute or poor children.

I accompanied him at his request to the Workhouse, when the poor boys of tender age receiving the rudiments of education at the expense of the rate-payers were drawn up in line before us, that we might see their physical condition and examine them, if it so pleased us, in their knowledge either of Christian doctrine or of either of the three R's, which their master professed to teach them. This I for my part declined to do; but, seeing one bright little boy of about nine years of age, I asked the master what sort of a child he was.

"The worst boy in the school," replied the master. "We can do nothing with him. He is quite incorrigible."

I noticed that tears filled the large blue eyes of the little fellow and overflowed till they ran down his cheeks.

"In what way is he so bad?" I inquired.

"Oh!" replied the master in a tone the reverse of amiable, "it is impossible to make him keep still. He is always in movement, nudging the other

boys, and distracting their attention from their lessons."

"Poor little fellow," said Mr. Rathbone, "he cannot help it. He is of a lively and restless disposition; but it is very cruel of you to confound all his notions of right and wrong by imputing to him as wickedness that which is but a result of a nervous temperament. You are doing your utmost to make a bad man of him in letting him suppose that there is no difference between restlessness and criminality."

Mr. Rushton and I both concurred in this rebuke, and Mr. Rushton bluntly told the pedagogue that he was unfit for his place, and that his denunciation of the boy's "wickedness," as he called it, might make the little fellow think, as he grew older, that if he were to be considered wicked for so little, he might as well be wicked in earnest, if he could gain anything by it. The teacher, if he might be so called without an abuse of words, did not seem to view the matter in that light. Mr. Rathbone, without telling him so, let us both know, as we left the room, that he would represent the case to the Board of Guardians, in the hope that a formal reprimand of the possibly well-meaning but ignorant official would be the result.

News of Mr. Rushton's death reached me in Vienna five years afterwards. He died universally

respected and regretted in Liverpool, and from eight to ten thousand people were reported to have formed in irregular procession to witness his funeral. All the shops in the town were closed and all business was suspended for the day.

And this reminds me of another funeral celebration at Liverpool. On the day fixed for the interment of the honoured remains of the great Sir Robert Peel, I noticed that the flags on the Royal Exchange and on many of the vessels in the harbour were hoisted half-mast high. I happened to meet the mayor in the street, and expressed my satisfaction at the tribute of respect which the town had shown to the memory of the lamented statesman. "Appearances are deceptive," replied Mr. Rathbone. "I wish, with all my heart, that the town had had the good taste and kind feeling to do as you suppose that they have done. The flags are waving half-mast high in respect to the memory of an insignificant royal personage, the Duke of Cambridge, and not to that of one of the greatest men of the century, the good and self-sacrificing Sir Robert Peel, to whom we owe the repeal of the Corn Laws."

CHAPTER III.

THE "STAR AND GARTER."—LITTLE DINNERS AT RICHMOND.

MANY pleasant memories dwell in my mind of the old "Star and Garter" at Richmond in the days when it was in the occupation of Mr. Ellis, the father of Mr. Joseph Ellis, afterwards of the Bedford Hotel at Brighton. In that favourite hostelry, renowned in its day for choice dinners, choice wines, and choice company, the Marquis Wellesley, the brother of the great Duke of Wellington, took up his residence for many months. When the dethroned King Louis Philippe, running away from Paris, in February 1848, to escape the fury of the mob, which would not, perhaps, have harmed him had he stayed, landed at Newhaven, near Brighton, under the name of Mr. William Smith, he took refuge with the amiable Queen Amelie at the "Star and Garter," and made it his home until Queen Victoria, and his son-in-law, Leopold I., King of the Belgians, placed the palace of Claremont at his

disposal. The house was the favourite Sunday resort of rich Londoners, and of rich foreigners, who enjoyed a good dinner in beautiful scenery, as its modern successor, built shortly after the original building was unfortunately destroyed by fire, continues to be.

Of the many dinners I have partaken of and enjoyed in the ancient house, I have a particular remembrance of two; of one more especially, to which I was invited by Mr. Ellis. The guests whom I had the pleasure of meeting on the occasion were John Braham, the celebrated vocalist; Thomas Hood, the equally or still more celebrated poet; John Britton, the antiquary; William Tooke, also an antiquary, and a member of the Council of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; George Cruikshank, the artist, not then so well-known to fame as he afterwards became; John Payne Collier, the Shaksperean commentator and editor, with all of whom I was already acquainted, and several other gentlemen, whom I met for the first time. The dinner and the wines provided by Mr. Ellis were of first-rate excellence, but, as often happens when celebrated and brilliant people are assembled, and expect too much of each other, the conversation languished, and but few flashes of wit illuminated the intellectual atmosphere of the table. But when the dessert arrived and the Chateau Margaux began to circu-

late, a change supervened in consequence of the happy audacity of Mr. Tooke, a very old friend of Mr. Braham, who took the liberty of asking that gentleman for a song. Mr. Braham, without any hums or ha's, or any hesitation whatever, refreshed his mouth and throat with a glass of water, and sang in fine voice, with all his usual well-known grace of expression—

From the white blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn.

The applause was great and long continued, and was renewed with double force a few minutes afterwards when Mr. Braham asked us if we should like to hear him sing *The Bay of Biscay*. There could be but one response to such an inquiry, and he sang the song in his very best style. Great was our pleasure, and loud was our applause, only hushed for a moment as George Cruikshank rose to his feet, a full glass in his hand (he had not then, I believe, joined the valiant army of the teetotallers), and with the evident intention of making a speech and proposing a toast. In few but felicitous words, he expressed the gratitude of the company at the pleasure which the accomplished singer had so liberally and spontaneously afforded us all, and ended by proposing the "Health of Mr. Braham and the British Drama." The applause was renewed even more loudly than before, but was suddenly interrupted by the rising of another of the

guests, the pale, the frail, the most melancholy-looking but merry-hearted Thomas Hood, who, in broken sentences, scarcely audible, objected to the toast. "Do not imagine," he said, "that I will not drink to John Braham, with the greatest pleasure, and the most fervent good wishes for his health and happiness. On the contrary, and I know you will all join in the toast with enthusiasm, not only with three times three, but with nine times nine if necessary. But I object to coupling his name with the 'British Drama'!"

The surprise of the assembly was somewhat lessened when he added immediately, "If the toast had been the health of John Braham only, without any addition whatever, I should have been better pleased." Here were signs of assent and renewed applause. "But as an addition has been deemed necessary, I propose that the toast should be 'John Braham and the British Army!'"

Everyone seemed bewildered and curious to know what whim or oddity had taken possession of the mind of the author of *Whims and Oddities*, and John Britton, who sat next to me, said, in a low whisper, "What *can* he be after?"

"Yes," continued Hood, "I repeat it, John Braham and the British Army! Do we not know—does not all the world know—that one of the bravest and gallantest soldiers that ever shed lustre on the history of his country, died after scaling, with un-

exampled heroism, the heights of A-Braham? and that our Braham still lives to scale the still higher heights of song? Long may he continue to do so!"

I have heard many bad puns, and listened to many futile attempts at fun in my life-time, but I never listened to a more flagrant attempt to pump water out of a dry well than this was; but coming from an acknowledged and celebrated wit, delivered as the joke was with the most lugubrious expression of countenance, it excited shouts of laughter.

"Extremes meet," said John Payne Collier, *sotto voce*. "The joke is so uncommonly bad, as almost to merit to be called a 'good one.'"

"I can't attempt to rival the illustrious author of 'Hood's own' in wit," said John Braham, in acknowledging the toast, "but if you will accept another song instead of a speech, I shall be glad to sing you the *Death of Nelson*."

And the genial old man sang the famous song with as much apparent ease as the lark under the blue sky sings its first hymn to the morning.

The second little dinner which I remember at the "Star and Garter" was when Shirley Brooks (whose real name was William Charles Brooks, as he himself informed me when he requested me to be a witness to his will), accepted the invitation I gave him to meet Mr. Bayard Taylor, the American author and traveller. We three dined alone, in one of the small rooms on the Garden

Terrace, commandihg the beautiful view of the Thames and its wooded banks, which was the main attraction of the place. Shirley Brooks and I naturally expected that Mr. Taylor would admire it, as all the world did. But he appeared to look upon the scene with the eyes of an American backwoodsman, rather than with those of a cosmopolitan traveller, and remarked with listless nonchalance, after I had endeavoured to draw his attention to what I considered the most salient points of the lovely landscape: "Very handsome, indeed; but it strikes me that there is too much timber; and that the landscape would be vastly improved by judicious *clearing*."

"To make it look more like an American prairie," said Mr. Shirley Brooks, "is that what you mean?"

"Not exactly!" replied the traveller. "I don't object to trees in moderation, but there are too many trees in England. They spoil the view."

I thought that perhaps Mr. Taylor was a joker of jokes, and did not mean what he said to be taken seriously, and resolved to leave him alone in his heterodoxy, whether it were real or simulated.

We found Mr. Taylor a pleasant companion, with a mind overflowing with literary and general information; a man who had not travelled without observation and consequent profit. His reminiscences of Nubia, which it was not then the fashion

to call the Soudan, from which he had but recently returned, were particularly interesting. He had travelled round the world as the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and had contributed many valuable letters to that journal, then running a race of competition with the *New York Herald*—a race which it was not destined to win—though in point of literary merit and high political character it was far in advance of that journal. He was liberally paid, and travelled with a considerable retinue, as, indeed, was necessary in some regions to insure proper deference and respect, if not safety. On arriving at one particular Nubian village, the name of which I have forgotten, the "Sultan" or chief of the district, hearing of his arrival, came out to meet him. A friendly palaver, through the medium of an interpreter, was the result.

"The black Sultan," said Mr. Taylor, "and all the chiefs are called Sultans, struck with admiration at the number of my retainers, as well as at the variety of the presents I offered him, took it into his head that I also must be a Sultan, and asked me the number of subjects that I had in my own country. That I might not fall in his estimation by owning that I was not a Sultan at all, I bethought myself that the *Tribune* had a daily circulation of at least a hundred thousand copies, that every copy had an average of at least three

readers, and that my letters as they severally appeared were read by three hundred thousand persons. I therefore told him, with all the dignity I could assume, that I had three hundred thousand subjects! The Sultan was duly impressed by the splendour of my position, told the interpreter that I was a very great Sultan indeed, and treated me with marked courtesy and deference. He afterwards offered me one of his daughters in marriage, either temporarily during my stay in his dominions, or during the term of her natural life. I respectfully declined the offer; but the Sultan was not offended, though somewhat surprised at my want of taste. We, however, got on very well together, and he never once seemed to forget during the short period of our intercourse, the to him important fact that I had more 'subjects' than he had himself."

After dinner we took a stroll in the Park, and paused before the inscription prominently fixed on a tree near the entrance-gate, which all visitors, if they have any taste for literature, linger to peruse. Mr. Taylor copied the lines into his note-book, and was greatly impressed by their beauty and appropriateness.

From the Park we proceeded down the hill into the town, in order to visit the grave of James Thomson, the author of the once celebrated poem of the *Seasons*, little read in the present day.

but destined, nevertheless, to hold its place among the English classics. We had some difficulty in finding the pew-opener to admit us into the church. That functionary expressed some surprise when she learned the object of our visit, and scarcely seemed to know who James Thomson was, though she was tolerably well acquainted with the names of other more recent celebrities, whose memorial tablets were to be found either in the interior or exterior of the sacred edifice under her charge. We managed, however, to find the tablet of which we were in search, which, perhaps, we should not have done had I not known where to look for it, a knowledge which I had acquired in a visit to the spot several years previously.

The tablet to the memory of Thomson was of copper, about eighteen inches square, placed high up on the wall, with a long inscription, quite illegible from the pew above which it is placed, unless the visitor mounts upon the seat for the purpose, and has good eyes to pierce through the crust of rust and verdigris which is spread over it. It records that it was erected at the expense of the Earl of Buchan in 1792 (thirty-five years after the poet's death), unwilling that the place of interment of so good a man and so sweet a poet "should remain without a memorial for the satisfaction of his admirers."

The poet was not buried within the church, or

under the tablet, as visitors might be led to suppose, but immediately outside, under the church wall. At a later period it was found necessary to enlarge the church slightly, to admit of a new organ, and the old wall was pulled down and re-erected about a yard distant. Nobody thought of the poet's grave at the time, and the consequence was that the venerated remains—if *there were any*—were divided into two portions, one outside and one inside of the church, or under the newer wall.

"What a vile shame!" said Bayard Taylor.

"What does it signify?" said Shirley Brooks.

> "Little he recks, they have let him sleep on
> In the grave where a Briton has laid him."

"True," replied Bayard Taylor; "but I wish, nevertheless, that tne bricklayers—or perhaps it was the parson who was to blame—had had more reverence."

The Second Duke of Wellington.

When the great Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle in 1852, the proprietors and conductors of the *Illustrated London News* were naturally anxious to gratify the public curiosity excited by the event, and to present to the numerous readers of their

widely-circulated journal such incidents of the life and personal surroundings of the departed hero as were capable of pictorial illustration. Views of Apsley House, his town residence; of Strathfieldsaye, his country seat, presented to him by the nation, and of Walmer Castle, which he inhabited as a sea-side resort by virtue of his office as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, were published in rapid succession. The late Samuel Read, an artist whose graphic pencil often, but nevertheless too seldom, enriched the pages of that popular journal, produced a moonlight view of Walmer Castle, where the body of the dead warrior lay preparatory to its removal to London; and Sir John Gilbert, a still greater artist than Samuel Read, who since the first establishment of the *Illustrated London News* had been its principal support in the main department on which it relied for success, put forth all his power to produce an imaginary picture, based upon such facts as were procurable, which was entitled "The Last Moments of the Duke of Wellington," and represented the venerable soldier, patriot, and statesman in his arm-chair, in the position in which he died.

Desirous of making a few sketches of the interior of Apsley House, an artist duly authorised by the proprietors of the paper, applied to the new Duke for the necessary permission. He received a reply to the effect that the Duke desired to see the

editor, and requested the pleasure of that gentleman's company to breakfast on the second day then ensuing. Nothing loth, but, on the contrary, feeling honoured by the invitation, I duly presented myself at the Duke's house in Belgrave Square at ten o'clock on the morning appointed. I found the Duke in the company of Lord Hardinge, and received a polite, though I thought a somewhat stiff reception.

The Duke forthwith proceeded to business, and in a brusque if not ungracious manner said:

"You want permission for your artist to make sketches in my father's house?"

"Yes," I replied, "if you have no objection."

"I have a very great objection," the Duke answered, "and I decidedly refuse the permission you ask for. I do not approve of such publicity as the *Illustrated London News* seems to delight in."

"Has the *Illustrated London News* offended your Grace in any way?" I asked deferentially.

"It has offended me very much," he replied.

"I am sorry for it; but may I ask in what way?"

"By publishing a picture representing the death of my father. Such a thing was formerly unheard of—and is an outrage. How would you like a picture made of the death of *your* father?"

"If my father were the Duke of Wellington," I replied, "I should consider the picture to be meant

in his honour, and at the very worst a penalty paid by extreme greatness to the laudable interest taken in him by the grateful public."

"It 's all very fine," replied the Duke, "to talk in that manner. But *I* don't like it; and besides, such a thing was never done before."

"I beg your pardon. The Death of Chatham is a famous picture with which your Grace must be familiar. The Death of Nelson is still better known; and I might cite others, though at the moment I cannot remember them."

"The cases are not parallel," said the Duke in reply. "Anyhow, I do not like it, and I cannot, for that reason, give your artist permission to make sketches in Apsley House. If I did, the public would be sure to know of the fact—the public knows everything now-a-days—and, knowing that I gave your artist permission to make sketches in Apsley House, it would think I gave him permission to make a sketch of the death of my father." And, turning to Lord Hardinge, who had taken no part in the conversation, he added, "Don't you think I am right, Hardinge?"

Lord Hardinge agreed that the Duke was right —said ditto to him, in fact.

"I have spoken my mind," said the Duke, again turning to me, "and I 'll drop the subject. We will now, if you please, go to breakfast."

As I did not feel disposed to accept the Duke's

hospitality, after the ungracious reception I had so unexpectedly experienced, and as I would have assuredly felt constrained and ill at ease in any conversation that might afterwards have taken place, I declined the invitation, and retired discomfited. But not without a strong impression on my mind that the Duke had done wrong in not refusing by letter the request that had been made to him, and in taking, or rather making, the opportunity to subject a stranger, who claimed to be a gentleman as much as he himself did, to personal rudeness, if not exactly to insult. He could not have treated me much worse if I had been an offending butler, or even a flunkey encased in his livery.

Charles Kean.

I first made the acquaintance of the distinguished couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, in 1853. They were ornaments of their profession in public, and exemplary and highly esteemed in private life. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and continued unabated until the death of Mr. Kean, in January 1867, and of his devoted wife a few years later. It was during the heyday of his brilliant and successful management of the Princess's Theatre, and his gorgeous revivals of the masterpieces of Shakspeare, that he called upon me at the office of the *Illustrated London News*.

The object of his visit was to enlist my personal sympathies in his courageous attempts to bring the eye of the public to the aid of its mind in the appreciation of Shakspeare—to supplement noble poetry, not only by good acting, but by the physical and easily-understood attractions of rich costumes, beautiful scenery, and all means that were at command for the innocent and wholesome excitement of the imagination. Charles Kean was of opinion that the great majority of the critics employed on the daily and weekly press of the metropolis, being writers of plays which they wished to be performed on the stage, though all professed and enthusiastic

lovers of Shakspeare, would rather confine, except on the rarest occasions, his noble tragedies and graceful comedies to the library and the study, than see them performed at the theatre, to the exclusion of their own productions.

He thought that the personal influence of the proprietors and editors of powerful journals might be beneficially exercised to counteract the jealous hostility or lazy indifference of the professional critics. He informed me that more than one of these gentlemen, whom he named, were inimical to him, and lost no opportunity to condemn him, to sneer at him, or "damn him with faint praise," because he had been unable to produce their farces, their burlettas, their comedies, and their tragedies at the Princess's, though he had accepted and paid for some of their pieces, without the least hope or prospect of being able to present them to the public within any reasonable time, if ever.

I speedily convinced him that my sympathies were already with him, and that I had long watched with much interest his zealous efforts to maintain the high character of the drama, even if he did not succeed in making it as popular as Punch and Judy, which was too much to hope for.

"But I never see you at the Princess's," he said, "and I want you to come at least once to every one of my revivals. I shall be happy to place a private box at your disposal any night—or every

night, if you like—if you would only do me the favour to come."

A few weeks after this interview, I happened to meet, near Charing Cross, one of the professional critics whom Mr. Kean had named as being more or less inclined to disparage his genius as an actor, and to disapprove his judgment as a manager. I asked him if he had been to the Princess's to witness the splendid manner in which Mr. Kean had brought out the seldom-acted tragedy of *King John*. He replied that he had not, and that he did not care to see the display of Mr. Kean's "upholstery," or approve of his reckless extravagance in lavishing £3,000 upon the mere accessories to a play of Shakspeare, when he might, for the same outlay, have purchased at least six original tragedies by living authors.

In less than ten minutes after parting with this gentleman in the street, I met Mr. Kean himself, as he was entering the Athenæum Club-house, where I had just called to leave my card for a member. I told him of the conversation I had just held, without mentioning the name of the critic.

"You need not tell me who your friend is," he replied. "I know him! It is Mr. —— of the ——." (And he mentioned rightly the name of the person, and of the journal for which he wrote.) "No doubt he would like me to buy a play of him,

either a tragedy or a comedy, for £600. But I know my business too well to indulge in such foolish extravagance. His play might possibly be well written; but, if I were to bring it out, it might not hit the popular taste. It might prove to be too pretentiously poetical for this prosaic age, that has no love for poetry unless it has been approved by our ancestors, or that only affects to love the great Shakspeare, because it is not the fashion to disparage him. Besides, his play might possess literary without dramatic merit, and be without any effective plot or good situations to afford scope for good actors, who are quite as ambitious as good or even inferior authors can be. In short, it might have every possible merit, and yet fail to please the public. New plays are always new dangers for managers; so I say, 'Shakspeare for ever!' The public know him, and think themselves bound to like him, even when they don't quite understand him. And, besides, he never comes to rehearsals to bully the actors, ask the managers for money, or complain to them of any real or fancied grievance. Shakspeare for ever!"

Charles Kean, like most people whose bread depends upon the favour of the public, whether they be actors, authors, painters, or musicians, was particularly, even morbidly, sensitive to the praise or blame of newspapers. I remember, on one occasion, that he was more than usually dis-

pleased at a notice of his acting in the part of Louis XI., a character that perfectly suited his genius, his idiosyncrasies, and his physique, and that he played in a manner which no contemporary actor could have surpassed, or even equalled. The critic had published in a weekly review, commonly known at the time as the "Scorpion," his opinion that, upon the whole, the performers, both male and female, had done their parts well, and adequately and impressively rendered the meaning of the author, winding up his feeble commendation by the statement that "*Mr. Charles Kean was a judicious actor.*"

It is said that the British army "swore terribly in Flanders"; but the most blatant trooper that served under Marlborough, could not have sworn with a more copious and emphatic flow of objurgatory epithets than Mr. Kean employed when he vented his scorn and wrath against the writer.

"A *judicious* actor!" he repeated several times, with a constantly-increasing fervour of indignation, "a *judicious* actor! Curse his impudence, the spiteful, malignant, dunder-headed ass and fool!"

Venturing to interrupt him in the very height and torrent of his passion, I said to him: "I suppose you would not have been so greatly offended if he had called you *injudicious*?"

He smiled in spite of himself, as he replied: "I would not have cared at all. I should merely have

considered it a proof of his ignorance and inability to form a correct judgment. But when the fellow has the audacity to call me a 'judicious' actor, he shows malice, and a wicked desire to do me an injury if he can."

The injustice—if not exactly the injustice, the scanty and unwilling justice—which he fancied he had all his life received from the press, was always a sore point with Charles Kean. No praise that could be bestowed upon him, unless it were enthusiastic and unqualified, seemed to his mind to be worth having. Of such praise he had a tolerably fair share during his life, though never in doses of such frequency as to satisfy the intense desire of appreciation which possessed him. His enemies and opponents discovered this weakness, and traded upon it, whenever they thought it would serve their purpose, very greatly to his annoyance, and to the morbid increase of his infirmity.

But he had his compensation in his own mind, as most people have that live upon popular applause, and cannot always obtain it, except from a small and friendly minority. They invariably consider the majority to be fools, and the appreciative minority to be wise, and always trust that, in the long run, the wise men will grow into a majority, and that the fools will be silenced, if they be not converted to the true faith. Nor was the compensation quite ideal in the case of

Charles Kean. The longer he lived, the greater grew the number of his friends and admirers, and the more substantial became the pecuniary results of his fame and popularity.

He paid three visits to the United States, the last time in 1865, when I was resident in New York, acting as special correspondent for the *Times* during the Civil War. He was accompanied on this occasion by his wife and by his niece, Miss Chapman, to whom he had acted the part of a father, and who returned his care and kindness with all the affection of a daughter. His reception by the New York press was as cordial as even he, with all his love of praise, could have wished, and a golden harvest seemed to be awaiting him, for his performance, with unabated powers and increased prestige, of all the principal parts which he had assumed with such success during his management of the Princess's. A tragic and historical catastrophe occurred on the morning of the day, when he was to take a benefit at New York, before proceeding to make a tour through the principal cities of Canada.

I cannot recall to my memory the name of the play which he had selected for the occasion, but I remember well that he had sent me an admission to a private box, with a very earnest request that I would not fail to be present. The benefit was fixed for the 16th of April. On the morning of that

day, news was received in New York of the cruel and unprovoked murder of the good, harmless President Abraham Lincoln, by the crazy fanatic Wilkes Booth, the son of a once famous English actor, who madly thought to avenge the wrongs—such he thought them—of the Southern States, by the cowardly assassination of the best friend of the South in all the Northern States, and who was inclined to pardon the leaders of the defeated cause when all the fanatics of the North, with the sole exception of Mr. Horace Greeley, were vociferating for their condign punishment. That night the theatres of New York, and of all the cities of the North, were closed, and so remained for a week, in sign of the national grief, and the benefit of Charles Kean was consequently postponed.

The next time we met was in the beautiful city of Montreal, where we stayed in the same hotel for three weeks, and dined every day in our appointed corner of the table d'hote.

Mr. Kean was cordially received, as all Englishman of note are, by the warm-hearted Canadians, and made a successful tour through the principal cities. He thoroughly approved and sympathised with my object in visiting Canada, which was a mission from the *Times*, after the close of the Civil War in the United States, to write a series of letters for that journal, descriptive of the scenery, the resources, and the aspirations of the

Canadian people, as well as of those of the outlying provinces and colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island—a mission of which I shall have more to say hereafter.

Mrs. Charles Kean was as eminent in her vocation as her husband, and, under her maiden name of Ellen Tree, achieved an enviable reputation as one of the brightest ornaments of the modern stage. This reputation during her married life she maintained and increased, not only by her genius as an actress, but by her exemplary conduct as a woman and a wife, and the silent rebuke which her unsullied reputation enabled her to give to the cynical or parrot-like repetition of the old and not yet exploded prejudice, that strict morality is not to be looked for among the ladies who, either in the highest or the lowest capacities, permit themselves to appear on the stage.

It was the desire of Charles Kean, perhaps it was a weakness—perhaps it was a calculation that it would be of advantage to him in his professional career, that he should receive the honour, or at all events the distinction, of knighthood. He thought he had a claim upon Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, which justified him in expecting this cheap reward for the services he had rendered in superintending, by royal command, at some inconvenience to himself, the Christmas theatricals at Windsor Castle. These performances commenced in 1849,

and were continued for ten years, during which the Christmas performances at the Princess's Theatre were either suspended or were deprived of his personal management and that of his wife. The only recompense he received for his time and trouble was a diamond ring presented by Her Majesty. No doubt he valued the gift, but he would have been better pleased if it had been supplemented by the title he coveted, so that the play-bills of the Princess's might have borne the names of "Sir Charles" and "Lady Kean" as the managers and leading performers. But the Prince Consort, it was surmised, objected. Whether the surmise was well or ill founded, is unknown; but it is certain that for some reason, possibly without any reason at all except caprice, the knighthood was not bestowed; and the names of Sir Charles and Lady Kean never appeared on the play-bills. The authorities, whoever they were, the gold-sticks, the silver-sticks, the "sticks" pure and simple, whose opinions controlled the action of the Prince and the Court on this matter, could find no precedent for the knighting of an actor. Musicians had often received the cheap honour, and shopkeepers, if they happened to be mayors or aldermen of any town, and had presented an address to the Sovereign, had received the coveted title, as had barristers, solicitors. Even authors in rare cases, who had written immortal works, had been allowed to place their

feet on the lowest rung of the long ladder of title; but actors—oh no! the thing was not to be thought of. It would have been a revolutionary innovation, which no friend of the British monarchy could recommend. And so Charles Kean was forced, much against his will, to remain plain Mr., or at most Esquire. Possibly it was better so. David Garrick, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, and others, are quite as well known to, and esteemed by, successive generations without the aristocratic prefix, as they could have been, even if in an addition to the little syllable "Sir" they had been privileged to append Baronet, to their names. But Charles Kean did not think so. He had, however, the solid satisfaction of knowing that he and his wife had made a considerable fortune by the exercise of their profession, and that they stood high in the estimation of all who knew them personally, and of all their cultivated contemporaries.

Charles Kean died in January 1868, and I had the satisfaction of endeavouring to do justice to his merits and his memory, in an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mrs. Kean survived him for several years.

A Fortunate Leap in the Dark.

When Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Lord Lytton, published the first collected edition of his poems sometime between 1852 and 1854, he sent a copy for review to the *Morning Post*. The editor entrusted the task of reviewing it to an Irish gentleman named Miles Gerald Keon, who had a floating and unstable connection with the press, and was a frequent contributor of literary articles to the *Illustrated London News*, as well as to the *Morning Post*. Mr. Keon did not know, for the secret was jealously guarded at that time in Sir Edward's own bosom, that the author of *Pelham* and a score of other equally popular and far better novels, valued his fame as a novelist at a far lower rate than his fame as a poet. The world was not of this opinion. It thought highly of him as a novelist, but did not consider him to have any valid claims to the rank of a poet, though it grudgingly allowed him to be a clever versifier. Mr. Keon, who was personally unacquainted with Sir Edward, and had never heard of this particular idiosyncrasy, did not agree with the majority of the reading public, but with the small minority which included Sir Edward himself, and conscientiously believed him to be indeed a poet of a very high, if not of the highest order. Imbued with

this idea, he wrote a highly eulogistic, and, in fact, enthusiastic estimate of the "poet," in the *Morning Post*. Sir Edward was highly gratified at the tardy recognition of his genius, and drove down to the office of the clear-sighted journal, as he doubtless considered it to be, and asked the editor, whom he knew personally, if he would kindly let him know the name of the critic who had formed so favourable, and, as he thought, so accurate an estimate of his powers. The name was given to him. Sir Edward forthwith wrote a letter to the friendly critic, expressing his gratitude, and desiring the honour of his personal acquaintance. Mr. Keon, as may be supposed, was both flattered and gratified, and lost no time in calling upon the popular and influential author. The acquaintance thus formed speedily ripened into friendship, and for two or three years Mr. Keon was a constant and favourite guest at Sir Edward's house in Park Lane, and at his country seat at Knebworth.

During the period of this intimacy an advertisement appeared in several of the London newspapers, setting forth that an editor was required for a Bombay journal, who would receive a considerable salary, with contingent advantages, and that application, accompanied by testimonials of the candidate's experience, character, and efficiency, were to be addressed, on or before a certain day, to the authorised London agent of the journal in

question. Mr. Keon, among many others, applied for the vacant appointment, and, after an interval of ten days or a fortnight, received an invitation to call upon the agent. He called accordingly at an office in the city, was informed that there had been at least a hundred applicants for the place, amongst whom it had been difficult to decide; but that morning, in consequence of the cordial recommendation of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and the editor of the *Morning Post*, he had decided, after careful consideration, to recommend Mr. Keon to his principals at Bombay, that his recommendation was virtually an appointment to the place, as his powers were absolute, that the salary would be a thousand pounds per annum, together with a fourth share of the profits, and that his, the agent's, fee would be one hundred guineas. Poor Mr. Keon had not one hundred shillings to spare, and was in sore perplexity what to do, lest he should lose the lucrative appointment, and knew not whither to turn for assistance in the shape of a loan on the security of the anticipated salary. After much cogitation he resolved to take Sir Edward into his confidence, and tell him frankly that, unless he could raise the hundred guineas, and the amount of the passage-money for himself and wife to Bombay, together with a necessary outfit, and a small sum for other preliminary and unavoidable expenses, the glittering prize would

escape from his grasp. Sir Edward, who occasionally was heard to declare, when a fit of pârsimony came upon him, that he was descended in some way or other from Elwes, the celebrated miser, did not prove himself a niggard, or unreasonably scrupulous on this occasion, but generously advanced to Mr. Keon, on his personal security, the whole sum which he needed.

In due course Mr. Keon took passage for Bombay, but found on arrival that he had been made the victim of a cruel swindle. No such paper as that which had been named to him was in existence! There was nothing to be done in Bombay, and the only course open to him was to return to England. But he was without funds for the purpose, and utterly powerless to help himself, except by an appeal to the sympathy of some of the leading English houses in Bombay, to whom he revealed unreservedly the whole circumstances of his unhappy case, and the production of the various documents that proved the authenticity of his story, and made known the names of his influential friends in London. By their recommendation and pecuniary aid a passage home was secured for Mr. Keon and his wife, who, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," vowed vengeance, it may well be supposed, against the heartless scoundrel who had so vilely defrauded and so cruelly used him.

On arrival in London, he lost not a day in pro-

ceeding to the "office" of the pretended "agent," but the office knew him no more. He had disappeared long previously and had left no address. He was lost in the great Maelstrom of London—a straw in its whirling waters—and had probably changed his name as well as his residence, as is the custom with such wild beasts who infest all the great centres of civilisation, and make their prey of the credulous and unwary.

He next called upon his kind-hearted friend Sir Edward, to whom he faithfully disclosed all the unhappy circumstances, at the same time threatening dire vengeance upon the swindler, whom he still hoped to discover and punish. Sir Edward had a cool, sagacious head, and though, doubtless, as much annoyed as Mr. Keon, dissuaded him from making an attempt to prosecute, even should he succeed in finding the evil-doer. He did not consider it to be at all likely that he would do so, whatever pains or expense he might incur in the attempt, and recommended that they should put up with the loss and give the facts no publicity.

"Publicity," said Sir Edward, "would not bring back the money or recompense you for your loss of time, though it might be a salve to your wounded feelings. It would exhibit at the same time what a couple of fools we had been: you to believe the story he told, and I as great a fool to advance you the money."

The money lay heavy on poor Keon's conscience; but Sir Edward put him at his ease with respect to it.

"I shall never ask you for it," he said; "but should you make a lucky hit in the literary market and take the town by storm by a brilliant work of genius, and make a publisher pay for it, then and not till then you may think of what you owe me!"

About this time [1858], the Conservative administration of Lord Derby was formed, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton became Secretary of State for the Colonies. One of the earliest appointments which he was enabled to make in the exercise of his patronage was to nominate his friend and protégé, Mr. Keon, who admired his poetry so wisely and so well, to the post of Secretary of the island of Bermuda, worth £700 per annum. Thus Mr. Keon's "leap in the dark" in the critical columns of the *Morning Post* turned out more fortunately than he could have anticipated or even dreamed of. It not only gratified one of the most distinguished literary men of his time, but was the means of securing for himself a responsible and honourable as well as lucrative post in the service of his country, and rescuing him from the unsatisfactory, uncertain, and ill-paid drudgery of a newspaper hack, writing for journals with which he had no certain or permanent connection. Mr. Keon held the

situation until his death, with credit to himself and with satisfaction to Lord Lytton and the Colonial Office. He found time in Bermuda to write a novel, of which, if I recollect rightly, the scene was laid in Jerusalem in the time of Pontius Pilate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GARRICK CLUB, 1853.

I BECAME a member of the Garrick Club at the close of the year 1848, on the introduction of my friend Mr. Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. During the five years of my membership, which I resigned a few years afterwards on being elected to the Reform Club, which answered all my requirements in a higher degree, I found the Garrick a pleasant resort. The qualification for membership was both particular and general, or, it may be said, definite and indefinite, narrow and unbounded. The first was, that the candidate should be a member of the theatrical profession, and the second that he should be a lover of the drama. The first requisite would have limited the Club to a small coterie, the second opened its doors to the whole intellectual world.

Among the theatrical celebrities who frequented the club at luncheon time and in the afternoon,

with whom I was more or less intimately acquainted, were Charles Kemble, T. P. Cooke, J. P. Harley, Charles Compton, and Charles Kean. Among artists, critics, and lovers of the theatre, who were frequently to be met, were Clarkson Stansfield, David Roberts, W. M. Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Albert Smith, Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, Andrew Arcedeckne, and Francis Fladgate, the respected chairman of the committee. Mr. Kemble was not a pleasant man to talk to, for he was extremely deaf; but he was pleasant enough to listen to, perhaps more especially when he addressed his remarks to a single person in a voice loud enough to be heard by every person in the room. About some of these, his remarks were not always complimentary; but he fancied they did not and could not hear him, inasmuch as he was under the impression that he spoke, if not in whispers, in the subdued tones of a private and confidential colloquy. I once heard him say to Mr. Fladgate, an intimate friend and great favourite with everybody at the Club, "Frank! come and dine with me to-morrow! Don't let any of the fellows here" (looking round him) "know that I have asked you. They would like me to ask them also! But I don't want any of them. They are such dreadful bores!" The persons present all laughed, but were too much accustomed to his loud asides, which were not intended for their ears, that

they did not take offence, or think any the worse of the old gentleman for his unfavourable opinion of them. They knew it to be only momentary, and assumed for the occasion.

The unconscious ignorance of his thunderous tones might often have been attended with disagreeable consequences, but I never heard that any ever resulted from it. A very flagrant instance of its awkwardness once happened at a small dinner-party, where John Braham, the famous vocalist, was placed exactly opposite to him. Seated next to Mr. Kemble was a tragic actress, in whose fortunes he took a strong interest, and to whose great alarm and confusion he addressed her, in what he thought a whisper, but which was really an almost stentorian voice, "My dear! do you see that silly old man with the beautiful wig opposite, with the bright eyes, the rosy red cheeks, and the splendid white teeth? That is John Braham, the celebrated singer. Look at him well! There's nothing genuine about him except his eyes. He's a make up altogether! His wig and teeth are not the only shams about him. Even his eyebrows are false. His cheeks are plugged out with ivory pads. If you could see his legs, you would see that his spindle shanks were well padded—that his calves were fictitious."

His fair companion was on thorns all the time, and kept nudging him in vain to cause him to

desist. Braham himself, who could not but hear, thought it high time to stop the flow of his personalities, and addressing the veteran in a voice as loud as his own, said, lifting his wine-glass, "Mr. Kemble! shall I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?" Mr. Kemble graciously consented, and the two pledged each other with great politeness and much apparent cordiality, to the sensible relief of the company.

Later in the evening, Braham was prevailed upon to sing one of the favourite ballads with which he had delighted the youth of two previous generations. Though close upon eighty, he sang with excellent voice, and perfect execution, to the delight of all present. Charles Kemble applauded as lustily as the rest, though quite unable to hear a note; thus endeavouring to conceal his deafness by a false pretence as palpable as that of which Mr. Braham had been guilty in endeavouring to conceal his age by his glossy black wig and his beautiful white teeth.

Mr. T. P. Cooke familiarly called "Tippy" Cooke by the vulgar parrots of society, was a popular favourite, a good actor, a thorough gentleman, and a most agreeable companion. The character by the performance of which he was best known to play-goers, was that of William, in Douglas Jerrold's very effective comedy of *Black-Eyed Susan*. He so thoroughly identified himself with the part,

and took so firm a hold in it, of the sympathies of the public, as to have made himself the virtual monopolist of it, and to distance all competitors, both on the metropolitan and provincial stage, and to command his own terms from the managers. He was in independent circumstances, having married a lady of considerable property, the daughter of Jonas Hanway, once famous as a philanthropist, and from whom Hanway Street, near Rathbone Place, took its name. There was at one time a rumour of his intended retirement from the stage. I asked him if the report were true. He replied vivaciously: "Not in the least degree. People think I am too old, but I feel that I am not, and that I am as young in heart as ever I was, and almost as young in bodily vigour. I can dance the sailor's hornpipe as well as ever I did; and as long as I can do that, and keep my senses, I shall continue on the stage; that is to say, as long as any solvent lessee and manager will engage me, and pay me." And he kept his word.

John Pritt Harley was equally a favourite of the public. He had a much larger range of characters. He was declared by his many admirers to belong to what was called the "good old school" of acting, whatever that phrase may mean. It was said by the critics, with rare unanimity, that his quaint, original, and highly effective performance of the part of the First Grave Digger in *Hamlet*, had

never been equalled on the stage, and would alone have sufficed to establish a great reputation. He was a regular frequenter of the Garrick in the early afternoons of every day. He had the happy incapacity of exciting either jealousy or professional envy, and every member of the Club was his friend and was proud to be so.

Andrew Arcedeckne (he pronounced his name Archdeacon) was a character, good-natured—*tant soit peu vulgairè*—in his manners and conversation. The vulgarity, however, was not wholly natural, but more or less assumed for his own amusement and that of his intimates. He was a country gentlemen of good estate, and had filled the office of high sheriff of his native county (Suffolk I think it was) with much more *éclat* than dignity, and would sometimes sing a comic speech in lieu of making a dignified speech when a dignified speech was expected of him. Thackeray first met him at the Garrick, cultivated his acquaintance, made note of all his little eccentricities, and studied them with a view of turning them to literary account, either in his next novel or in a magazine article. He in due time introduced him as "Fowker" in one of his most popular novels, in such a manner that all Arcedeckne's friends recognised the portrait, though the name was not mentioned. Arcedeckne expressed much displeasure to his intimates at the caricature which the novelist had drawn of him, but took no

public or personal notice of it to Thackeray, though he might have done so, if he had been as thin-skinned as Thackeray himself was when similar liberties were taken with him. Thackeray, with all his good-nature, varied as it was by occasional bursts of the opposite quality, thought it fair to caricature other people, but very unfair for other people to caricature him. When Mr. Edmund Yates wrote and published a not particularly flattering, but not ill-natured description of him, derived solely from the knowledge he had acquired of him in the Garrick Club, of which they were both members, he forgot the similar case of Fowker, in which he was the offending party, and vowed such social vengeance against Mr. Yates as it was possible for him to take. The result was a literary *fiasco*, which led to the withdrawal of Mr. Yates from the Club, and threatened to lead to the withdrawal of Charles Dickens also. Happily for the Club, and perhaps for Thackeray also, this consummation of a dispute, which Mr. Thackeray ought never to have instigated, was averted.

Mr. Beazley, the architect, was a well-known and popular member of the Garrick, apropos of whom a story was often told. Another member—a very cross-grained and disagreeable person, whose real name I will not seek to disinter from oblivion, but whom I shall designate as Mr. Prodgers—accosting Mr. Beazley as he sat comfortably at

lunch one day, said, "Do you know, Mr. Beazley, that some people in the Club are exceedingly ill-mannered, and take unwarrantable and impertinent liberties with your name? You would not guess what they call you?"

"Not I," replied Beazley; "and I shall not try to discover."

"But," continued Prodgers, "it is most unjustifiable, and in shockingly bad taste. They positively call you 'Beastly.'"

"Is that all?" coolly answered the architect. "They call you something ten times worse than 'Beastly,' and by a name infinitely more odious. They actually call you 'Prodgers'!"

Prodgers did not see the point. Everybody else did, and enjoyed it.

Mr. John—now Sir John—Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, was elected to the Club on my nomination, seconded by that of forty or fifty, perhaps a hundred, other members. A few weeks after his admission, Mr. David Roberts told me that he had been speaking to Mr. Clarkson Stansfield on the subject, and that they both agreed that an artist of such eminence and genius should be welcomed to the Garrick by a complimentary dinner. I was of the same opinion; and the best and most *recherché* dinner that the resources of the cook and butler of the Club could furnish was the result, attended by as many leading

artists and literary men as could be comfortably accommodated in the not very spacious dining-room of the establishment.

David Roberts was particularly enthusiastic in the endeavour to render homage to the genius of his brother artist, and in selecting the most congenial and sympathetic guests to do honour to the occasion. Their walks of art were different, and jealousy seldom or never finds a seat in the minds of men of real genius, whatever their speciality may be, and every true worshipper of nature loves his fellow-worshipper. This rule does not always hold good in other intellectual pursuits, especially in those of literature, music, and the drama, but seldom fails in pictorial art, as great painters do not wait until their contemporaries and competitors are in their graves before they discover and confess their genius, as is much too often the case with rival poets, romancers, and composers.

Blackballing at Clubs.

It is seldom that anyone is elected to a London club without having more than one black ball entered against him. It, however, fell to my lot to be admitted to the Reform Club, more than a quarter of a century ago, by the unanimous vote of the members. The gratifying fact was duly notified to me in complimentary terms by Lord Marcus Hill, who proposed, and Mr. Joseph Parkes, who seconded my nomination, and in curt official terms by the Secretary. I was naturally delighted—delight is, perhaps, too strong a word, but, at all events, very highly gratified—at this totally unexpected result of my candidature, but did not boast of it anywhere except in the private sanctuary of my home.

My wife—a very sensible, most affectionate, and beautiful woman, the joy, the charm, the guardian angel of my heart and household—remarked on this occasion, with a frankness of which love alone is capable, and which no one but a fool or a very bad-tempered man would resent, and of which I felt and expressed my admiration ere the words were well out of her mouth: "You need not be so proud of it. It only shows that you are a nobody. If you had been anybody whatever, you

would have made enemies, and they would have blackballed you!"

I have often thought, since that time, of the wisdom of the amiable satirist, and learned to estimate blackballing—when it is not so decided as to amount to rejection—at its true value. My experience of club-life, in the various clubs of which I have been a member, has often led me to reflect upon the adequate or inadequate causes, the whims and caprices, the freaks and the fancies, the reasons or the prejudices, the ill-founded or well-founded objections, that men take to others who claim the privilege of social intercourse with them. Physical, moral, and intellectual objections never fail when they are wanted, neither do objections which would puzzle him who holds them to account for or to justify, and place him on a par with the man to whom the very name of Dr. Fell was disagreeable. I quote the well-known epigram unwillingly, for the sake of the few to whom it may be unfamiliar:

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

A very deaf man, a deformed man, a quarrelsome and cantankerous man, a loud-talking and dictatorial man, a bandy-legged man, a profane

man, a dirty or slovenly man, have all been objected to for these more or less satisfactory reasons. The wearing of green or smoke-coloured spectacles; the possession of the name of Smith or Thomson, when there have been already a dozen Smiths or Thomsons in the club; a too aggressive red beard or head of hair; a club foot; a wooden leg: have often been the means of excluding estimable and amiable people from the privileges of membership. This prejudice against red hair—which popular tradition or superstition attributes to Judas Iscariot — has often been found insuperable in the minds of people who would be very sorry to avow it.

A very remarkable case of blackballing occurred at the Garrick Club, when I was a member of it, when a highly-popular and eminent man was rejected, though nine-tenths, if not nineteen-twentieths, of the members were in favour of his election. The candidate was Mr. Alfred Bunn, the dramatist and lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, whom *Punch* had ridiculed as the "poet Bunn," getting, however, the worst of the conflict in the retaliation which it provoked. Mr. Bunn's company was highly-enjoyed by everyone who knew him, and his probable entrance into the Club was hailed with pleasure by all the *habitués*. When his name was inscribed in the Candidate's Book, and required two seconders, there was a

perfect rush of members who volunteered, unasked, to act as sponsors for the popular manager. Whole pages of the Candidate's Book were covered with their names, and any member not in the secret would have been justified in believing that he would be elected with acclamation. Nevertheless, he failed to be admitted.

The election was not by universal suffrage of the Club, but by the Committee, and the Chairman, the most influential member of that body, whose judgment swayed that of all the rest, had made up his mind that Mr. Bunn should not be admitted, even if every other member of the Club should be in his favour; and Mr. Bunn was rejected accordingly. The reason given by the Chairman, one of the most courteous, affable, and kind-hearted of men, was that a certain "noble" Lord had seduced Mr. Bunn's wife; that the "noble" Lord was already a member of the Club, and could not be expelled for that offence; that Mr. Bunn had compromised the action which he had instituted against the seducer, and had consented to keep the case out of the newspapers, in consideration of a large sum of money; and that the meeting of two such persons as the plaintiff and the defendant in the Garrick Club dining-room or smoking-room would be very disagreeable for any member of the Club to witness. This reason, and this only, inspired him to blackball Mr. Bunn, who was in every other respect but

this one a most fitting member of a Theatrical, Literary, and Social Club. Against the decision there was no appeal; and, if there had been, Mr. Bunn was too much a man of the world to appeal to it.

Another very amusing, but not so important a case of blackballing, came under my cognizance at a far more pretentious club than the Garrick. Mr. W——, who had been, I believe, a linendraper in Oxford street, was a Liberal Member of Parliament, and, as far as his not infrequent speeches were concerned, almost invariably opposed the measures brought forward by the Liberal administration. But he never voted against the party, but generally abstained from voting at all when, perhaps, his vote might have been useful. The Liberal Whip of the day endeavoured to conciliate him, and asked him in confidence whether the administration could do anything for him, by conferring a knighthood, a baronetcy, or some other title upon him. The unruly member had the misfortune at a public meeting, the proceedings at which were duly reported in the newspapers, to take his constituents into his confidence. The irreverent *Mr. Punch*, who had often previously girded at the unlucky M.P. for his cockney mispronunciation of the letter *v*, and for his calling veal *weal*, and a country villa a *willa*, thereupon dubbed him a *wiscount*; and a wiscount he remained to the end

of his days, in the pages of *Punch*, and among that portion of society who take their wit and humour at second-hand, when well worn, and repeat it, parrot-fashion, *ad nauseam*.

It so happened that Mr. W——, who would not consent to be a baronet or a viscount if either of these titles had been within his reach, was ambitious of becoming a member of the committee of the highly influential club to which he belonged, and had his name inscribed as a candidate for the honour. For some days prior to the election he canvassed such members as he was personally acquainted with to support him by their votes, and received, as he imagined, many promises from the good-natured or indifferent among them, as well as a few from the more friendly, or apparently friendly, on whom he principally relied for success. When the result of the election was finally declared, it appeared that he had only received *one* vote! The story goes, which may or may not be true, that one of his so-called friends, who had languidly promised him his vote, went up to him when the result was declared, and said, "I am very sorry, Mr. W——, but at all events I kept my word and threw in my ball in your favour." The "Wiscount" looked at him indignantly, and replied, "No, Sir, you did not! I threw in that ball myself!"

The word now in favour, instead of to blackball

a man—for neither black balls nor white balls are used, but small globular pieces of cork, which are thrown into one of the two compartments of the ballot-box severally marked "yes" or "no"—is "pill." Such a one has been pilled, signifies that he has been blackballed. It has often been asked, "*unde derivatur*" pill? The only answer that has found acceptance is that the round pieces of cork are called pills from their shape; but this explanation, though it satisfies people (and they are the very large majority) who know nothing of, and care nothing for, etymology, is quite erroneous. If it were the proper derivation, as has been observed in *The Gaelic Etymology of the English Language*, the ball or pill would signify "yes" as well as "no," and, whether successful or unsuccessful, the candidate might be said to be *pilled*. In Gaelic, *pill* signifies "to turn back, to reject," which is beyond doubt the true origin of the word, which has cropped up unexpectedly from the unliterary speech of the lower people—as so many hundreds of other words have done—and found adoption among the upper classes.

A story was once current of a very gallant general officer who had lost his leg in battle, who was blackballed at a great military club for no apparent reason. His manners were agreeable, his reputation unsullied, his connections were aristocratic, and he had no vices of which the world was cog-

nizant. In short, he was an eminently "clubable" man. The reason of his rejection was long a mystery. At last it oozed out. He had a wooden leg! A brother officer, to whom the opposition was traced, objected to him for "*stomp, stomping*" about the room. "If he would but buy himself a cork-leg, as he ought to do, and as he can well afford to do, I would vote for him with pleasure; but the *stomp, stomp* of his common wooden-leg, such as is worn by the crossing-sweeper round the corner, is more than I can bear. No man with a common wooden-leg, even if he were the Commander-in-Chief of the British army, shall ever enter this club, if my vote can exclude him!"

Pierre Dupont, the Chansonnier.

At the close of 1853, when on a visit to Paris, I made the acquaintance of the then celebrated Pierre Dupont, the song-writer. He was at the time considered the legitimate successor of the more popular and more widely known Pierre Jean de Beranger, who had been for upwards of forty years the literary darling of the French multitude—as far as the multitude had any literary taste at all. I had from my earliest manhood been well acquainted with the songs of Beranger, and had "tried my prentice hand" in translating some of them into English. In the year 1847—a few months before the outbreak of the sudden revolution of February 1848—I had the pleasure of becoming personally known to him, on the introduction of the equally celebrated Abbé De la Mennais. Greatly admiring his peculiar poetical genius as a song-writer, whose tender, witty, satirical, and trenchant political songs had done more to influence the public opinion of his time—during the last years of Napoleon I. and the restoration of the Bourbons—than any of the speeches ever made in the Chambers of the Deputies, or the Peers, or any number of leading articles inserted in the newspapers, I was curious to know what kind of a wit,

a philosopher, a poet, and a man, was he who was designated by the popular voice to succeed to the lyric throne which Beranger was so soon to leave vacant. Dupont called upon me at the Bains de Tivoli, and the proprietor, to whom Sir John Easthope, then a lodger in the establishment, had spoken of me in terms of eulogy, took a friendly interest in me, warned me in strict confidence not to lend him any money, as the rising literary men of Paris, unless they were members of the Chamber of Deputies, or were in public employ, found it difficult in the actual political *régime* to gain a subsistence, and lived from day to day in a state of chronic indigence. The worthy man might have saved himself the trouble of his possibly well-meant, but somewhat cynical, if not libellous warning, which was utterly uncalled for in the case of poor Dupont. The *chansonnier* was a good-looking young man of thirty-two, with a highly expressive and handsome face, bright, intelligent eyes, and a manly bearing. He was, like Beranger, a man of the people, and owed all the education which he had acquired, except the rudiments, to his own natural aptitude and his love of knowledge, aided by his struggles to raise himself by intellectual exertion, from the lowly sphere in which he was born. He was a native of Lyons, where his father was employed in a silk factory; and, losing both his parents in his infancy, he

was taken care of by a priest, a relative of his father, who destined him for the Church. The design was not accomplished, but abandoned after a short trial. Before throwing himself upon the chances of the literary profession, and plunging into the deep and treacherous waters of Parisian Bohemianism, he had held a subordinate position in a bank, which, with his tastes and talents, he had found irksome and unendurable. It was the old, old story of genius asserting itself amid difficulties, under which mere talent is apt to succumb, but which true genius manages to surmount in the long run, after manifold struggles, temptations, disappointments, and battles for life or death with despair. Pierre Dupont, while yet in early manhood, had made himself an honourable name, and, if fortune had not in the meantime smiled upon him in a pecuniary sense, he earned sufficient for the supply of his humble wants. Cheered by the abundance of hope that the future would make amends for the deficiencies of the present, he had patience enough to wait the full noon-tide of the day that had dawned upon him, and "to bide his time."

He presented me with the two volumes of songs which he had already published, with music of his own composition, and with illustrations by Tony Johannot and other artists. I invited him to dine with me on the following day at the Trois Frères Provençaux, then the most celebrated res-

taurant in Paris, noted for its excellent cookery and for the superior quality of its wines, especially for its Romanèe Conti and its White Hermitage. The hour fixed for the dinner was six o'clock. I was true to the appointment to the very minute. But there were no signs of Pierre Dupont. I waited till half-past six, without ordering dinner, until seven with growing impatience, and until half-past seven, when I renounced all hope of his appearance, and came to the not unnatural conclusion that he had either forgotten all about the appointment, or that some accident had prevented him, against his will, from keeping it. At that hour I ordered dinner for myself, and had just dispatched the *potage*, when the laggard guest made his appearance, fagged, forlorn, and apparently disconsolate. Sinking into a chair beside me, he apologised for the lateness of his arrival, explaining that for nearly two hours he had been on the tramp in every quarter of Paris, in the vain attempt to find the Trois Frères. Though a resident of Paris for several years, he had never heard of that celebrated establishment, and had been misdirected by several persons of whom he had made inquiry as to its whereabouts, to the Cité, to the Porte St. Denis, to the Faubourg St. Germain, to the Rue St. Honorè, and even to Montmartre, and the Faubourg St. Antoine; and all in vain. He was about to give up the attempt, when on inquiring of

a *facteur*, or postman, he was advised to try the Palais Royal, where he had at last found the Trois Frères, and his expected entertainer.

A *recherché* dinner was duly ordered, during the progress of which I had a pleasant conversation, and exchanged ideas with the rising poet of the French democracy, *vice* P. J. De Beranger, superannuated and reposing on his laurels. He told me that he only knew the modest restaurants of the Quartier Latin, where he could procure such dinners as satisfied his wants and tastes for the moderate sum of a franc or a franc and a half, and at which he could procure credit if need were, if his finances were more than usually scanty. He had never heard of the Trois Frères, or of the equally celebrated establishments of Vefour, Vachette, or the Cafés Tortoni, Hardi, Riche, or Anglais, though he said he had once dined with a celebrated Englishman named *Edward*, at a fashionable restaurant, of which he had forgotten the name. M. Edward, he said, was a writer for the *Morning Chronicle* and for the *Quarterly Review*. He had, he said, the card of that gentleman in his pocket, and asked me if I was acquainted with him. On his showing me the card, I found he had made a mistake in the name, and that the card was that of Mr. Abraham Hayward, whose reputation was, of course, familiar to me, but whom I had never met, and whose connection with the

Morning Chronicle was long subsequent to mine, and only commenced after that journal had been purchased from Sir John Easthope by the party at that time called "Peelite," and of which the leading members were the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Beresford Hope. Mr. Hayward, he said, had written, or promised to write, an article about his songs in the *Chronicle*, but he had not seen it, and did not even know whether it had appeared; he deplored that his utter ignorance of English would have prevented him from understanding what had been said of him, except in a translation. "I think my countrymen are to blame," he said, "for not studying the English language more than they do. Very few of us can read, still fewer can speak English, whereas it is rare to find any ordinarily well-educated Englishman who is wholly ignorant of French."

"No doubt," I replied, "that the political commotions which have endured so long and so unhappily between the two nations are to some extent the cause of this; but why the cause should operate more strongly in the case of Frenchmen than in that of Englishmen, I cannot understand."

"I think I can understand," said he. "It is our pride, our conceit in fact. We think that we are the first nation in the world, that our language is the richest, our literature the most copious, and

that we are so self-sufficing as not to require any knowledge of the language or literature of other countries, and that all Europe should come to us if they want to learn."

My opinion to a great extent coincided with that of M. Dupont, but I did not like either to agree with him too cordially, or to controvert the fact as he had stated it; I was pleased, however, to think that the real truth had entered his mind, and that possibly he was not alone among the writers of his generation in confessing it.

Learning from a notice prefixed to the second volume of his songs, by a musical critic, that Pierre Dupont was the author of the melodies as well as of the poetry, but that he was as totally unacquainted with music as the birds, and did not know how to transcribe a note, I asked him how he managed to get his melodies correctly written down. "*Je les dicte!*" he replied. "I dictate them, either by whistling them or singing them to a professional composer, who afterwards plays them over to me, that I may judge whether he has rendered my thoughts correctly, and, if not, that he may make such alterations as I think necessary." "And does your musical friend always agree with you?" I ventured to inquire. "Not always," he replied. "He thinks he knows more about music than I do; and so no doubt he does, mechanically, and as a matter of technique. But he has

no inspiration. He understands harmony, but cannot invent a melody. Melody, I imagine, is the soul of music, and harmony is the body. I don't know what counterpoint means, or a fugue, and have but a faint idea of a symphony, or the chromatic scale; but I know a good tune when I hear it, and know that I can invent one to fit my own songs in a manner that pleases me, and that also pleases those to whom I sing them. *Que voulez vous?* Thoughts arose in the human mind before men learned to write, and long before letters were invented. My melodies exist in my soul long before they are written down, and would exist even if they were never written at all. Nine out of ten of the professional musicians disapprove of my music; some deny it even to be music at all. But I know better. No doubt it would be agreeable to my own self-love if I could educate myself in the technicalities of the musical art, but I am too old, perhaps too stupid to learn, and I content myself with singing as the larks and nightingales do, because I cannot help it."

This was the substance of the *chansonnier's* confessions, though not perhaps the very words, but they are given as nearly as I can remember them.

M. Reyer, who wrote an introduction to the second volume of the songs, which he entitled "Pierre Dupont, Musician," and who transcribed

many of the melodies from the poet's dictation, and afterwards arranged them for publication, says of them: "The compositions of Pierre Dupont are not of easy interpretation. No one but himself can accentuate them with the same fire and sentiment which he puts into them, and that spring from the love which he feels in his work. The singing voice of Pierre Dupont is of extensive range, sonorous and clear, and full of sympathy. Sometimes it vibrates with enthusiasm, sometimes it softens into inflexions of extreme sweetness and tenderness. While he declaims his songs, half chants, half-recitations, his face reflects all the emotions of his mind, the sensations which he causes the listeners to experience develop themselves gradually, as if they were communicated by a magnetic influence, and the feeling which they excite exhibits itself in bursts of spontaneous and irresistible admiration."

Dupont's volumes had the advantage, on their first appearance, of the preliminary public approval of the great critics, Sainte Beuve, author of the *Causeries de Lundi*, and of the contemporary and still living poet, Charles Baudelaire, who both of them rendered justice alike to his promise and to his performance. Their well-merited praises of his best songs, however, fell dead upon the public ear. The populace had their own vulgar notions of poetry—his best poems were "*caviare*" to them,

and they held him in esteem for his worst, for the reason that they understood his worst and could not appreciate his best. The two songs which they most highly appreciated, and which for that reason occupy the place of honour, and stand in the forefront of his first volume, were "*Les Bœufs*" —"The Oxen"—and "*Le chant des Ouvriers,*" or the "Song of the Workmen," which were held to be worthy of Beranger himself, though falling far below the not very high level of that author. In the first, a coarse rustic, a cultivator of his own small patrimony, sings not of his "three acres and a cow," but of his possibly ten acres, and his two great white oxen, "*deux grands bœufs blancs, marqués de roux,*" which he loves beyond everything else in the world, for the satisfactory reason that their labour produces in a single week more than the sum which they originally cost him to purchase in the market. So precious are they to him, that every stanza in which their virtues are enumerated ends with a triumphant chorus, in which their proud proprietor asserts that, rather than sell them, he would hang himself; and that although he dearly loves his wife Jeanne, he would rather see her die, than lose his darling cattle.

S'il me fallait les vendre,
J'aimerais mieux me pendre,
J'aime Jeanne ma femme : eh bien j'aimerais mieux
La voir mourir que voir mourir mes boeufs.

In a note to this much admired song, which better-educated critics than the multitude had found reason to condemn, the author explained that in this chorus he merely gave expression to the rustic feeling, of which he was "but the painter and the translator."

The "*Chant des Ouvriers*" is of a higher order, but attributes far more amiable and ennobling sentiments to the working classes of Paris, Lyons, and other great cities, than they exhibited in 1848 and 1870, when the Commune was temporary master of the destinies of France. Read by the lurid light of these subsequent events, the benevolent chorus of Pierre Dupont's song reads far more like a mockery than a prophecy:—

Aimons nous! et quand nous pouvons
Nous unis pour boire à la ronde
Que le canor se taise ou gronde
Buvons
A L'independance du monde!

Pierre Dupont aspired to be the minstrel of the rustic population of France, rather than that of the cockneys or *badauds* of Paris, as Beranger had been. He endeavoured to paint the manners and express the thoughts and feelings of the honest, frugal, hard-working, sordid, narrow-minded, pious and uncultivated peasantry. And he succeeded better than he thought, or than his contemporaries knew or acknowledged, except a few choice spirits

among his Bohemian comrades of the press. He was an ultra-democrat in politics, of opinions far more radical than his more polished predecessor, Beranger. But less fortunate than Beranger, he found but a small audience. Times, manners, and political circumstances had changed since the three first decades of the century. During those decades the press and the tribune, though nominally, were only partially free, and the opinions that could not find legitimate vent, or publicity, under the restraining hand of a quasi-constitutional despotism, or breathe comfortably under the strait-waistcoat of an oppressive legality, took refuge in songs and epigrams that the law, however greedy of victims and intolerant of freely expressed opinion, was powerless to touch without burning its fingers, or suffering humiliation in the encounter. Pierre Dupont flourished in a time of greater freedom, when the song and the epigram, though still influential, ceased to confer the popularity of bygone days upon the unprinted wit and satire that floated in the cabarets and the *cafés chantants* of the metropolis. And his printed effusions, though many of them were excellent specimens of the popular muse, were too good for the *bas peuple*, and not good enough for the cultivated classes, as those of Beranger had been and still continued to be. So Pierre Dupont's renown was

but of short duration, and had no effect while it lasted upon the lyric supremacy of Beranger. Beranger himself is now all but forgotten by the French people, who have discovered a new literary idol in Victor Hugo, to remain on the pedestal of popular favour until some new fetish shall displace him, and consign him to the place which he bids fair to occupy as long as French literature shall be cultivated or remembered, side by side with the greatest authors that have ever adorned it.

Pierre Dupont will take a place in the literary history of his native country, and rank with the Clement Marots and the Desaugiers who preceded him in the same walk; a star of song, but not of the first magnitude or brilliancy.

CHAPTER V.

EARL RUSSELL.—VIENNA IN 1855.

In the early spring of 1855, on my way to Constantinople, which, by an involuntary change in my plans, I was never destined to reach, I stayed for a pleasant month in the gay and sparkling city of Vienna. During that time I renewed my acquaintance with Lord John Russell which I had made some years previously, as I have already recorded, at the breakfast-table of Samuel Rogers. His Lordship had been deputed by the British Government to attend the diplomatic congress to be held in that city, to consider the many questions arising out of the Crimean war; and though not a trained diplomatist, was a statesman of the highest rank.

I visited Vienna on business connected with the *Illustrated London News*, and, before leaving London, had written to Vienna to engage an apartment at the Hotel Münsch. I found on arrival that every

room in the hotel had been bespoke by Lord John Russell, for his family and suite.

On making myself known to the landlord, he obligingly gave up his own private apartment for my use. I remained in Vienna during three pleasant weeks, and saw Lord John Russell almost daily. Mixing much more with the people of all classes than it was possible for him to do, I was enabled to give him some valuable information, which he could not have acquired for himself. What seemed to astonish him more than anything else was the extreme popularity of Napoleon III. among all except the highest classes of society.

His portrait was to be seen in every place of public resort, associated very often with that of the Duke of Reichstadt.

The present Emperor of Austria was then, as he is now, a great favourite among all classes of the people, not the less so because he had set reasons of State at defiance, and had married for pure affection a beautiful princess, whom he loved with a romantic affection rare among sovereigns.

The late Emperor, who had abdicated the throne during the troubles that succeeded the revolutionary crisis of 1848, was an excellent man, of a kind heart, but of a somewhat feeble intellect, and had been rendered unpopular by the acts of the irresponsible advisers by whom he was surrounded and governed.

He was also suspected of insanity, and declared to be only fitted to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Lord John Russell informed me that he had asked a very great aristocrat and leading noble in Viennese society whether there was any real foundation for the reports that were in circulation to this effect. The nobleman replied that the ex-Emperor, if not exactly mad, was certainly eccentric. On being pressed for an example of his eccentricity, he gave the following :—

"So strict," he said, "was the etiquette of the Austrian Court, and so averse was the Emperor to the necessary pomp and state of his position, that constant differences of opinion arose between him and the court officials whenever he wanted to take carriage or horse exercise in the streets of the capital.

"It was the regulation whenever he stirred abroad, that his carriage should be drawn by six horses, with a troop of cavalry in front, and another troop in the rear. Whenever this cavalcade was seen in the streets, a crowd gathered, sometimes to applaud, and sometimes to hiss, the Emperor."

The applause and the hisses were alike distasteful to the easy-going and, to some extent, philosophical monarch; and, moreover, he hated to be stared at, forgetting, no doubt, that the penalty of publicity was in all countries always

attached to a royal position. He suddenly became quite stubborn on the subject, and insisted on having a carriage and pair, or a brougham drawn by one horse, such as was used by an English gentleman then resident in Vienna.

The Lord Chamberlain's hair, we may suppose, stood erect at the idea. The politicians saw the beginnings of a great democratic revolution, and a possible reign of terror as in France during the last century, in the mere thought of such a frightful innovation, and everybody about the Court declared that the change was impossible.

The Emperor persisted in the demand, and declared that he would not sign a single State document until it was conceded. He kept his word for several weeks—some accounts stated for months—until something like a dead-lock occurred in the transaction of the necessary business of the State.

The Gold Sticks, the Chamberlains, and the other "Dummer Eseln" yielded at last; the Emperor had his will, but the report of his insanity was more persistently spread than ever, and gained more implicit credence.

One venerable Polonius of the Court is reported to have said, more in sorrow than in anger, when he caught sight of the Emperor, comfortable and happy in his brougham, "The days of the Holy Roman Empire are numbered; and the deluge of Metternich has come upon us."

Lord John Russell did not increase his political or diplomatic reputation at the Conference of Vienna, but seriously diminished it in both capacities. The principal cause of his failure was his imperfect knowledge of the French language, and his unfortunate concealment of the fact from the astute and wily representatives of the European Powers with whom he was brought into contact. He understood French, and could read it. He could also speak it after a fashion, but did not thoroughly understand it when spoken. His knowledge of it was literary and not colloquial; and, rather than confess the fact, he foolishly gave his consent, or seemed to give his consent, to propositions of which he did not thoroughly comprehend the drift or the meaning, and so gave his competitors at the Council Board an advantage, of which they did not fail to avail themselves, to the detriment of his skill as a negotiator, and to the consequent damage of the prestige of his country.

Both of these results might have been avoided, if his Lordship had had the courage to confess his partial incompetence to understand spoken French, and to insist upon having put before him in writing every opinion and proposition to which he was expected to give his adhesion. He knew that French was the customary language of European diplomacy, and ought to have known that he was not really qualified to conduct or take part in any nego-

tiations that were wholly carried on through that medium. But he had not the moral courage to avow the deficiency under which he laboured, and hence the *fiasco* which he made, and of which he became the victim.

The last time I saw Lord John, then Earl Russell, was in 1878, when I passed a day with him, by express invitation, at Pembroke Lodge, his pleasant villa in Richmond Park. He was then in his eighty-second year, in fair health for his age, and without any perceptible degree of mental decay. Our conversation turned almost exclusively upon the claim of the Government of the United States on that of Great Britain, for the depredations committed by the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* in the years 1864–5, which were then under discussion in Geneva.

He wanted particularly to confer with me on the subject, for reasons which I now proceed to state.

During the war between Portugal and Brazil—at the conclusion of which the independence of Brazil was established—several privateers were fitted out in the ports of Boston, New York, and Baltimore, to prey upon Portuguese commerce and attack and plunder the Portuguese merchant vessels on the Atlantic. The Government of the United States, though having full knowledge of these proceedings, did nothing to prevent the sailing of these privateers from American ports, though called upon by the

Portuguese Government to exercise their authority to that effect. In consequence of this neglect, laxity, or actual encouragement of the Federal Government, an immense amount of injury was inflicted upon Portuguese commerce during the whole continuance of the war between Portugal and her rebellious dependency of Brazil, a careful account of which was kept by the Portuguese Government. Portugal was too weak and too poor to risk a war with the rich and powerful Government of the United States; but it had pride and spirit enough to protest against the wrong done, and to demand compensation. Accordingly, it protested in due diplomatic form, without pushing matters so far as to provoke a rupture between the two Governments, and as duly received replies, though not without unconscionable delays, on the part of the successive Secretaries of State who held office at Washington. These replies evaded, but did not peremptorily deny the justice of the complaint or the equity of the claim for compensation. The negotiations—if such they may be called—dragged their weary length along for several years, until finally Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State in the administration of the then President, closed the correspondence with the statement of his surprise that the Portuguese Government should persist in making so antiquated and obsolete a claim, and insisted that that Government had only itself to

blame for any damage its subjects might have suffered, in not taking measures to capture the privateers and hanging up to the yard-arm the captains and officers and crews of the peccant vessels, as it would have been fully justified in doing. And so the matter rested, with the result that Portugal never received a farthing of compensation for the injury which the American Government had done or suffered to be done.

In the year 1864, when I was in New York, an *attaché* of the Portuguese Embassy sent me the whole correspondence between the two Governments, as printed by order of the Washington Congress. As the Americans at the time, under the blustering leadership of the Honourble Charles Sumner, one of the Senators for the State of Massachusetts, were making loud complaints and putting forward preposterous claims for damages against the British Government for its *laches* in suffering the *Alabama* to escape from Liverpool, where she was built ostensibly for the Emperor of China, but in reality for the Confederate Government, and for the losses she had inflicted upon American commerce, I sent the important document to Lord John Russell. His Lordship quoted the main points of it in Parliament, when a discussion ensued which created a temporary effect upon public opinion, and tended greatly to promote the determination upon the part of the leading statesmen of both the great

parties in the State, to resist the demands formulated by Mr. Sumner and the Anglo-phobists who followed his leadership, should they ever be pressed authoritatively upon the British Ministry and Parliament.

When these claims were put forward, they were unfortunately considered in a hesitating spirit by the Government of Mr. Gladstone. They were under discussion, with a view to a compromise, by a Conference at Geneva, when I took occasion, in a letter to the venerable Earl, to reiterate my opinion that his non-interference with the departure of the *Alabama* from Liverpool was not liable to the hostile interpretation which the American Government chose to put upon it, and that any demand for compensation was not only extortionate, but unreasonable and untenable. The answer to this letter was an invitation to visit him at Pembroke Lodge, to lunch and to pass the day, at any time when it might suit my convenience.

I chose the next day but one for the purpose, and was hospitably received by his lordship and his estimable lady. He was at this time in his eighty-second year, and physically feeble, though mentally vigorous and full of spirit and energy. He maintained, as he always had done, that it was not his duty as a responsible Minister to strain the law of his country, or to break it, in deference to the jealous and unreasonable susceptibilities of the

American Government, and that, although the *Alabama* had inflicted very serious damage and loss upon American commerce, the Americans had themselves to blame for not having sent to sea a sufficient force to capture or destroy that vessel, and to inflict condign punishment upon the captain, officers, and crew, according to the law of nations in such cases made and provided.

He thought that Mr. Sumner's mind was off its balance in urging his wildly extravagant demands of compensation on the British nation, and that the senator spoke and wrote rather as a lunatic than as a reasonable being, whenever the subjects of slavery, the *Alabama*, or the alleged want of sympathy of the English people for the Northern States in their struggle with the South, formed the subjects of discussion. I thought so, too, and endeavoured to account for the melancholy exhibition which that once able man made of himself, by the unhappy results of the violent blow on the head inflicted on him by the heavy stick of an irate Member of Congress, who sought to punish him for an alleged libel on the ladies of the Southern States, whom he was reported to have accused *en masse* of immodesty and unchastity.

Mr. Sumner had never been the same man since that attack upon him in the Senate Chamber. Lord Russell remembered the incident; said he had met Sumner at the Duchess of Sutherland's,

when he was travelling in England by the advice of his physicians, and retired for awhile from public life, in order, if possible, to recover his health, which had greatly suffered from the attack made. His Lordship thought it highly probable that injury to the brain, due to that circumstance, was the cause of the *rabies*, or mental excitement, with which Mr. Sumner was afflicted, and that particularly displayed itself in all questions affecting slavery and the Southern States, and the alleged sympathy of the English people with the South in its contest with the North during the protracted Civil War.

I had known Mr. Sumner in Boston, in 1857, and had met him in Philadelphia in the same year, and, from all I had seen of that gentleman, and the frequent conversations I had had with him, I fully agreed in Lord Russell's opinion, though the aberrations of Mr. Sumner's mind never took the form of Anglophobia until 1863 and 1864, when all the thinking portion of the British public considered that the war had lasted long enough, and that it would be for the advantage of the Northern States—and, in a minor degree, to that of the South—that it should cease by mutual consent, or in consequence of the arbitration of Europe.

Mr. Sumner, who, prior to the war, was looked upon as an almost enthusiastic friend of Great

Britain, and a warm admirer of its institutions, veered round to the opposite extreme as soon as the war was a twelvemonth old, and could not find words violent and emphatic enough to denounce her upper, middle, and cultivated classes for the unpardonable crime of want of sympathy for the Northern struggle for supremacy, conquest, and dominion. His speeches and writings during all this period—were continued in the same vehement and utterly unreasonable style until his death, long after the war ended which had provoked them—can only be charitably palliated or excused by the cerebral injury inflicted by the walking-stick of the savage Mr. Brooks.

There can, however, be little doubt that the ultra-extravagance of the claims so constantly put forward by the influential Senator of Massachusetts had some effect upon the public mind in Great Britain, and led the easy-going statesmen of this country, for the sake of peace and of good-fellowship with our American brothers, to agree to a compromise, so exorbitant as the award made by the arbitrators at the Genevan Conference. Even the American politicians who supported the claim were amazed at the British compliance with the terms of the award, and attributed the result, not to the magnanimity of the British Government, but to its fears or its cowardly love of peace *à tout prix*, even at the price of abject yielding to unjust

demands so magisterially, if not audaciously, put forward.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Earl Russell were the only two prominent statesmen of the day who had the courage to protest against the extortion. That it *was* an extortion is proved by the fact that, up to this time (1885), nearly one-half of the award remains in the hands of the American Government, in default of claimants proved to have suffered from the depredations of the *Alabama*.

I never saw his Lordship again after this interview, as failing health debarred him from nearly all society, except that of his own family. He had been during his long life a somewhat voluminous author. He wrote, besides his youthful tragedy, the life of his illustrious ancestor, Lord William Russell, *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe*, *An Essay on the History of the English Government*, *The Life of Charles James Fox*, and an essay on *The Causes of the French Revolution*. He also published, in 1852–56, the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*. The latter was considered to have been carelessly edited, and to have contained passages from Moore's pen which a judicious editor, if he were anxious for his friend's reputation, would have done well to expurgate.

Vienna in 1855.

Vienna, as I have already remarked, is one of the pleasantest, if not the very pleasantest, of all the great continental cities, Paris not excepted. Its people are as lively, witty, and pleasure-loving as those of Paris, while they have not the occasional ferocity of the Parisians, and are not easily, if ever, excited to the indulgence of such atrocities as marked the years 1789, 1830, 1840, and 1870, when the so-called gay city was in the hands of the ultra-Republicans, the Socialists, and the Communards.

The Viennese have little in common with the Teutonic people of Germany, except the love of music; and the wit and humour, which are scarcely appreciated by the heavy and stolid German races, are as widely indulged in Vienna as in Paris itself. Vienna is not only a gay but a beautiful city, and has the advantages of a popular Court, a cultivated though somewhat exclusive aristocracy, a light-hearted middle class, and a light- and kindly-hearted populace.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of the venerable and distinguished Earl of Westmoreland, the British Ambassador, and his accomplished and amiable family circle. I had brought at least half-a-dozen letters of introduction, though the one

his Lordship prized the most would have been alone sufficient to ensure his regard and his hospitality: that from his old friend, Sir Henry R. Bishop, the well-known musical composer. Lord Westmoreland was himself a musician, and might have been called, in no uncomplimentary sense, a *fanatico par la musica*, and had the highest regard for Sir Henry, not only as a musician, but as a man.

He was a genial companion, and had not the slightest particle of aristocratic coldness or hauteur in his composition. Lady Westmoreland was a niece of the great Duke of Wellington, and one of the most beautiful women of her time, handsome, and more than handsome, in her old age; the very beau-ideal of womanhood and ladyhood, in the highest sense of those words. Her second son, the Hon. Julian Fane, Secretary of Legation under his father, who died all too early for the world which he was so well qualified to adorn, honoured me with his intimacy during the whole period of my stay in Vienna, and made me the confidant of his literary hopes and aspirations—all doomed to extinction in the grave to which he prematurely descended. He published a small volume of "Poems" in his youth, afterwards wasted valuable time and energy in a translation of some of the shorter and more ephemeral effusions of Heinrich Heine, for whose genius he had a great

admiration, and, under the pseudonym of "Neville Temple," wrote, in conjunction with the present Earl of Lytton, a volume entitled *Tannhäüser*.

I saw but little of Lord John Russell at Vienna; but, as more than an equivalent for this deprivation of an intercourse which, with so busy and preoccupied, as well as so frigid an acquaintance, could not have been much to my advantage, I enjoyed the companionship of Lord Dufferin, who had accompanied his Lordship to Vienna as *attaché*. I still entertain a vivid and pleasant recollection of our frequent morning walks around the ramparts of the old city, now demolished and laid out in magnificent streets and public buildings; and have since watched with lively personal interest his subsequent brilliant career as Governor-General of Canada, and his present high position as Viceroy of India, where he bids fair to achieve still greater distinction in the service of his country.

I saw a good deal during my stay in Vienna of Dr. Neumann, who, in the stirring times that succeeded the great European convulsions of 1848 and 1849, held office in one of the administrations of the young Emperor Franz Josef, who succeeded to the throne on the enforced abdication of his uncle. By Dr. Neumann I was introduced to the Count Taaffe, son of Louis Count Taaffe, President of the Court of Justice [called Von Taaffe—every-

body who is anybody has Von before his name in Vienna]. The Count Taaffe was an Irish peer, the descendant of the Lord Taaffe who was implicated on the side of James II. in the Irish rebellion of 1686, and was killed at the battle of the Boyne. The Taaffes, in consequence of the disabilities which they suffered in those days on account of their religion as Roman Catholics, had early sought opportunities of distinction in foreign service, and had long been established in Austria, where they obtained the favour of the Court, and acquired a higher position than it was possible for them to have reached in Ireland.

In 1667, the then holder of the title of Viscount Taaffe was created Earl of Carlingford. The third Earl of Carlingford, better known on the Continent as "the famous" Count Taaffe, was for thirty years in the Austrian military service. In 1757 the earldom of Carlingford became extinct, in consequence of the death of the Earl without issue, but the titles of Baron and Viscount Taaffe descended to the next heir male. The family of Taaffe has ever since remained in Austria, and by marriage with Austrian ladies their descendants have lost nearly all remains of their Irish origin except the name.

Count Taaffe, or Von Taaffe, whose acquaintance I made in Vienna during the lifetime of his father, the chief Judge of the High Court of Justice, is

high in the confidence of the Emperor, and has for several years occupied the post of Prime Minister. He paid a visit to London in 1856, at which time I had the pleasure of friendly intercourse with him, and received from his hand a copy of a volume he had recently written in English, which he speaks with all the fluency and correctness of an Englishman, entitled *Memoirs of the Family of Taaffe.* He accompanied the gift by an invitation to pass the ensuing summer with him at his country seat in Bohemia; an invitation which I was unfortunately unable to accept when the time arrived, in consequence of my departure for the United States on a lecturing tour. The main object of the Count's visit to the land of his ancestors was to purchase, if possible, some portion, however small, of the alienated ancestral estates of his family in Ireland. In this object I afterwards learned that he had succeeded.

Two Noted Cooks and Their Opinions on English Female Cookery.

I was well acquainted, during my club-life, with two famous cooks, M. Alexis Soyer, a Frenchman, chief cook to the Reform, and Signor Charles Elmé Francatelli, an Italian, who afterwards occupied the same position. M. Soyer was a bustling, somewhat fussy and vulgar, but very clever *artiste* in his vocation. Signor Francatelli was, if not a better cook, a man who took higher social rank, and was a gentleman both by manners and education. Prior to the great Exhibition of 1851, M. Soyer resigned his position at the Reform, and converted Gore House at Kensington, the former residence of the Countess of Blessington and Count D'Orsay, into a fashionable restaurant, in which he expected to make his fortune in a short space of time. In this expectation he was greatly disappointed. He afterwards accompanied, or followed, I am not certain which, the British army to the Crimea, where he remained, cooking for the camp on scientific and economical principles, during the war; teaching the soldiers who went to die for their country, if need were and duty bade, how to live for it, and for themselves, with a due care for their health and comfort while life remained to them.

Signor Francatelli, who had previously served as

chief cook at Crockford's Club in St. James's Street, and afterwards occupied a similar position in the Royal Household, remained in the service of the Reform Club until 1861 or 1862, during which time he gave great satisfaction to the members. Unfortunately for the Club, he was dismissed by the Committee on a point of temper and not of efficiency, and because he attempted to act as the master and not as the servant of his employers. His reputation in his profession, his art, or his science, whichever it may be called, was much too high to suffer pecuniary damage from the results of the misunderstanding with the Committee, and he became successively *chef* and manager of the St. James's Hotel in Piccadilly and of the Freemason's Tavern in Great Queen Street.

I had opinions of my own on the subject of the deplorable state of cookery in all but the highest classes of English society, the incredible incompetency of the women who take places as cooks in middle-class families, and the still more crass, dense, and all but hopeless ignorance of the wives and daughters of the lower stratum of the middle classes, who scarcely knew how to boil an egg or a potato. M. Soyer frequently repeated his opinion that the simplest and most efficacious test of the capacity of any woman who pretended to be a cook, and was a candidate for a cook's place, was to try her with the boiling of a potato. If she failed

in the easy operation, he would recommend all employers to have nothing to do with her, because of her ignorance of the merest rudiments of her art, and of the very A B C of the literature of cookery. M. Francatelli was of the same opinion, and thought that English women of the poorer classes had greater difficulty in understanding or being taught the commonest things of daily life, than in understanding, or fancying they understood, the mysteries of the Church Catechism instilled into their minds, or, at all events, pressed upon their attention, by clerical and other teachers at the Sunday schools, the sole purveyors of the only education, or rather the instruction which was *not* education, that they received.

I propounded to those two distinguished members of their profession—not simultaneously, for it was not my fortune to be acquainted with them both at the same time—my little scheme for the encouragement and improvement of cookery for the middle and lower classes of the British Isles. I based my idea on the fact that the law, in its care for the lives and health of the people, does not allow any man or woman to dispense and sell drugs or medicines without a license, which is not to be obtained except as the result of an examination by a properly constituted body of experts, and that without a diploma from the Royal College of Apothecaries anyone who trades as a chemist or

druggist acts illegally and renders himself liable to legal penalties. I contended that bad cookery, though not so sudden in its effects, was ultimately as injurious to health, and consequently to life, as the ignorant or careless administration of improper or dangerous medicines; and that a person might be poisoned by deleterious food as easily, though possibly more slowly, than by deleterious physic.

I proposed to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things by the establishment of a national college of cookery, which, aided at first by the contributions of the wealthy, might ultimately become self-supporting. Its function should be to impart, for a small fee, practical lessons in cookery to male and especially to female learners; and, on due and proved efficiency, to give them diplomas and licence to practice. Any person, male or female, engaging themselves as cooks in families without possessing a diploma, I proposed to deprive of all legal remedy to recover wages or arrears of wages from the employers who had hired them, on the faith of a proficiency in their business which they did not possess. By this means I calculated that the status and emoluments of duly qualified cooks would be improved and augmented, and the comfort and health of families secured as far as their daily food was concerned. These benefits could, moreover, be accompanied by a no means inconsiderable reduction in the cost of maintaining a

household, consequent upon the absence of the waste that is the inevitable consequence of bad cookery, and of the increased nutrition to be found in smaller quantities of viands, properly prepared, as compared with that existent in much larger quantities when deteriorated by the crass, though possibly the well-meaning, ignorance of uninstructed pretenders.

Both of these great *chefs* agreed with me that this reform was much needed; that the project, though difficult, was practicable, and that it only needed to be fairly and fully discussed in the interests of society to force its way to acceptance in a not remote future.

I am not a cook, so that the adage of *ne sutor ultra crepidam* will not apply to me upon this question. I launch it upon the waters of such publicity as I can give it, with the hope that the Legislature of this great country, which is compelled by social necessity to divert some portion of its attention to sanitary science, will extend its care to this by no means unimportant branch of the subject, and do what it can to place quack cooks in the same category of social outlawry as quack doctors or unlicensed apothecaries.

Ben Mac Dhui.

I HAVE all my life (until the foul fiend rheumatism seized me in both knees) been passionately fond of long walks, through the woodlands and over the moors, but have more especially delighted in scaling the tops of the highest mountains. I have never attempted the Alps, except in two of their sublime passes, the Righi and the Tête Noire, but have revelled among the more facile but still stupendous Grampians. The longest excursion of this kind that ever I took was in the summer of 1856, in company with Mr. Herbert Ingram, member for Boston, and his young son, afterwards drowned with him in Lake Michigan, as I have elsewhere recorded.

We were staying at the comfortable inn at Aviemore on the banks of the Spey, within view of the giant bulk of Ben Mac Dhui, and the Grampians right in front of us, and of Craig Ellachie, the picturesque rock so dear to the clan Grant. The *slogan*, battle-cry, or watch-word of this powerful clan, when they bade defiance to their foe, in the frequent recurring battles of the ancient Highlanders, was "Stand fast Craig-Ellachie!" the beloved landmark, of which the name was symbolical to them of all that was loveliest in Scotland, and of all the venerable traditions of love and heroism connected with their country and their clan.

The ascent of Ben Mac Dhui being determined on, because it was reputed to be the highest mountain in Scotland, and of the whole Grampian range, not because the ascent would more amply repay the toil than that of its gigantic neighbours, Cairngorm or Schehallion, we had to start early in the morning, if we expected to master by daylight the long journey from Aviemore, over the summit of the mountain, and down on the other side to Castleton in Braemar. The distance, we were told, was forty-two miles, as the crow flies, over sometimes dangerous crags, equivalent in point of toil to at least fifty miles on level ground. By starting at six in the morning, in a lovely day in June, we should have daylight for sixteen hours, before arriving at Castleton, a time sufficient for the journey, allowing for necessary rest and *al fresco* refreshments by the way. Mr. Ingram and his son, and the two guides, were mounted on sure-footed highland ponies. I alone of the party resolved to walk every foot of the way. Shortly after leaving Aviemore we had to ford the Spey. Divesting myself of my boots and stockings, and giving them to the charge of one of the guides, I stripped up my nether garments, to above the knees and got safely and pleasantly across the shallow waters, about eighteen inches deep. But the M.P., well mounted, narrowly escaped a serious misadventure. Not being a good

horseman, and unintentionally giving a wrong pull to the rein, he guided the docile animal up the stream, instead of across it, when the guides, who were well acquainted with the ground and the water, shouted to him, in great alarm, to stop, as he was riding direct to a deep pool or lynn in the river, where he would run the imminent risk of being drowned, unless the horse swam him in safety through the difficulty, and he remained firmly seated on its back in the deep water, and had presence of mind and skill enough to guide it to the shore. Happily Mr. Ingram saw the danger he was in, and was able to cross the river, though not in the direction in which he wished to go, but to the very point from which he had started a few minutes previously. One of the two guides came to the rescue, and, recrossing the stream, on his pony, took that of Mr. Ingram in tow by the bridle, and brought him safely to the other side, no doubt with some secret contempt for the horsemanship of the Member of Parliament.

This was the second time when in company with Mr. Ingram (once before on the Rhine), he had narrowly escaped drowning; and I laughingly remarked that he was certain to escape a more ignoble fate, as he was indubitably born to be drowned. Four years afterwards, when the news arrived of the fatal catastrophe on Lake Michigan, which I have elsewhere recorded, the idle jest

appeared to my remorseful imagination in the light of a presentiment.

After a walk and scramble of three hours, partly over the level or slightly rising ground, from which the great Ben gradually ascends in all its towering grandeur, we halted to breakfast beside a mountain rill, or, as the Scotch more beautifully call it, a burn, singing on its way down the steep declivity the song of gladness, which the streams always seem to sing when they are in rapid movement. The water was deliciously clear and cool, fresh as it came from the clouds, uncontaminated by the earth on which it had descended, and deliciously inviting to thirsty lips, more inviting to me than when it was afterwards tinctured with the whisky, with which the guides mingled it in the "*quaichs*" or drinking-cups which they carried in their pockets.

We had taken care, before starting, to fill the hampers, with which the thoughtful landlady of the inn at Aviemore had provided us, with sufficient food and drink for the sustenance of five hungry persons until our arrival at Castleton. We had two bottles of claret and four of whisky, four cold chickens, a tongue, a small ham, half a Dutch cheese, oat-cakes *ad libitum*, and a pound of the delicious butter to be got nowhere in greater perfection than in the Scottish Highlands. After the repast, which lasted a full hour, we set forth again with the appetites of Gargantuas duly refreshed,

and braced ourselves to the task of stiffer climbing than we had yet encountered.

Another effort of three hours duration brought us to the cope of the mountain, on which the snow still lay in patches in the shady shelter of the highest crags; and to the regions of the white hares and the ptarmigan. A brood or covey of the latter started at sight of us, alarmed at our invasion of their airy solitudes. Here we again rested for an hour, within what the slang of the day would call a "measureable distance" of running water, to qualify the whisky which our thirsty guides were ever ready to imbibe; and for the third time we halted—our appetites, sharpened by the keen mountain air and the vigorous exercise—and did full justice to the viands of our rapidly diminishing store. The guides ate and drank as if they had not eaten and drunk for a couple of days, and were making up for lost time, as wise men should do in all the events of life. And the body being satisfied in my case, the mind took its turn of enjoyment in the contemplation of the magnificent prospect that stretched on every side. The ponies browsed on the scanty herbage that grew by the sides of the burn, the guides smoked their short pipes, while the elder Ingram resigned himself to my ciceroneship, as I pointed out to him the salient points of the widely extending landscape. I directed his atten-

tion to the towering peaks of Schehallion, Carantoul, and Cairngorm, and to the south-west, dimly seen in the distance, Ben Lawers, Ben Cruachan, one of the grandest Bens in all the Highlands, and Ben Nevis. The last mentioned is the competitor of Ben Mac Dhui for the supremacy of the Grampians, and only differs in altitude from its rival by a small matter of forty feet. Which of the two is the highest mountain in Great Britain had not at that time been decided to the satisfaction of all who took an interest in the subject, though the balance of belief and evidence inclined to the side of Ben Nevis. The claims of the latter to the distinction seem to have been finally recognised by scientific men when the existing observatory was erected upon it. To the north, the waters of the Moray Firth were distinctly visible, while in the far east the German Ocean shimmered in the sunlight. In the nearer distance, the crags and headlong precipices of the district that surrounds the wild and gloomy Loch Aven or Loch Avon, were stretched at our feet. This forms the direct descent of the Ben towards Braemar; but the route is seldom taken, most travellers preferring, as we did on the recommendation of our guides, the more circuitous but more practicable descent by Glen Lui and Glen Lui Beg. Both of these glens are weird, grand, and desolate enough to engage the pencil of any rival to Salvator Rosa who may yet arise to

shed a lustre on British art, or of any painter in words, in prose, or poetic romance, whose pen has power enough over the picturesque to compete on equal terms with the pencil or brush of a transcendant painter.

The ptarmigan were the only living creatures we met throughout the long day. About nine o'clock in the evening we arrived in Braemar in Aberdeenshire, within a few miles of Castleton and the banks of the Cluny, an affluent of the famous river Dee, renowned in song and story.

I must own that I was foot-sore and weary, and thought the last two miles of my tramp were lengthening out to twenty. But I held on, with the iron grip of self-imposed necessity upon me. Though I might have mounted the pony of one of the guides, my pride in my own strength and power of endurance forbade me the indulgence. I had made up my mind to walk the whole way, and I did so, in spite of remonstrance and the tempting offers of a ride. Right glad were we all, and I more particularly to reach, just as the clock struck ten, the cheerful door of the principal hotel in the little town or large village, the capital of the district of Braemar.

I immediately immersed my swollen and excoriated feet in warm water, and called at the same time for a pint bottle of Guinness's stout, which seemed to me as I drank it off almost at one gulp,

like a draught of heavenly nectar. I turned into a comfortable bed about eleven o'clock, and slept till one in the afternoon of the following day, quiescent as a stone, never once turning or awaking in all that time, and rising none the worse, but all the better, for my long walk, the longest I ever took in my life, either before or since.

In the early afternoon I was ready for another walk, either to Balmoral, Her Majesty's Highland Home, or to Inverey, the scene of the famous clan battle between the Gordons and the Farquharsons in 1661, immortalised in Scottish ballad literature. I chose the latter, partly because it was the shortest, but more particularly because I learned that the intervening country was grander and more beautiful. But the information was scarcely correct, for in that magnificent country, one scene is as well worthy of admiration as any other, and the lover of the picturesque cannot go wrong in whatever direction he may turn. Strath Dee and Strath Don are alike attractive, not only for their sublimity, but for the poetry and romance that hover around the history of every mile through which the inquiring traveller may pass. Neither of the Ingrams was in the humour to accompany me, and I walked without other companions than the thoughts and memories which came crowding upon me.

The immediate neighbourhood was the scene of

the early childhood of Lord Byron, who celebrated its beauties in his *Hours of Idleness*, his first published book of poems, which faintly freshadowed, though the busy or careless world did not recognise the fact, his future glory as a poet. Lachin-y-Gair or Loch na Gar, which was a prominent feature in the landscape, whose dizzy heights I should have been well pleased to scale, had time and the fatigues of the previous day permitted, first inspired his young mind with the intense love of mountain scenery, which never deserted him. But I kept to the high road, and in no country in the world are there better or better-kept roads than in the Highlands of Scotland, thanks to the abundant materials that exist for road-making, and in some degree also to the strategic and engineering skill of such road-makers as General Wade and his successors. The name of the General suggests the famous couplet, which, had it been the composition of an Irishman, would have been called an Irish Bull of the first magnitude :—

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You 'd have held up your hands and blessed General Wade.

But I thought not of General Wade, as I plodded leisurely along, meditating, as I went, on the puerile prejudice of Dr. Johnson, who could see no trees in Scotland large enough or strong enough to hang a thief upon, and wondering what he

would have said or thought had he beheld the abundant pine-woods, the rowans, the larches, and the abundant beech and birch of this beautiful region. And mingled with thoughts of the sturdy common-sense, when he chose to give it fair play, of this most obstinate of mortals, when he chose to allow his prejudice to run away with him, were thoughts of the marvellous changes that had been wrought in the social life of the Highlands, since the days of the incident recorded in the old ballad of Gordon of Brackley, the scene of which it was the object of my walk to revisit. Farquharson of Inverey, whose family is now represented by the Farquharsons of Invercauld, the neighbours and friends of Queen Victoria, was a lawless Highland chieftain, who had conceived a violent passion for the handsome and false wife of Gordon of Brackley, invaded his castle with thirty-three men on a day when Gordon had but one retainer, his own brother, at hand to defend him. Farquharson, on his arrival at the castle-gate, is represented in the ballad as calling to the destined victim of his vengeance—

> Come, Gordon o' Brackley,
> Proud Gordon come down,
> There 's a sword at your threshold
> Mair sharp than your own.

Gordon's false lady urged her lord to do battle

in his own defence, and he replied that he and his brother had but small chance against thirty-five assailants. His wife taunted him with bitter words :—

Arise up, my maidens,
Wi' roke and wi' fan;
How blest had I been
Had I married a man.
Arise up my maidens,
Take spear and take sword;
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I will be lord!

The two Gordons rode forth, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they could, but were soon hacked to pieces by their pitiless and cowardly enemies. In the afternoon, at dinner, to which the murderer was invited, the ballad continues :—

As a rose bloomed the lady,
An' blithe as a bride—
As a bridegroom bold Invereye
Sat at her side.
Oh! she feasted him then
As she ne'er feasted lord,
While the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword.

The incidents recorded in this vigorous composition appear to have been literally true. The treacherous Inverey (Farquharson) and the guilty woman, who was a party to the murder, were never brought to justice for their crime. And this happened in 1666, in a so-called civilised

country, less than two hundred years previous to my visit to the peaceful scene of the tragedy! Such incidents were but too common in the Highlands—when each chief of a clan considered himself to be an independent sovereign, with the right of levying war on any other chieftain with whom he had a dispute, and had as little consciousness of wrong-doing as Napoleon III. when he declared war against the King of Prussia.

For many years after the tragedy recorded in this ballad, the Highland chiefs retained the power of "pit and gallows," and could hang a refractory vassal if it so pleased them, without let or hindrance from public opinion or the laws. A story still current in the Highlands records how a wife, whose husband had been condemned to death by the "laird," was so annoyed at the resistance made and threatened by her "gude man," as to remonstrate seriously with him on his obstinacy and rebellion against the irrevocable decree. "Dougall, my man," said the peace-loving dame, "just gang awa' quietly and be hangit, and no anger the laird!" Her turpitude, reprehensible it was, was not quite so heinous as the guilt of the Lady of Brackley; at all events, the doom of her spouse was not of her contriving.

The Elementary Education Act.

Education is a word that is commonly employed without any real comprehension of its meaning by the people from whose mouths or pens it proceeds. What can be more absurd than to say of a child that has been taught to read, write, and cipher, all, perhaps, imperfectly, that it has been educated? Or of a young lady fresh from the boarding-school, and introduced for the first time into the world of life, society, and duty, that her education is finished? No child's, no man's, no woman's education is ever completed, unless they be idiots incapable of learning by experience. The wisest people are those who educate themselves as far as they can from day to day, from year to year, until the inevitable grave shall open the door of the new school of Eternity, in which their education will be extended, but not even in that endless space completed.

"Reading, writing, and arithmetic" are but the tools of education, and not education itself, just as the hammer, the nails, the gimlet, the saw, the

plane, the screw-driver are but the tools of the carpenter, but not the chair, the table, the bedstead, or the cabinet which the carpenter by their aid constructs for use or ornament and the service of civilised communities.

During the whole of my literary life I have advocated in my writings the necessity for the "instruction" of the children of the poor, commonly called their "education"; I have wrought in this great cause, in prose and in verse, in book, pamphlet, and newspaper, and I have never omitted an opportunity of helping it on to the best of my ability. In 1846, when engaged in editing the *Glasgow Argus*, I published a series of twelve letters, addressed to Lord Morpeth, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, in which I traced the outlines of a comprehensive scheme of juvenile instruction, by means of which every child born within the realm of Great Britain and Ireland should be taught the rudiments of mental, moral, and physical knowledge at the compulsory expense of its parents and natural guardians, or if these were from poverty unable, or from ignorance unwilling, to undertake the duty, at the expense of the public, the community, or the State. It was, I contended, the interest of the State, as representative and agent of all the people, that each generation as it came into the world should be composed of intelligent, moral, healthy, and strong human beings, fitted when the time of their

maturity arrived to carry on the business of the nation, and enable them, each in their degree, to help to maintain the high place which their country had inherited in the great comity of the world. It was not the province of the State, as I also contended, to restrict its efforts at instruction or education (so called) to the fitting them, under almost exclusively ecclesiastical or religious guidance, for the world to come; but, on the contrary, to fit them for the active duties of healthy, intelligent, and profitable citizenship. For these purposes, instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, necessary and imperative as it was, ought not to be considered anything more than a foundation for a higher and nobler edifice of education to be reared upon it. Part-singing, gymnastics, the rudiments of physiology, or the laws of bodily health and well-being, the elements of geographical and astronomical knowledge—all of these I held to be essential parts of the curriculum with which the poorest child ought to be made familiar before the time of his schooling was suffered to expire, if the State wished, as it ought to do, to make him a sharer, according to his capacity, in all the available results of the civilisation of the age in which he happened to be born.

My philosophic, far-seeing, and excellent friend, George Combe, the author of the *Constitution of*

Man, did me the honour to proclaim publicly in the *Scotsman* newspaper that my scheme was wise and practicable, and that the letters when collected—as they afterwards were—would form the text-book of the subject, and become the basis of all future legislation in this and in every other civilised country. Twelve years after the appearance of these letters, I wrote a short poem entitled *The Souls of the Children*, in which I dwelt upon the unwise neglect of the State and the Legislature in allowing a generation of poor children to grow up uncared for and uninstructed, and to become paupers, outcasts, and felons by thousands and hundreds of thousands, while rival creeds and churches were quarrelling among each other for the professional or trade privilege of training them for the enjoyment of the next world, and not for the performance of their duty to Society and to themselves in this. The verses were received, even by the religious sects impugned, with favour and concurrence, if not with acclamation, for each sect blamed a rival sect, and took no blame to itself for the evils that were the results of their mutual jealousies and repulsions. While the attention of the public was still fixed, for a brief day, upon the subject, I received a communication from my friend Sir James Clark, Her Majesty's physician, which invited me to call upon him in Brook Street. Sir James requested my permission to reprint the poem

as one that was calculated to awaken public attention to the immense and increasing importance of the subject, adding that a friend of the cause was willing to pay the expense of printing ten thousand, or even twenty thousand, copies of the verses for gratuitous distribution, or a still larger number if need were, and I had no objection. I was very pleased to consent to the republication, and very glad to think that Sir James Clark's friend was of opinion that good might result from it. Sir James thereupon informed me in strict confidence that the friend of the cause in whose behalf he acted was His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, who had no objection to my knowing the fact, but did not wish that it should be mentioned in the newspapers. I was gratified to find that the cause had so illustrious an advocate. During the Prince's life his name was not mentioned in connection with the publication.

After an interval of twelve years and upwards my consent was again asked to the republication at a nominal price, for distribution among the clergy of all denominations, by my friend the late Thomas Scott of Ramsgate, of whose life and labours I shall have more to say hereafter. The consent was freely given as a matter of course; and a little pamphlet appeared in 1869, with an introduction to the poem written by Miss Skirrett, of Her Majesty's household, in which she long held the position of reader. Miss Skirrett wrote that the

striking appeal on behalf of the perishing children of the poor was not made altogether in vain on its first appearance, though as far as the generality was concerned, "the song of the poet fell echoless on unrecessive night." She added that a few higher spirits responded to the call, and that "he who while he yet remained among us was in dignity of position only second in the realm, and ever the foremost to suggest and to promote every effort for moral and intellectual improvement, asked and obtained permission to reprint the verses, and that he caused several thousand copies to be circulated. Other as fervent but less illustrious friends of education did the same, amongst whom the late George Combe was conspicuous."

In the year 1870, when the late Mr. W. E. Forster, the Member for Bradford, and Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and a member of the Government under Mr. Gladstone, and afterwards Secretary for Ireland under Earl Spenser, had charge of an Elementary Bill and was about to introduce it into Parliament, I was of opinion that he might not be indisposed to listen to what I might have to say on a subject which I had studied and written about for more than a quarter of a century. Under this impression, I requested Mr. Charles Gilpin, M.P. for Northampton, who, like Mr. Forster, was or had been a member of the Society of Friends, to give me a personal introduc-

tion to that gentleman. Provided with this and prepared to expound my views to one who was in a position to give effect to them—if he should be open to the reception of new ideas, or willing to listen to ideas with which he might only partially or perhaps wholly disagree—I presented myself at his office in the Treasury, and was duly admitted to his presence. He received me in so cold and uncourteous, not to say so rude and repulsive a manner, that I saw, after a few minutes, that I had lost my time and taken trouble to no purpose in seeking an interview with the author of the Elementary Education Bill. I took my departure accordingly, without having had the opportunity of exchanging an idea with the unsympathetic official, from whom I had expected a polite, if not a friendly reception. The next day, meeting Mr. Gilpin, I informed him of the somewhat unpleasant results of his introduction, and of the rude, if not inimical, manner in which Mr. Forster had received me. Mr. Gilpin was much annoyed, and, as he afterwards informed me, took occasion to complain to, or at all events to remonstrate with, Mr. Forster on the subject. Mr. Forster expressed his sorrow if he had offended me, hoped he had not been actually rude, but added, that, all the while I was in the room, he could not help remembering that during the war of Secession in the United States I had given my sympathies to

the South! Such was the quality of the mind of a man who aspired to be thought a statesman and to take a share in the government of a great country; such was the intolerant spirit of one nurtured in the tolerant principles which are the pride and the glory of the Quakers, or, as they prefer to call themselves, "the Society of Friends."

Mr. Forster's Bill passed both Houses of the Legislature in 1870, and is now the law of the land. If not a complete failure, it is certainly not a triumph to the cause of education. It works upon the old lines, being almost wholly restricted to what are vulgarly called "the three R's," as if reading, writing, and arithmetic were "the be-all and end-all" of the instruction which the community owes to so large a body of future citizens as the children of the poor and struggling classes. These more than any other children need help and guidance to prevent them remaining in the sloughs of Despond in which they were cast at birth, and from which it is the aim and duty of the State to rescue them. The children who at the time when the Act came into force were at the teachable and receptive ages of nine or ten have now grown into adult men and women of twenty-four and upwards; and Society is entitled to ask what the merely elemental instruction which they have received has done for them, and to what uses they have put the tools of knowledge with which they were provided.

Do they, or can they, read and appreciate good books that are calculated to give them useful and elevating knowledge of the world they live in, of their duty to themselves, to the community of which they form a part, and to the higher faculties that slumber in their minds, and that need awakening? Can they write a grammatical English letter? Can they even spell correctly? and can they express any but the boldest and commonest ideas when they take the pen in hand? The answers to these questions are but too palpable and too obvious. In nine cases out of ten, the reading of the female children of the poor, grown into womanhood, and employed in various avocations of life, as factory-workers, domestic servants, shop-assistants, or young wives of working-men, consists of reading (if reading have any charms for them at all) of penny novels, "penny dreadfuls" as they have not been unjustly or inappropriately named. These are provided for their amusement at the cheapest rates by unscrupulous booksellers and printers, who will sell any degrading or poisonous trash on the sole condition that the sale will be remunerative. In this respect these traders in literary unwholesomeness do far more mischief than the purveyors of tainted meat and adulterated groceries. The latter injure only the pockets or the bodies of their customers; the former corrupt their minds. The whole tendency and effect of the literature which

the School Board training enables the female children of the poor to enjoy is to render them discontented with their state in life, without teaching them how to better it, except by means which morality and modesty condemn. As regards the young men, their "education" enables them to read the cheap newspapers, the value of which I do not seek to disparage, and which are, doubtless, capable of enlarging their minds. But the higher topics which are discussed in their political or other columns possess but little attractions for them. The great majority of such readers take no interest in great national or international subjects, unless it be in what is called "Socialism," and in the great duty of strikes—against the tyranny of capital. They manifest an absorbing interest in the details of "shocking accidents," "dreadful calamities," "scandalous disclosures," "frightful catastrophes," or "awful murders," duly set forth with *ad-captandum* head-lines and conspicuous captions in their favourite journals.

These remarks, it must be understood, are only intended to apply to the misuse, or the partial and inefficient use, of the tools of knowledge which the State in its Board Schools has put into the hands of its once-neglected children. It is not asserted that mischief is, or can be, done by the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but that much mischief is done, and much good prevented, by

the indolent or ignorant belief that such teaching is sufficient. Education begins in the cradle, is continued in the nursery or at the domestic hearth, or, if there be no domestic hearth, in the street or the gutter. What is communicated in the school is an addition to, or correction of, the knowledge previously acquired, and not a completion of the good work, any more than the ploughing of a field, or the deposit of the seed in the furrows, is a harvest. The National system established by Mr. Forster's clumsy and inefficient Act may, doubtless, be considered "a step in the right direction"; but steps in the right direction are not greatly to be commended, if those who make them are contented with these feeble efforts and resolutely determine to proceed no farther. Still less are they to be commended when those to whose efforts they are due, having it in their power to advance, resolutely or blindly refuse to go further. They may, doubtless, believe, as the homely adage says, that "half a loaf is better than no bread"; but when the whole loaf might be theirs if they were wise enough to insist upon it, the utmost praise that can be given them is that possibly they may mean well, but that their faint-hearted compromises prevent, perhaps for an indefinite period, the acquisition of the whole loaf and the full justice.

The cry of "Free Education" which is now raised [1886] is a cry that will probably not

continue to be raised in vain. It is by no means heard for the first time, but dates from 1845, or earlier, when I did my best in the letters which I publicly addressed to Lord Morpeth, to give it force and acceptance, and to impress the question on the public conscience as one ripe for consideration. It has as yet found but partial favour in any quarter, and has been met with unrelenting hostility by the great majority of the payers of rates and taxes in the great towns and cities of the Empire. The expense which would attend it alarms the middle classes, and many estimable but struggling as well as narrow-minded people would rather that the swarming children of the destitute poor should go without instruction, than that the local rates of their respective parishes should be increased even by a half-penny in the pound to add to the charges upon them which they already feel to be oppressive.

The Poor Rate itself, if introduced for the first time to a public unaccustomed to its weight, would be opposed for exactly the same reasons as are brought to bear against a rate for free education, and, in the present state of English parties, would stand but slender chance of being accepted, either by the people or the Government. And yet the Poor Rate, that is considered as an inevitable necessity of our civilization, stands exactly on the same footing as the proposed Free Education of

the children of the poor, which is not yet law, but which will certainly become so at a period more or less remote, unless all appearances are deceptive, and all the lessons of experience prove to be in vain.

The public is taxed for the support of the utterly destitute and aged persons who have no hope or prospect but the grave, and who cannot be allowed to perish of hunger, or to become a social nuisance as beggars or thieves in the streets and highways. The Christian charity and true philanthropy that provide for them have in reality the same duty towards the utterly destitute and impotent children of the poor. Private charity and the Christian feeling of a few benevolent and wealthy persons attempt to remedy the evil by performing voluntarily, but inefficiently and too partially, the duty which of right should devolve upon the State, upon the same principle of devolution as that by which it has assumed the charge of the maintenance of the destitute, the impotent, and the aged, rather than allow them to become a social danger or to perish unheeded.

The argument applies *à fortiori* to the destitute and helpless children of the utterly poor, for whom there are other prospects than the grave—the only prospect of the aged pauper—and for whom there are hopes—that may become realities, if help be given them—of becoming honest and useful mem-

bers of society when they reach maturity. When that time comes,

> As come it will, for a' that,

it is fervently to be hoped that the statesmen who may then be in charge of the destinies of Great Britain will not be contented with having the children taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. These may do good, but may do harm if they are unguided or misdirected, and go but a small way towards the educing of good citizenship out of rude materials, and may be as useless as a chisel in the grip of a clod-hopper for the creation of a Venus or an Apollo out of a block of marble, or as liable to do mischief as a revolver in the hands of a child.

The Spartans of old time, more than twenty centuries ago, had far grander and juster ideas of what the "education" of a citizen ought to be than the men of the nineteenth century, and understood that the moral and physical faculties were as worthy of cultivation as the intellectual. It is time that modern Civilization should learn from the ancients that the body, though more perishable than the soul, is not less divine; and that states are not built up solely by scholastic cleverness, but must be founded and supported by the strong body as well as the strong mind, and that generations ignorant of the laws of health, stunted and short-lived, and deficient in animal

vigour, are not fitted to fight the great battle of civilisation on equal terms with the sturdier Goths and Vandals who may at a future time arise to contest or overthrow their supremacy.

The upper classes of the British Isles are quite aware of the fact as regards themselves, and are fully able to hold their own, man for man, body for body, mind for mind, against all possible competitors and rivals, if not to surpass them. But they are not, with few exceptions, sufficiently, if at all, impressed with the necessity of extending to the as yet innocent and uncontaminated but neglected children of the multitude any other instruction than the commonest elements afforded by the School Boards established by the imperfect measure of Mr. W. E. Forster.

CHAPTER VI.

VISITS TO AMERICA.

My first visit to the United States was paid in 1857–58, and lasted for about eight months; my second in February 1862, and extended until the close of 1865, a period of nearly four years. My first was undertaken on my own account, in connection with the *Illustrated London News*; the second was on a mission from the *Times*, to reside in New York as the correspondent of that journal, in succession to the American gentleman who had filled that post for many years, with satisfaction to its conductors, but whom it was considered desirable to replace by an Englishman, in view of the great interest excited in Great Britain, and throughout Europe, by the politics and incidents of the great Civil War, at that time in its infancy.

My first visit gave me more vivid impressions of the country, its people, its institutions, its manners, and its scenery, than the second; the second gave

me deeper knowledge and more lasting impressions of all that was both good and bad in that gigantic reproduction and extension of the civilisation of Europe, and especially of Great Britain, into new fields, and with almost unlimited opportunities of growth and development. The first brought me acquainted in the pleasantest manner with the literary and social characters of the Americans of the Northern and Southern sections of the country, and of the genial and hearty Canadians; the second gave me a less agreeable experience of the American people, when engaged in a bitter struggle among each other for what might have been called either dominion, independence, national existence, or liberty, according as reason, imagination, passion, or prejudice dictated the designation of the obstinate struggle, and which went by all these names during its continuance.

Victory at last decided the question, and sanctified as right what perhaps might have been originally wrong, as Victory in all ages, in all countries, and in all circumstances is in the habit of doing, and as it notably did, under the leadership of George Washington, in the struggle against Great Britain, originally a rebellion against a lawful sovereign, but no longer a rebellion when it became successful.

> Treason ne'er prospers. What 's the reason?
> 'Cause when it prospers none dare call it treason.

My first visit was devoted to lecturing in the great cities, amusing myself, and to making acquaintance with new people, new scenes, and new modes of life. My second visit had, in many respects, a wider object: to observe and to record in the columns of the first newspaper in the world the varying fortunes of two mighty combatants engaged in fratricidal strife, and waging with each other one of the most sanguinary wars of modern times, unsurpassed in the magnitude of its issues within the limits of the historical period, and only to be rivalled in the semi-fabulous records of mythology.

During my first visit I traversed the country, from Quebec on the St. Lawrence to New Orleans on the Mississippi, finding traces of the French at both extremities, of the French that were as great and peaceful colonisers as the English two centuries ago, and that now colonise no more in the English sense of the word, though they attempt, not always with success, to form dependencies rather than colonies in Africa or Asia. I lectured in Boston, Newport [Rhode Island], New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington; in Cincinnati, Yellow Springs, and Columbia (Ohio), in Louisville (Kentucky), in Charleston (South Carolina), St. Louis (Missouri), and New Orleans (Louisiana), and, retracing my steps towards the North, in Albany (New York), and finally in

Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Montreal, and Quebec in Canada. I received many scores of invitations to lecture in the Western States—then considered "Far West," but now classed as the Middle States—of Michigan, Kansas, Iowa, and still further towards the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, but was compelled to refuse them from want of time, and to hasten my return to the Strand, where the *Illustrated London News* was clamorous for my presence.

During my second visit and residence of four years in the country I travelled over less ground. My head-quarters were at New York, with a residence in Staten Island, varied by occasional trips on business rather than pleasure to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on the south, and to Canada on the north.

I have already narrated the main incidents of my first visit in *Life and Liberty in America*, published in 1860, and will not go over the same ground again except to supply omissions and to supplement the facts there stated, to which the lapse of time has given new interest or importance. Many of the persons whose acquaintance I made in my first visit, and whose future eminence I had no reason to anticipate, were destined to play conspicuous parts in the great War of Secession, of which even at that time the seeds were sown and were germinating rapidly, though unnoticed and unsuspected.

Some of them became Ministers of State, others generals in the great army of the Potomac, others diplomatists accredited to foreign Courts, others senators or members of the House of Representatives, or distinguished orators who did their best to shape public opinion to great issues, and often succeeded in their efforts. Among those with whom I was brought into most familiar intercourse were the Honourable W. H. Seward, afterwards Secretary of State during the presidency of Mr. Lincoln; the Honourable Salmond P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and subsequently Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; General Breckenridge, Vice-President under Mr. Buchanan; Senator John James Crittenden; Senator J. A. Bayard, of Delaware—his son, Mr. Thomas Bayard, now Secretary of State under President Cleveland; Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, a candidate for the Presidency when Mr. Lincoln was elected to that perilous honour; President Franklin Pierce, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Nathaniel Hawthorne, whom he had appointed American Consul at Liverpool, and whose powerful and painful novel of the *Scarlet Letter* had made him popular in England; the Honourable Anson Burlingame, afterwards Ambassador to China; the Honourable Charles Sumner, at that time an enthusiastic friend of Great Britain, but, during and after the war, one of the most rabid enemies of this country;

General Houston, the conqueror of Texas; General Fremont, called the "Pathfinder," afterwards entrusted with a command in the Federal army; General Scott, called "Old Fuss and Feathers," commander-in-chief of the United States army in the peaceful times before the Southern Secession; General Banks, Governor of Massachusetts, and once Speaker of the House of Representatives, who served as a General of Division under General McClellan in the army of the Potomac; and many others of conspicuous but of lesser note in the political and military life of the period.

I also enjoyed the friendship, which only ended with their lives, of Longfellow the poet, of Emerson the philosopher, of Prescott the historian, of Agassiz the scientist—all resident in Boston, and shining lights in the intellectual firmament of that city; of Theodore Parker, of Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Honourable Josiah Quincey—all distinguished men; and of many others less eminent, whom it was nevertheless a pleasure and a privilege to know and to exchange ideas with.

Lecturing in America is almost as much entitled to be called a learned profession as that of the Law, the Church, or Medicine, though, unlike all of these, the avenues leading to it are not blocked and barred by a special education, or by rules, regulations, and fees to be paid by the neophytes. Lecturing is a free profession, though it needs great

and special qualifications to succeed in it; celebrity of some kind or other, a pleasant and trained voice, a certain amount of oratorical eloquence, good health, a power of enduring the fatigue of constant travelling over long distances, and, above all, something to say that will either instruct, interest, or amuse the public. The want of one or more of these qualifications, though not necessary fatal to success, tends very much to convert what might otherwise be a *succès fou*, such as attended Dickens, or a *succès enthousiaste*, such as attended Thackeray or Artemus Ward, into a mere *succès d'estime*, which is content to listen to the lecturer once, but cannot be induced to listen to him a second time. Whatever the Americans may be to their own native lecturers, they are always generous in their appreciation of lecturers from the old country; an appreciation which is, perhaps, due to curiosity in the first instance to see the men of whom they may have previously heard much; but is mainly due to courtesy and hospitality towards strangers who have come from a distance to visit them. The great Emerson, whose discourses, as a rule, were far above the comprehension of the common multitude, was not a good speaker, and certainly made no attempts to amuse, but, on the contrary, aimed to instruct his audiences, told me himself that he once lectured to seven people at Montreal. This he did to console me for the fact that I had mentioned

to him, that I had lectured to about thirty in Philadelphia.

Lecturing is an art, and, like other arts, must be studied by those who would excel in it. In some respects, indeed in many, it differs from speech-making, and, I should imagine, from preaching, though I never tried to preach, and trust I never shall. Speech-making only involves the making of the same speech on one occasion and *for* the one occasion; but lecturing, as a profession, involves the delivery of the same lecture many times, and, if successful, it may be scores or even hundreds of times, to different audiences, who may possibly all differ in their tastes or in their appreciative or even depreciative idiosyncrasies. I had to study all this by actual experience of American audiences, and, after a comparatively short apprenticeship, came to the conclusion that all large assemblages of people were very much alike in their habits of thought, and about as much of one mind as flocks of sheep under the influence of the bell-wether.

I learned a lesson after the very first lecture which I delivered. It was at Boston in Massachusetts, and the subject was "Poetry and Song." I dwelt upon the difference between poetry and mere verse, which the vulgar public, if not the great majority of people, persisted in thinking identical, considering that what was not prose was of necessity poetry, and was greeted with loud applause.

Impressed with my subject, and not heeding the applause, I continued to illustrate my meaning by citing specimens of popular verse, which could in no wise be considered poetical, and prose passages from the Bible and from well-known English authors, which were in the highest degree poetical, and could not possibly be improved by versification. I was again applauded, and again passed on to the further development of my theme. Next morning, the leading journal of Boston, in reporting and commenting upon the lecture, declared that it was a pity the lecturer was so deaf, as some of his remarks were lost to the audience amid the noise of the applause with which they were greeted. As I am not now, and never was, in the slightest degree deaf, the hint was not lost upon me, and on all future occasions I not only waited for the applause, which invariably greeted the same passages, but allowed it to have full vent before continuing my discourse. There was a double advantage in this, for dissatisfaction was often expressed that my lectures were too short. They usually lasted for three-quarters of an hour, which I considered quite long enough; but American audiences expect the full hour, which is considered the orthodox and legitimate duration. Of course I would much rather that the hostile verdict should have been guilty of being too short than guilty of being too long; but I was enabled to palliate the evil to some slight

extent by pausing a minute or two at due intervals to allow the plaudits to exhaust themselves, and thus extending the lecture from forty-five minutes to fifty or upwards, as near an approach to the full hour as I could make it without padding the lecture by extra matter or impairing the symmetry of the original design. After the third or fourth delivery of the lecture the subject began to pall upon me by the over familiarity induced by constant iteration; but after a time this uncomfortable feeling wore off, and my contempt for the performance was gradually converted into good-natured toleration, and finally into something nearly akin to affection. As the audiences began to love it, so did I; and on the twentieth repetition it became to me like a dear old friend, whose worth I had tried and taken to my heart, and from whom I would grieve to be parted.

Longfellow, Emerson, and the Boston Club.

When I was a very young man, and no doubt more or less a foolish one, I did what many young and foolish men have done before, and will do after me; I published a volume of poems.

I am not proud of that volume now! but I was proud of it then. Seven copies only were sold on its first appearance. After a month a friendly critic wrote a favourable notice of it for the *Times*. Thirty

copies were sold the same day. Ultimately, and by very slow degrees, the whole of the small edition disappeared from the shelves of my publisher, who brought me in a bill for the loss he had incurred in presenting it to the world. I must own that I was disappointed, and perhaps a little unhappy; for I found it somewhat difficult to scrape together the money to pay the account. I was very much surprised at the same time to learn that the sale of the whole edition was insufficient to cover the expenses, and to learn that the deficit was due to the heavy costs of advertising, which I had not authorised. But comfort amid my sorrow came to me from a wholly unexpected quarter, in the shape of a letter from Boston, Massachusetts. It was addressed, *Charles Mackay, Poet, England.* I thought to myself, on receiving it, after long delay, which had been brought to an end by some wide-awake official at the General Post Office, who had marked upon the envelope, "Try the *Morning Chronicle* office," that, after all, I must be somebody if a letter could reach me amid all the millions of London, without designating the street, or even the city in which I resided.

In this pleasant belief I was confirmed on opening the letter. It contained a modest request for my autograph, that the writer might add it to a collection which he was forming, of the autographs of the principal prose and poetic writers of the time.

It was the first time that ever such a request had been made to me, and, coming from a stranger and from a far country, it was all the more welcome. The letter was signed "James T. Fields." I did not know who James T. Fields was, but I sent him my signature, very proud to do so, as may well be supposed. I never forgot the name of the writer who had been the first person in all the world to address me by a title which, at the time, in the ignorance and hopefulness of youth, I valued above any other that could be bestowed upon me.

It was not until many years afterwards, when the first flush of youth had passed, that, on his first visit to Europe and to London, I made the welcome acquaintance, that afterwards ripened into friendship, of James T. Fields, who had long been an eminent publisher in Boston.

In the year 1857, when I visited Boston for the first time, the earliest call that I made upon anybody was upon my friend Mr. Fields, and was cordially welcomed to "the Hub of the Universe." Greatly to my gratification, I found that he was not alone, and that there stood by his side, in the act of taking his departure, a gentleman whom, by his likeness to his published portraits, I at once recognised as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a true poet, as I had long known, a true gentleman and genial companion, as I speedily found him to be.

A personal introduction and a cordial hand-

shaking were the immediate results, followed almost as immediately by an invitation to dine with him and Mr. Fields, at the next meeting of "The Club," on the Saturday following.

This being arranged and entered on the list of my engagements, Mr. Longfellow, who was returning to his home at Cambridge, insisted, with kindly pertinacity, that I should accompany him. Being in no wise loth, I took his proffered arm, and we proceeded to the cars together.

On our arrival he led me into the garden at the rear of his house, celebrated, before he added to its celebrity by inhabiting it, as the "Old Washington Head-quarters." The object of his leading me at once into the garden was to point out to my notice a row of picturesque and venerable pine-trees. "I want you to look particularly at these pines," he said, "because on their account I once took it into my head to hate you."

"I hope," I replied, "that the hatred did not last long."

"Oh, no; it soon passed over. I have not much if any hatred for my fellow-creatures, in my composition, and, perhaps, I exaggerate when I call the feeling that possessed me by so strong a word as hate. But I was angry with you, and with myself at the same time."

"But why? Had I done, said, or written anything that displeased you?"

"Yes! You had published a volume of poems some six or eight months before, to which you gave the excellent title of *Under Green Leaves*. It was for that I fancied I hated you; though, after all, I was only unreasonably annoyed."

"But why should my title annoy you?"

"Because I intended to give to a volume that I myself was about to publish the title of 'Under Pine Boughs.' I composed most of the small poems contained in it while pacing to and fro in the fine mornings and afternoons under the shadow of those very pine boughs that you see at the end of the garden. My title was not so fresh and suggestive of beauty as yours; and even if it had been, I could not adopt it, lest I should have been accused of imitating yours; and so I had to change it, and rack my brains to find another. That's why I hated you, for a short—a very short time. But then I remembered that it was not your fault, and I loved you as I did before, and as I have since continued to do."

"And what was the title which you ultimately adopted?"

"*The Courtship of Miles Standish*, the name of the principal poem in the book. The title did not please me half as well as the old one, but I had to put up with it, and the public also."

Of course I did not fail to be present at the dinner of The Club, to which I was escorted by

Mr. Fields. Among the celebrated people who were present were Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. J. R. Lowell, Mr. Agassiz, Mr. W. H. Prescott, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, General N. P. Banks, the then Governor of Massachusetts, Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Fields, Mr. Theodore Parker, and the Rev. Starr King.

I was placed at the table, at my own request, and by arrangement with Mr. Fields, between Messrs. Longfellow and Emerson, with both of whom I conversed in the pauses of the feast.

I had met Mr. Emerson in London in 1848, and knew that, eloquent as he was with his pen, he was abnormally shy and retiring, and did not shine in conversation, or greatly care to indulge in it. Like Wordsworth, whom he visited at Rydal Mount, and of whom he spoke to me,

> He did not much or oft delight
> To season his fireside with personal talk,

though he could break through his natural undemonstrativeness upon occasion, when conversing with a companion after his own heart, with whom he could exchange ideas rather than re-echo commonplaces.

I told Mr. Emerson on this occasion that shortly before I quitted England I had passed three days at Knebworth, the country-seat in Hertfordshire of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the famous

novelist, dramatist and statesman, and that our conversation had turned upon him (Emerson), during one of our afternoon walks through the grounds.

Sir Edward had not read any of Emerson's works, and had only heard of him as a disciple and imitator of Thomas Carlyle—a mistake into which he had probably fallen from reading the *American Notes* of Charles Dickens, wherein it was said, "I found that the transcendentalists (of Boston) are followers of our friend Mr. Carlyle, or, I should rather say, of a follower of his, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson."

I did not repeat to Mr. Emerson all that I had said to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in vindication of his genius and of its utter independence of that of Mr. Carlyle, in answer to this ignorant depreciation, lest the praise which I had lavished upon him should have seemed to savour of adulation, when spoken in his presence, at second-hand, and without the stimulus to earnestness which Sir Edward's utter misconception had supplied.

I had said that the two writers were wholly dissimilar in their style and in the effect of their teaching, that Emerson shone by his original light and not by moon-like reflection from any superior planet. I had given the preference to Emerson, declaring that Emerson's two essays on *Love* and *Self-Reliance*, were worth all that Carlyle had ever written.

Sir Edward challenged me, if Mr. Emerson was so admirable and so original a genius, to cite some of his brilliant passages. This, I said, would be a matter of some difficulty, depending upon memory, which might not readily answer to so sudden a call upon its reserves. But during the course of our walk, I recollected one or two passages that had greatly pleased me, and these suggested others. Among others which I cited were:—

"In every work of genius we recognise our own rejected thoughts."

"We all read as if we were superior beings. The slip of a boy that reads Shakspeare in a corner sits in judgment upon Macbeth and Hamlet."

"The wise man in adversity is like a wounded oyster; he mends his broken shell with pearl."

"Very fine, indeed," said Sir Edward. "Carlyle merely declares himself to be a hater of shams, as we all are. He takes a great number of volumes to declare his opinion—to glorify truth and to worship strength—though he never said anything so good as Voltaire did, when he said that the Almighty always sided with the *gros bataillons*. The simile of the wounded oyster is highly poetical and apt, and, as far as I know, original."

A month later, on again visiting Knebworth, the great novelist took the opportunity to tell me that he was very grateful to me for having recommended Mr. Emerson to his notice. He had read his

Essays with delight and profit, some of them twice and even thrice, and each time with new gratification. Mr. Emerson seemed to be as pleased to hear what I told him of this conversation as I wished or expected him to be; for the greatest of authors, as well as the least, whatever may be said or thought to the contrary, are always pleased—I will not say flattered—by intelligent appreciation, perhaps more especially if the appreciation comes to them from a far country.

Mr. Emerson did not seem wholly indifferent to fame, but certainly did not attach any particular value or importance to it. He drew the proper distinction between fame and popularity. True and enduring Fame, he said, could never be acquired without merit; but popularity, which often proceeded from the mere whim and caprice of the multitude, was but too frequently the result of social rather than of intellectual judgment, and depended sometimes upon accident, and sometimes upon the action of an uncultivated or depraved taste.

"Nevertheless," he remarked, "fame and popularity are sometimes simultaneous, and are bestowed upon real merit, as in the cases of Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. But the writers are happiest and most to be envied who do not seek either fame, popularity, or reward for their writings, but who write or teach as the birds sing, or as the stars shine, because it is in their nature to do so."

I reminded Mr. Emerson that, as far as mere popularity was concerned, the street drama of Punch and Judy was more popular than *Hamlet* or the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and that a waxen figure of a king or a murderer was more to the taste of the multitude in all countries than the grandest and most beautiful statue of an Apollo or an Aphrodite chiselled by the art of a Phidias or a Praxiteles. Even the popularity to which many second or third rate poets attained in their lifetime was evanescent. Cowley in his day was called the "divine" and the "incomparable," and Milton, his contemporary, was unread, unknown, or slightingly spoken of; but Posterity and Justice between them consigned Cowley to comparative oblivion, and elevated Milton to one of the highest niches in the great gallery of "immortality."

"Very true," said Mr. Longfellow, who had been an attentive listener; "and popular poets, as I know to my sorrow, are too often popular for their worst compositions rather than for their best."

"Blessed are the larks and the nightingales," said I. "They don't depend on the popular verdict, and care nothing for book-buyers and book-publishers."

Theodore Parker, whose acquaintance I made at this dinner, was at this time in the decay of his health and reputation, but still a great power in

American politics and literature, though his theological influence was and had long been on the wane. He was a man of independent and original mind, and his "funeral oration on the death of Daniel Webster"—the greatest orator that America has ever produced—would, if he had produced nothing else, be quite sufficient to secure him a bright place in the page of his country's history. When the slavish multitude were singing the praises of the dead, many dazzled by the remembrance of his intellectual power, Theodore Parker stood up in his pulpit alone, unaided, defiant of the raging storm of popular opinion, and in eloquence equal to, if not in some respects superior to, that of the departed statesman, denounced him for playing false to his own conscience, to his own soul, in accepting a bribe to defend in the Senate, the platform, and the press, the slavery which he condemned in his heart, and against which his reason revolted.

It has long been the fashion to extol—and justly—the world-renowned oration of Demosthenes against Philip, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foresee that in a future day, which has dawned already, Parker's oration against Webster will extort equal admiration from all the lovers of truth, justice, fearlessness, and the highest order of oratory.

One year after my introduction to him, Theodore

Parker called upon me in London, on his way to Italy in search of health and a warmer climate than that of his native Massachusetts. It was the only call he found time to make in London. Poor Theodore did not regain his lost health, as he had hoped. He died, I think, in Italy, though I am not quite sure that he did not return to Boston. In his case, as in that of many other gifted men, whose spirits are willing but whose flesh is weak, he died of the over-strain of his mental faculties.

President Pierce.

Mr. Hawthorne, the novelist, who had written a Life of Mr. Franklin Pierce when that gentleman was a candidate for the Presidency—and who had been rewarded for the service by appointment to the United States Consulship at Liverpool—gave me a letter to the Ex-President, to be presented to him should I ever visit the State—I now forget which it was—in which he resided, and of which he was a native. During my short stay in Boston, Mr. Pierce happened to arrive in that city on a visit to some friends, and I took the opportunity of making his acquaintance, firstly, because of the high position he formerly held, and secondly and

more especially, because he was the friend of Mr. Hawthorne.

On presenting the letter, I was very cordially received by Mr. Pierce, who expressed his wonder that a man usually so cold, reticent, unenthusiastic, and undemonstrative as Mr. Hawthorne should have written in such warm and cordial terms of anybody as he had done of me, and asked me what I had done or said that had procured me such high favour?

Mr. Pierce was a man of polished and courtly manners, of a cultivated mind, and of wide and varied information. He gave me a pressing invitation to dine with him on the following day, an invitation which, to my great regret, I was compelled to decline, on the ground of a previous engagement to pass that evening at the monthly meeting of a Social Club, the most exclusive and, if the word be permissible in its application to any society in so ultra-democratic a country as the United States, the most aristocratic in Boston. Mr. Pierce, after I had shown him the very cordial letter, in which the President of the evening invited me to the gathering, expressed a wish that he also might be invited, and hinted that perhaps, on my intimation of his desire to the hospitable gentleman at whose house the meeting was to be held, an invitation to him, who had once held the highest office in the State, and who was, like myself, a

stranger in the city, might be sent to him. I happened to meet the gentleman in question—one of the leading citizens of Boston—in the course of the afternoon, and frankly told him what Mr. Pierce had said. He courteously said, in reply, that as soon as he returned home he would send Mr. Pierce a card of invitation.

He kept his promise, and Mr. Pierce called upon me the following evening in order that we might proceed together to the social meeting. The President of the Club and master of the house welcomed us both cordially, and shook hands warmly with Mr. Pierce. There were at least thirty, perhaps forty, gentlemen present, numbers of whom expressed a desire to be introduced to me, and were introduced accordingly. Not one, however, made any attempt to obtain an introduction to Mr. Pierce, whom they suffered to enter the room unwelcomed, and almost unobserved, and some few were rude enough to turn their backs upon him, in so unmistakable and offensive a manner that it could not fail to attract his notice. Mr. Pierce was not slow to perceive that he was not welcome, and took an early opportunity to retire.

He was scarcely out of the room, when one of the guests, an old man of a sour, ultra-puritanical, and inquisitorial aspect, suddenly came up to me, and asked me, in the most abrupt and

insolent style, "Who was the *fellow* that you brought with you, and who has just left the room?"

Astonished and offended at the question, I replied, "I did not bring him, he came by special invitation"; and added, after a short pause, "It is possible that you did not know him: it was Mr. Franklin Pierce, formerly President of the United States."

My interlocutor, before turning on his heel in an evident ill-temper, replied, "Never saw the fellow before—never wish to see him again!"

This disagreeable incident surprised me greatly. The old man was evidently not a gentleman, and possibly a lunatic. I afterwards learned that he was a violent opponent of slavery—what the Americans at that time called a "malignant philanthropist" and a "nigger-worshipper"—and that his animosity against the ex-President was political as well as personal. Mr. Pierce had been elected to the Presidency by the Southern democratic and pro-slavery majority; and the defeated abolitionist and republican party of the North, whose head-quarters were in Boston, consoled themselves under their defeat by hatred of the victorious party, and especially of its chief. But that political rancour should take such a shape as that which was exhibited that evening in a friendly, social, and convivial meeting of gentlemen, and

men of high position, was new to my experience of men and manners. But I was fain to believe at the time—and continue in the belief—that the unseemly exhibition was confined to the one bigot and fanatic who was its author.

New York.—A Night with the Knickerbockers.

It is known to many, but not to the "*oi polloi*," that includes *all* the many, that the great State of New York, the Empire State, as the Amerians call it, was originally colonised by the Dutch, by whom it was called New Amsterdam. On its transference to Great Britain in the year 1644, as one of the results of the war then subsisting between the two countries, its name was changed to New York, not, as is commonly supposed, in honour of the archiepiscal city of York in England, but of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., the wrong-headed and luckless brother of Charles II. Its surrender to the British was confirmed in 1667, by the treaty of peace concluded at Breda in that year. The peace was of short continuance, and New York was reconquered by the Dutch in 1673, but only retained by the Dutch till the following year, when it again fell into British possession, and received its name of New York. During the more than two

centuries which have since elapsed, the Dutch have almost ceased to be a colonising nation, and New York has received its enormous increment principally from British subjects, and, during the last half century, a still more enormous increase from the German immigration, driven from the Fatherland by poverty and by the grinding oppression of the conscription. By the combined operation of the steady influx of Irish and Germans, New York has lost its claim to be considered as pre-eminently occupied by people either of Dutch or of British descent and parentage.

But the citizens of English, Scotch, and Dutch extraction, however much they may be outnumbered in the great and growing city, though not perhaps in the whole State of New York, by the Irish and the Germans, look upon themselves as the true social aristocracy of the "Empire city," and their claim, though not admitted in a country where aristocracy of rank is unknown, is submitted to *nolens volens*, although theoretically denied. The English have no strong bond of union among themselves, although they celebrate St. George's Day with all the honours, and support a weekly journal, the *Albion*, to refresh their remembrance of the old country. The Scotch, more clannish and more hearty, cling together, as they invariably do, in whatever part of the world they may fix their abode, and strive, not ineffectually, to feed the

fires of their never-extinct patriotism, by remembrance of *Auld Lang Syne*, and by the hero-worship of Robert Burns, who may not inaptly be termed the chief patron saint of the Scottish nation, *vice* St. Andrew, not altogether deposed but relegated to the second rank.

The descendants of the original Dutch settlers, though not, perhaps, so enthusiastic in the pride of their nationality as the Scotch, inasmuch as they have no poet of equal popularity with Robert Burns, on whom they lavish their homage as the model and the representative of their race, do not lag very far behind, and in their less demonstrative way, consider themselves to be the "*crême de la crême de la haute société*," and call themselves, or permit themselves to be called, as *par excellence* "the Knickerbockers," as if that were a title of social nobility. The designation appears to be due to the late Washington Irving, and to the Diedrich Knickerbocker, whom he has rendered immortal in the pages of his amusing history of the city.

I had not been many days in New York before I was honoured with an invitation to attend the anniversary dinner of the "Knickerbockers," conveyed to me in very complimentary terms by Mr. Gulian Verplanck, the chairman of the evening, and the President of the Association. Mr. Verplanck was one of the best known, most popular, and most

highly esteemed of the citizens, not only amongst those of Dutch descent, but amongst all classes of the people, for his genial manners, his unblemished character and his eminent social position. I was assigned the place of honour at the banquet on the right of the chairman. There were, I believe, about one hundred and fifty persons present, all wearing three-cornered hats of the fashion worn by the burghers of Holland two hundred years ago, suggesting, if it had not been for the absence of the "doublets and trunk hose" of the same period, or a century earlier, a meeting of the "Hoogen Moogens" in the troublous era of the wicked Duke of Alva and the Spanish tyrants of the Netherlands, which the "Hoogen Moogens" so valiantly and successfully resisted. The three-cornered hat marked them out as Dutchmen, quite as plainly as the philabeg and tartan trews mark the Scottish Highlander. Among the company were Van der Deckens, Van der Auweras, Van Tromps, Van Rensellaers, Van Raaltes, Van der Bilts, Van Maanens, Van Halens, Van der Vyvers, and Van Zandts, as well as Rutgens, Voorhees, Schencks, Schuylers, and others, whose names were equally suggestive of the dams, the sluices, the canals, and the polders, and of the brave and picturesque old cities of Holland. There were, as far as I could learn, but three guests present who were not Knickerbockers, the Hon.

R. J. Walker, who had once been Secretary to the Treasury, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, the well-known preacher, and myself.

The dinner was *recherché* and luxurious, and more varied in fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, than Holland or any European country could have supplied. Holland has no Spanish mackerel, one of the most excellent fish in American waters; no terrapin, no gumbo, no wild turkeys, no canvas-back ducks; but why run over the list of American table delicacies unknown in Europe? Suffice it to say, that every luxury that America could afford, or that money could purchase, was bountifully provided on this occasion, that the wines were of the rarest vintages, and that Schiedam Schnapps was no more forgotten than whisky would have been at a Scottish symposium.

After the dessert had been served by a whole battalion of negro waiters, almost the only, and by far the best servants at that time to be obtained in New York, long clay-pipes of the fashion commonly called "churchwardens" in England, were served to the guests. I noticed that few refused them, of which few I was one. I never before saw, and have never since seen, so curious and unique a sight as that which was presented to my eyes by the hundred and fifty "mynheers," each with his three-cornered hat on his head, his long white pipe in his mouth, doing his utmost in the

nineteenth century to imitate a veritable burgomaster of the seventeenth, fresh from the banks of the Maas, the Rotter, or the Zuydersee; most of them grave and sagacious looking, with rubicund faces, and the half-stolid half-happy expression that usually settles upon the countenances of inveterate smokers, in the stupefying clouds of their beloved tobacco.

I only remember one of the many speeches that were delivered on the occasion, and that mainly for the reason that I was unexpectedly called upon to reply to it. The speaker was the Hon. R. J. Walker, a perky little man, whose accent would have proclaimed him to be a "Yankee," so called in distinction from all other Americans in every society of English-speaking people in the world. He was an ex-Minister of the Great Republic, under President Polk, if I remember rightly, and was reputed to be an authority on all matters of finance. His theme was the growing greatness of the city of New York, on which he expatiated with a plethora of epithets in the extravagant style which is known to Americans as "high falutin" and "spread-eagleism." "New York," he said, "although still so young, was already one of the greatest cities in the world, and manifestly destined at no distant period to be the very greatest, and to eclipse all the glories of Babylon and Nineveh in the old time, and of Rome, Paris, and

London in the new. Yes," he continued, warming with his subject as the splendid vision unfolded itself, unobscured by the clouds of tobacco-smoke that were rising around him, amid which his little figure was all but lost, and the brave voice appeared as if issuing from the misty chaos that enveloped him,—"in twenty, or, at the most, thirty, or forty years, New York will be the Metropolis of the Universe! It will be the fashionable, the social, the financial, the political centre of the civilised world in both hemispheres, the most beautiful, the most stately, the most populous, and the most wealthy city that ever adorned the earth. London, its only possible rival, will in that time gradually sink into decay, and will be reduced to the second or third rank among the cities of the world; and the nation of which it is the capital will share its fate, and cease to be the preponderating power of Europe. The claws of the Lion of Empire will be cut, its roar will dwindle into a whine, and its present exulting and offensive rampancy will be superseded by a paralytic crawl." There was much more to the same effect, due, perhaps, to champagne, to schiedam, or to the smoke, or, perhaps, merely evolved out of the inherent brag of the speaker, but which it were, perhaps, too wearisome to repeat after this lapse of time, the more especially as it was evidently wearisome to the audience to whom it was addressed, and that it fell compa-

ratively flat on the ears of the more or less phlegmatic descendants of the Dutch, who had left the banks of the sluggish canals of brave old Holland for the more picturesque banks of the Hudson and the East river.

At the conclusion there was a general call for me, as the only Englishman present, to say a few words in reply. This I did, amid considerable applause, by fooling Mr. Walker to the top of his bent, admiring the glowing picture which he had drawn of the future glories of New York, when the whole of the island of Manhattan and the opposite shores of Long Island and New Jersey would be covered with palaces of white marble, and when "rotten and toothless" old Europe would not dare to fire a gun in anger, without asking the consent of the Empire State and the Empire City, backed by that of Washington. I gently hinted a doubt whether he had not drawn his little bill on posterity at too short a date, and whether for twenty or forty years, which he had fixed as the culminating point of the time when his fervid anticipations should be realised, he ought not to have substituted two hundred or five hundred, or even a thousand, years as the period when the impatient young heir might expect to come into the magnificent heritage which in the course of nature would indubitably belong to him.

By this time, the dense, and continually growing

denser, fumes of the tobacco-smoke were becoming too oppressive for my brain and nervous system, and I felt myself compelled to retire. This I did as covertly as possible, after explaining the reason and making my excuses to my kindly host, Mr. Verplanck. He expressed his opinion of Mr. Walker's oratory to me, as he shook hands with me on my departure, "Tall talk and bunkum, sound and fury, signifying nothing, and scarcely an exaggerated specimen of the vapid stuff in which some Americans take pleasure. There are no reporters present, and not a word of it will appear in the papers to-morrow, at which I rejoice. Good-night! God bless you!"

Six Hundred Young Ladies and a Fairy Tale.

I was taken by [illegible] one of the literary notabilities of New York [illegible] the annual examination of a girls' school, in order that I might see on how large a scale, and with what excellent results, the education of young women was conducted in that great city. I forget whether the school was a ward school or a State school, and only remember that on arrival I was accommodated with a seat, along with other visitors, on a raised platform in a large hall calculated to contain about eight hundred persons, and that it was apparently filled in every

part. The scholars were all girls, of ages varying from eight or nine to sweet seventeen; the elders ranged on one side and the juniors on the other. I was informed that there were at least six hundred young women present, of all conditions of life, but mostly the children of well-to-do and respectable people. They were all well and neatly dressed; some of the elders very stylishly, fashionably, and coquettishly. On my entrance, two young ladies of about seventeen, who were standing in their places, were engaged in the discussion of a subject which had been prescribed for them by the principal or one of the examiners, which was whether or not Oliver Cromwell was an honest man and a true patriot. One fair disputant had to take the affirmative and the other the negative side of this knotty question, and argue it to the best of their ability. The subject did not strike me as one that would have much interest, either for the disputants themselves or for their class-mates, or as one of which any young lady could be reasonably expected to have a satisfactory knowledge. As might have been expected in ultra-democratic America, the sympathy of the fair damsel (said to be the daughter of a bookseller) who supported the claim to honesty and patriotism of the great English Protector was earnestly and, indeed, volubly expressed; and Cromwell was not only endowed with the two specific virtues which she was more parti-

cularly called upon to prove and to vindicate, but of every other possible to be possessed by any human being, even if he had been elevated by her zealous admiration to the rank of a demi-god. The young lady on the other side had nothing to say, and reluctantly gave up the contest after a feeble attempt to show that Oliver was not honest, inasmuch as he had entertained the idea of making himself a king if his life had been spared, a fact which she considered to be proved by the elevation of his incompetent son Richard to the Protectorate after his decease, by which evil precedent the principle of heredity, the great defect in the pernicious institution of royalty and of a titled aristocracy, was sanctioned and imitated.

At the conclusion of this exercise, and before the dismissal to their homes or the play-ground of the young auditory, a reverend gentleman on the platform proceeded to address them, and to express his gratification at the results of the examination. This he did in a set speech, or rather sermon, which lasted for about twenty minutes. During this time I noticed that some of the younger children fell asleep, and that others took refuge from the drowsy monotony of his discourse in the best way they could, by under-currents of whispered conversation. No doubt the conversation turned on matters far less important than the exhortation to be good and religious girls in which the reverend

gentleman indulged with monotonous iteration, but of far greater attraction to their infantile minds than the dry though excellent lesson which he endeavoured to instil into them. At the conclusion, which was a relief even to me, who was more or less accustomed to hear such discourses, I was quite unexpectedly called upon, as "a distinguished stranger from England," to address a few words to the young ladies. I pleaded to my friends and the other occupants of the platform that I was quite unprepared, that I had really nothing to say, and that in any case I could add nothing to the excellent remarks of the reverend gentleman. But all my pleas were urged in vain; my excuses were received with incredulity, and my refusals were held to be conquerable by importunity. My suppliants were so unmerciful that I had to resign myself to my fate. Almost at my wit's end, a happy thought came to my relief. Rising to address my interesting audience, and looking straight at the youngest portion of them, I proceeded to say, in a few words of exordium, that, not being able to add anything to the eloquent discourse of the reverend gentleman who had preceded me, I would, nevertheless, do my best to engage their attention; and that in default of a more serious address, which I felt myself unprepared or incompetent to deliver at such short notice, *I would tell them a fairy story!* Such a sparkling of twelve hundred bright eyes all turned

towards me; such a rustling of silks and muslins; such a readjustment of positions on the seats which the fair young damsels occupied; such a spontaneous and unanimous assumption of a listening air and attitude, convinced me at once that the curiosity and the sympathies of my audience were pleasantly excited at the prospect of amusement which had so suddenly opened out before them. I thought I observed a frown on the face of the reverend gentleman whose soporific eloquence just concluded had sent many of his young and uninterested hearers into merciful slumbers; but what were his frowns to me? or to the innocent children, who naturally preferred amusement to instruction, as is the case too commonly in later life with those who are neither young nor innocent, and who habitually prefer a buffoon to a philosopher. So I told the delighted young ones the story of Smilie and Growlie, amid a silence so palpable and solid that, as an American funster who sat beside me said to me afterwards, "you might have cut it with a knife." I noticed that the reverend gentleman slid down quietly from the platform before my fairy story was more than two minutes old, and disappeared from the room, to show his disapprobation, no doubt, of the daring innovation which I had made on established routine, and I saw him no more. The story of Smilie, the cheerful, good-natured, amiable girl, and of Growlie, the disagreeable and dissatis-

fied one, and of the adventures that befel them in Fairy Land and at the "Enchanted Well," was new to them, as, indeed, it could not fail to be, inasmuch as it had never appeared in any book or collection, whether in the *Arabian Nights*, Madame D'Aulnoy, Hans Christian Andersen, or any other benefactor of credulous and imaginative childhood. It was an invention of my own, with which I had more than once previously charmed my own dear little daughter, for whose amusement I had drawn it from the stores of my fancy. It produced not merely what the French call a *succès d'estime*, but a *succès fou*.

It was pleasantly evident to me that the then rising generation of Americans, as far as they could be held to be represented by my auditors, had not been educated to be so wise in their own conceit as to have no faith except in hard mathematical fact, and that they had not lost all faith in the wild, the wonderful, the fantastic, or even in the preternatural or the supernatural. It would be of evil augury for our immediate posterity if the tender infants and adolescents of the present day were to think themselves too wise and too clever, as they are in danger of doing, to take pleasure in a fairy tale, and turn up their scornful and precocious little noses at *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Puss in Boots*, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, *Tom Thumb*, *Aladdin*, and *Cinderella*, as

the grad-grinds and the stern professors of so-called useful knowledge would do their best to bring about, and transform, if it were possible, the young children into prigs when they arrived at maturity. I thought so then, I think so now, and will continue to think so, in spite of all the arguments that mathematical and scientific bigots may urge to the contrary.

Let Wisdom guide us in our teens,
And never fail to light us after;
But oh! let children keep their faith,
Their awe, their wonder, and their laughter!
So shall their hearts be duly trained
In opening Life's appropriate season,
Nor Fancy, Sympathy, and Love
Be starved upon the dregs of Reason!

New York to Washington.

In the business of lecturing in which I was engaged, it is absolutely necessary that the lecturer, especially if he have come from Europe, should be preceded or accompanied in his travels by an agent to manage the publicity of the press for him, to engage rooms at the hotels, to secure lecturing halls, to manage the advertising, and to print and dispose of the tickets of admission. I was fortunate enough to secure in this capacity the services of Colonel Hiram Fuller, formerly editor and proprietor of the *New York Mirror*, in partnership

with Mr. N. P. Willis, and well known in all the literary and journalistic society of New York. There are many colonels in the United States who have not and never had any connection with the army, and Colonel Fuller was one of them, deriving his title from an office in the Navy Yard bestowed upon him by a by-gone President for services rendered during the Presidential election. I found Colonel Fuller to be an efficient agent, a courteous gentleman, and an attached friend, and travelled many thousands of miles with him with pleasure and advantage, which I had reason to believe was mutual.

The first journey we took together was from New York to Washington, where we remained for several weeks. In the cars to Baltimore a little incident occurred, which I shall narrate as a characteristic of travelling manners in the United States.

With the usual aristocratic spirit of a travelling Englishman—who always thinks, if he has any money in his pocket, that he is to travel in a first-class carriage—I told Colonel Fuller, on our way to the *depôt*—for such is the American name for a railway-station—that we should require two first-class tickets.

"There is no first or second class," said the Colonel. "We are all equal in the cars, free and independent citizens, everybody as good as everybody else, and a great deal better."

"Colonel, excuse me for giving way to my British prejudices. When I go home again, I shall make it a rule to travel third-class, if it be but to show that I am a man of the people, and have travelled in a land of true liberty, equality, and fraternity. I admire the abolition of these class distinctions, and I don't see why, in fact, there should be first-class riding any more than there can be first-class walking."

"I don't quite agree with you," replied the Colonel. "If we travel by steam-boat up to Long Island Sound, for instance, from New York on the way to Boston, we can have a private state-room and cabin, if we choose to pay for it, and I don't see why we should not have the same sort of privacy on board of the cars, if we wish to indulge in the comfort and luxury of being free of the society of rowdies. I like the English system, and think ours bad. But you 'll be able to judge for yourself before we get to Baltimore."

And so I was. We had not gone five miles on our way in the long car, calculated to hold about sixty people, and quite full, when a woman—I cannot call her a lady—very stout, very coarse, very ugly, and very vulgar, and, I should say, about fifty years of age, stopped at my seat, where I was conversing with the Colonel, who sat alongside of me, and said abruptly, "I want your seat."

I am an admirer of the ladies, and nothing

gives me greater pleasure than to be courteous and kind to them, and do them any little service in my power; but I don't like to be dictated to. I like to offer my attentions; I like to be mutely appealed to by a sweet creature in distress or discomfort, whose distress and discomfort shall be speedily banished, if in my power to banish them from the bosom of gentle and confiding weakness. But to be commanded by an Amazon and a virago —no! decidedly No! I acted accordingly, and said, looking at the woman, who had the appearance of a cook or a scullery-wench: "Madam, I have found a place for myself along with my friend, with whom I wish to talk, and shall not resign it. If there is no place for you, I am sorry, but I can't help it. Why do you not try in another car?"

"I want *your* place," she replied.

"Then you shall not have it!"

"Really," said the Colonel, appealing to the company, "the nuisance of unwomanly women is intolerable in this country, and I applaud and support my friend in his determination to keep his seat."

A loud buzz of applause ran through the carriage as the Colonel spoke, showing that the sympathy of the travellers was with us and not with the woman. She, however, defiant and insolent, and turning up her nose, muttered something about "brutal Englishmen!" to which the Colonel, standing straight up, replied: "Madam, *I* am not

an Englishman, but an American, proud of my country; and my advice to you is to look about for a vacant seat, and secure it for yourself for the remainder of your journey. And if my friend will retain possession of my place against man and woman during my absence, I will cheerfully endeavour to get accommodation for you in another car."

The woman had discretion enough to act upon his hint. The Colonel went out with her into another car (the reader should know that there is communication between carriage and carriage through the whole length of the train), and returned alone in less than three minutes, proclaiming loudly enough to be heard by all in our compartment that he had found a vacant place for her and made her "comfortable." The announcement elicited a cheer for the Colonel.

When he took his place beside me once again, he deplored that the unreasoning gallantry of his countrymen to everyone wearing petticoats had produced the worst results in the minds of vulgar women, and had made them vain, supercilious, insolent, and, in one word, unwomanly.

"I can give my homage freely," he said, "but no one can extort it from me; and I hope my countrymen will sooner or later avoid the mistake of treating all women, whatever their culture or want of culture, as superiors. A woman is man's

equal, nor more nor less. If there are occasions when she is weaker, let it be the man's duty—nay, his pleasure, his delight—to lend her the aid of his strength. I hate mock gallantry, just as I hate anything that is mock, except mock turtle. The aristocracy of rank and privilege may or may not be bad; but the aristocracy of sex, in perversion of natural law, is intolerable."

As I agreed with the Colonel and the Colonel with me, we came to the silent conclusion, I suppose, that we were both very sensible people. But I could not help reflecting, nevertheless, that this stilted affectation of woman worship was not a proof of a high degree of civilisation, but of a stupid and uneducated youthfulness on the part of the Americans, only to be paralleled by the similar stupidity of a raw clodhopper of nineteen, who looks upon every woman as a goddess, even though she may be a brazen hussey not fit to exchange a word with. Nothing, to my mind, is so beautiful as a kind, tender-hearted woman, young or old, who knows that God and nature have made man and woman for mutual support and comfort, and rendered it the man's supreme pleasure to be pleasant to her, and to be subdued, not by her might, but by her love—not by her arrogance, but by her quiet and unconquerable gentleness.

The Shadow of a Duel.

Once, and once only during my life, I was on the brink of being challenged to fight a duel—a practice of which I have the utmost abhorrence. My grandfather, a Captain of Marines on board of the ill-fated *Royal George*, had the misfortune to be challenged by his superior officer, Colonel Campbell, of Glen Feochan, in the island of Mull, and the still greater misfortune to kill the challenger. The result was the death-blow to his professional career, and threw a dark shade over all his prospects in life, and, in a minor degree, over those of my father. For the last thirty years or more, duelling—once as common in England as in other countries—has gone out of fashion. On this subject a recent author has some remarks which require notice and explanation.

"How is it," says Mr. Percy Fitzgerald in his *History of the Life and Times of William IV.*, "that England, of all civilised countries, is the only one in which duelling is not tolerated? In Germany it is sanctioned in the army by a particular decree of the present venerated Emperor. In France, Belgium, and America, it is the regular mode of settling a quarrel. In England there is no pretence made to superior piety or greater sense in the matter,

neither is it due to a greater respect for the laws, as these were in full force when duelling was a custom. It may be that such a practice would be distasteful to a nation of business men and traders; while duelling was chiefly patronised by the upper classes, and the former section of the community did not obtain its full influence till the Reform Bill was passed. This may seem rather an imperfect and halting explanation, but it is the best that can be suggested for so curious a problem."

Mr. Fitzgerald appends a note to this passage, in which he informs his readers that "what gave the *coup de grâce* to duelling in England was the fatal encounter between two brothers-in-law, Colonels Fawcett and Munro, which took place about forty years ago"—or about 1840.

Mr. Fitzgerald is in error in attributing the undoubted fact of the decline and ultimate cessation of the practice of duelling in England to the fatal encounter which he mentions, the last but by no means the first of the tragedies due, not to a mistaken sense of honour, but to the mistaken, irrational, and indefensible mode of vindicating it, which so-called civilisation has borrowed from so-called barbarism. It was fashion, not horror, not remorse, not reason, which gave the *coup de grâce* to the *duello* in England.

Closely following upon the fatal duel between Fawcett and Munro, and another duel not fatal,

fought shortly before or after that event, between the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Harvey Tuckett, and which created at the time what would be now called a "great sensation," a similar encounter between two retail tradesmen doing business as linen-drapers, and keeping shops in Tottenham Court Road, filled with its details a large space in the newspapers of London. Until that time duelling was jealously looked upon as the privilege of the aristocracy, and of officers in the military or naval service of the nation—not a privilege merely, but a strict monopoly.

Society—the *crême de la crême* of it, at all events—considered that middle-class people should resort to the law, if they felt aggrieved, in vindication of their honour if aspersed, or, if the aspersion were such as the law was powerless to remove, to the horsewhip or the stick, if such a mode of punishment would be a relief to their angry feelings, but not to the *duello;* and that the lower classes had in reality the law in their own hands to redress their wrongs, real or imaginary, by means of their clenched fists in fair stand-up fight. But that shopkeepers should resort to duelling was a *reductio ad absurdum* as gross as if costermongers or navvies should take it into their heads to vindicate their honour by swords or pistols, and all the accessories, seconds and doctors included, of the fashionable duel. Such a ridiculous extreme was not to be

tolerated. So Fashion from that time forward set its face against the *duello* steadily and persistently, and it consequently fell into disrepute. Law had denounced the practice in vain; but Fashion, far more powerful than Law, supported as it was by reason and common-sense—which is not always the case—found no difficulty in enforcing obedience to its unwritten decrees; and duelling died the death, not, perhaps, altogether unlamented by the over-sensitive autocrats of society.

Once, and once only in my life, I found myself in the shadow of a possible challenge, not in England, where the *duello* has not been practised since the days of my youth, but in the United States, where it still flourishes, and may be threatened or resorted to by anybody except a negro. It was at Washington, in 1858, where I was lodging at Willard's, the principal Hotel of the legislative capital, where I made the acquaintance of, and was more or less intimate with, a gentleman of political and literary note, who held the position of editor of an influential daily journal. We frequently met at breakfast or dinner, or in the drawing-room or "parlour" of the hotel in the evening, and invariably shook hands on these occasions, as is the common custom in America, as every foreign traveller must have remarked.

On one particular day we had met three or four

times and shaken hands with each other, when it happened that I met the gentleman in Pennsylvania Avenue, and stopped to talk with him. Deeming that the usual hand-shaking was inevitable, though it was the fifth time of the performance, I held out my hand to him, when he said: "No; I won't shake hands with you this time; my hands are dirty."

I replied in a jocular and friendly manner, thinking no evil: "Ah! I suppose you have been writing a leading article!"

He laughed, as I thought, with the utmost good-humour, and as if he fully understood the very poor joke; and so we parted. I had forgotten all about the matter, when, about 11 o'clock at night, just as I was about retiring to my bedroom, I was waited upon by a stranger of semi-military appearance and costume, who informed me, after a few courteous preliminaries, that he came upon behalf of Mr. ——, the Editor of the ——, to demand satisfaction, or an immediate apology, for the insult I had passed upon him and upon his vocation in the insinuation which I had thrown out, when we met in Pennsylvania Avenue, that the writing of leading articles was a dirty business! I was so utterly taken aback by the ridiculous nature of this demand, and with a dim vision of pistols for two, and the measuring of twelve paces at some retired spot in

Virginia, immediately over the Potomac, that I was for a few seconds at a loss for a reply.

"Insulting him in his vocation!" I said at last. "I meant no insult at all. As the vocation happens to be my own, it is the last in the world that I should think of disparaging. The silly remark—for I own it was silly—was a very poor joke, but was uttered in pure innocence and thoughtlessness; and if Mr. —— thinks it needs an apology, I apologise most fully. I regret that he should have misunderstood, not my joke—for that was as palpable as it was foolish—but my meaning, or, rather, my want of meaning."

After a few more words of a similar purport, the messenger—and probable second, if my apology had not been satisfactory to his principal—took his departure, and I thought the affair was ended. Not so, however. The aggrieved party thought a verbal apology insufficient, however ample it might have been, and insisted upon a written one. After a variety of *pourparlers*, which lasted for a whole day, on the part of the friend of the sensitive editor with a friend whom I was advised to call to my aid, a satisfactory but not humiliating apology in writing was mutually agreed to. The results, as far as I was concerned, were, first, that the affair of honour, so-called, was finally disposed of; and, second, that I ceased to look upon my former "friend" and acquaintance as either the one or

the other, and that we became for the future better strangers than we were before.

A third though a minor result of the incident was that I was confirmed in my previous belief that the Rev. Sidney Smith was in error in attributing to the Scotch the monopoly of the incapacity to understand the meaning of a joke, unless it were driven into their brains by a surgical operation. The Scotch, it is true, have a hatred of the vulgar form of joking called "chaff," though they appreciate wit and humour as well as any people under the sun; but, even were the libel of the reverend funster founded in truth, no possible Scotsman that ever lived could have exhibited a more impervious insensibility to a joke than the American editor with whom I had this slight misunderstanding.

Washington.

During my stay at Washington, the city was visited by deputations of three tribes of Red Indians from the praires of the Far West, who came to seek an interview with President Buchanan, in the hope that he would do something to relieve the misery under which they suffered from the injustice and encroachments of their white neighbours. They did not seem to know that they were themselves to blame to a large extent for the undoubted misery that they endured, by the hostile attitude they assumed towards the settlers, by their almost insane love for the rum-bottle and the whisky-bottle, by their predatory habits, and by their incurable hatred of civilised work of any and every kind. A sight of them in their tawdry finery, and of their melancholy faces, half-ferocious, half-stolid, was quite sufficient to dispel from the most romantic minds any feeling of tenderness or pity towards them, that might have been inspired by the reading of the *Last of the Mohicans*, or any other of the fascinating Indian novels of Fenimore Cooper. The whole number of the forlorn remnants of a once noble though savage race now remaining on the North American Continent, within the limits of the United States, amounted in this year (1857) to little more than 300,000, less than the population

of the city of Brooklyn, one of the many suburbs of New York, and less than one half of that of Philadelphia.

One of these disreputable but proud and untameable warriors, prowling about Pennsylvania Avenue, the great, long, fashionable, and dreary lounge of the idlers of Washington, was smitten by the personal charms of the comely Mrs. Slidell, wife of the Mr. Slidell who afterwards, in conjunction with Mr. Mason, became famous in Europe and America, on the outbreak of the Civil War, by their seizure, contrary to all law and international right, on board of a British ship. The circumstances, as may be remembered, threatened to lead to a war between Great Britain and the United States, which, had it broken out, would have infallibly led to the recognition of the Confederate States and the permanent disruption of the Union. The Indian savage was so struck by the beauty of the lady, and the desirability of adding her to the number of his squaws in the wilderness, that he persistently dogged her steps whenever she ventured to stir out of doors, following behind her if she were on foot, and running by the side of her carriage if she rode, that his conduct became such a nuisance as to be absolutely intolerable. He was told by the interpreter in charge of the Indian delegation, that such behaviour, if persisted in, after due warning, would infallibly lead to his

imprisonment in the common gaol. Nothing daunted by the threat, and acting like a man accustomed to face difficulties, and to conquer them, he resolved to appeal at once to Mr. Slidell, and negotiate with him, if possible, for the *sale* of the lady. The price of a squaw on the prairies was one horse. So deeply was he enamoured of Mrs. Slidell, that he was prepared to offer two horses for her; and if the price were not considered liberal enough, he would even go the length of three. He was told by the interpreter that neither three horses, nor three hundred, nor three thousand, could purchase a Christian woman, and that his best plan would be to banish the idea from his mind, and go back again to the prairies as fast as he could. The dark inamorato was philosopher enough to be resigned to his fate, and after ejaculating "Ugh! Ugh!" with stoical sorrow, and possibly a long pull at the whisky-bottle, ceased to act the part of a gay Lothario, and was seen no more in Pennsylvania Avenue. The whisky, however, was difficult to procure in Washington, as the most peremptory commands had been issued by the police authorities to all publicans, bar-keepers, public-houses, grocery stores and groggeries, forbidding the sale or gift of spirituous liquors of any kind to the Indians. But laws are easily evaded in the United States, and rum and whisky dealers are not scrupulous, and the lower

class rowdies, generous in treating themselves or their friends to drink, and caring nothing for police regulations, treated the salutary prohibition with contempt, and too often took a wicked delight in making a poor Pawnee or Pottowattamie drunk. But as a rule the Pawnee and Pottowattamies had extra hard heads, and could imbibe, without feeling any bad effect, three times as much bad whisky as would render a white man insensible.

A Visit to Lola Montes. 1859.

Forty years ago, or upwards, a beautiful and fascinating person, a young English woman, named James, who for stage purposes wished to be known as a Spaniard, and by the more romantic and euphonious appellation of the Señora Lola Montes, burst upon the world of London like a meteor, and astonished the frequenters of the Italian Opera by her appearance on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. In that day Mr. Benjamin Lumley, the enterprising lessee, found by his banking account that the ballet was even more popular than the opera, to which it was an adjunct; and the fair Lola's graceful, though somewhat unconventional and inartistic performances as a dancer divided the opinion of the town, after the first night, into two irreconcileable factions. The one looked upon her with enthusiastic favour;

the other, true to their training and convictions, but with a woeful lack of gallantry towards a charming woman, denounced her as a charlatan, and a false pretender to the choreographic art, then and recently adorned by such celebrated and consummate dancers as Marie Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler and Rosè Cerito. The dissentients ultimately carried the day, and Mr. Lumley refused to prolong her engagement, even if he did not bring it to a sudden and peremptory close, and Lola consequently, after a short and fitful but fiercely contested triumph, disappeared from the London stage, to achieve a different and more splendid success in another sphere. At Munich, undeterred and undaunted by her failure to be appreciated in London, she appeared in a Ballet in the presence of King Ludwig of Bavaria, who went specially to the theatre to witness her performance, and met with such brilliant and boisterous success as might have justified her in repeating to herself the words of Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*, with pardonable exultation. The susceptible heart of the old King was not a very strong fortress; but strong or weak, whatever it was, she captured it, if not by a *coup de main*, by a *coup des pieds* and a series of pirouettes which delighted the amorous monarch, the eccentric father of an equally eccentric but more moral son, whose craze was for the music of Wagner. The elderly Sovereign wooed and won the fair young lady, who yielded not at

all reluctantly to his importunity, and became his wife in everything but the name. She exercised such influence over his mind and actions as to make him her slave, her worshipper, and herself the powerful but unsuspected arbiter of his destiny. He created her Countess of Lansfeldt, loaded her with favours and with gold, and was so governed by her advice and opinions on public affairs as speedily to weaken the loyalty of his subjects, and prepare the way for his downfall and abdication in the German revolutions that were the consequences of the great French cataclysm of 1848, which sent King Louis Philippe to England a hopeless exile under the name of Mr. William Smith.

Lola possessed not only a brave heart and a beautiful face, but very considerable talent, and the downfall of her royal lover and her consequent banishment from the scene of her splendour, still left her with courage and the hope of a career. She did not, however, relapse into the immorality which had raised her so high in station and sunk her so low in character; and perhaps scorning, after having been the mistress of a king, to become the mistress of any meaner person, she resolved to turn her intellectual rather than her physical gifts to pecuniary advantage, and become a public lecturer both in England and in the United States. She did not achieve any very brilliant success in England, but in America, which then had, and still

has, a kindly welcome for European, especially for British, celebrities of every kind, she created a highly favourable impression, and appeared in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

It was in the year 1859, after my return from my first visit to America, and in connection with her career as a lecturer, that I one day received at the *Illustrated London News* office a letter from Lola, with whom I had no personal acquaintance, inviting me to call upon her at 26 Park Lane, on a matter of important business. My curiosity was excited. I could not imagine what she could possibly want with me, and had for a short time considerable doubts as to the propriety or expediency of responding to her call. But at last my curiosity got the better of my not very strong objection, and I resolved to visit the celebrated lady, as she had so earnestly requested. Mr. W. H. Seward, Senator for New York, and afterwards Secretary of State under President Lincoln, was dining with me, *tête-à-tête*, on the evening of the day when the letter reached me, and, on mentioning the matter to him, he expressed an earnest wish to be allowed to call on the lady with me. Knowing from experience the free, easy, and informal manner in which Americans introduce themselves to anyone of whom they desire to make the acquaintance, I consented to the proposition, which I would not

have done had he been an Englishman, and fixed on the following afternoon for the visit.

Mr. Seward provided a brougham and a pair of horses for the occasion, and we proceeded together to Park Lane, not without some surprise on my part that Lola could afford to be lodged or could find accommodation in such a highly aristocratic quarter. On applying at No. 26 Park Lane, the gate of a princely mansion was opened by a gorgeous flunkey, radiant in plush and gold lace, with shapely and unexceptionable calves, whose eye and whole demeanour expressed the extreme of astonishment when I drew out my card-case and inquired if Madame Lola Montes was within. He evidently knew the name, and replied very haughtily, if not impertinently, that I had been wrongly directed by someone who ought to have known better, and that the house was that of the Duchess of Somerset. On looking again at Lola's letter, which I had in my pocket, I found the address plainly and unmistakeably written, Twenty-six Park Lane. Under the circumstances there was nothing to be done but to explain to the magnificent menial that I was not to blame, and to drive off, with instructions to the coachman to signal to the first policeman we met, and to ask him for information. He had never heard of the lady, but told us that perhaps at the Piccadilly end of Park Lane, where the street is narrow and the

houses of an inferior character, many of them let in lodgings, we might perhaps find another twenty-six. We acted on this information and found that the policeman was right. We discovered the abode of Lola, and, knocking at the door, learned from the servant-girl—not a flunkey this time—that she was within. I asked Mr. Seward to give me his card that I might send it up with mine; but he said that he no longer desired to see the lady, that he would not be announced, and that he would not enter, but would wait for me in the brougham until I had had my interview. On asking him why, at the last moment, he had changed his mind, he replied that second thoughts were best, that he fully expected a nomination at Chicago for the Presidency of the Republic in succession to Mr. Buchanan, and that it would damage his prospects if it became known and published in the American papers that he had visited such a woman as Lola Montes. So I went up alone, and found the lady still beautiful, but pale and thin, and evidently very ill, though her eyes, large almost as those of a gazelle, sparkled and shone, and seemed as if they were capable of performing the feat, recorded in one of the Irish songs of Samuel Lover, of burning a hole in the waistcoat of an admirer. She was lying on a sofa, from which she was unable to rise, and explained that she had been seriously ill and was slowly recovering, and hoped to be able to leave the

depressing atmosphere of London in a week or two, either for the sea-side, or, better still, for the South of France. She then proceeded to explain the business on which she had taken the liberty to send for me, which she would not have done, she said, had she been able to go out in a carriage to find me at the *Illustrated London News* office. She had not long returned, she added, from a tolerably successful lecturing tour in America, and on endeavouring to settle accounts with one of her travelling agent, she had discovered that he had defrauded her, or at all events endeavoured to defraud her, of a considerable sum of money which he had received on her account. Whether the accusation were just or not I had no means of ascertaining, but Lola was deeply impressed with its truth, and with the heartless robbery attempted, if not consummated, by a man to whom she had given her confidence. He on his part as vehemently denied that he had done her any wrong, and affirmed that his accounts would bear the strictest investigation. "No doubt," she said, "his accounts as far as they went would be found accurate enough to satisfy any arithmetician or accountant; he was quite clever and cunning enough for that; but she was positive that he had received sums which he had appropriated to his own use, as he could but too easily have done, unless she had acted as her own money-taker at the doors of her lecture-

rooms, which it was manifestly impossible for her to do." The result was a violent quarrel between them, in which hard words were interchanged, concluding with a threat on his part that he would set the whole press of London against her, and naming me particularly as one with whom he was intimately acquainted, and whom he could influence in her disfavour by the insertion of an article in the *Illustrated London News* that would damage her reputation as a lecturer, and do her irreparable injury both in England and America, if ever she attempted to lecture again. He also mentioned the names of other persons connected with the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, and the *Athenæum*, whom he pretended he could influence in like manner. This, however, she said she did not believe, and had requested this interview with me to inform me by word of mouth of the unfair use that had been made of my name, and to put me on my guard if the agent were cowardly enough to resort to such ungentlemanly means to injure a defenceless woman. Lola was much relieved when I informed her that I did not know the person she complained of, that I was ignorant even of his name, and that even if I had known or been ever so intimate with him, any attempt he might have made to influence my opinion or that of the journal I conducted would have led to no other result than the cessation

of my intercourse with him, if any such had existed. I also expressed my belief that he had used the names of all the other gentlemen he had specified in an equally unwarrantable manner, and that she needed not to fear the effects of his hostility if it strove to exert itself in the manner indicated. She thanked me very cordially, and said I had taken a weight off her mind and given her stfength to defy her enemy. She did not expect, however, that she could compel him to refund, or even to confess that he had wronged her, but she was resigned to the loss and would bear it as best she could.

In taking my leave of her, I expressed my regret that our interview had been so brief, and that I was compelled to take my departure more abruptly than I could have wished, because I had a friend waiting for me at the door in a brougham whom I had intended to come up with me, but who had refused. When I mentioned the name of Mr. Seward, Lola smiled, and said, "I know him, and have met him in New York, the sly old fox; he need not have been afraid."

I afterwards told Mr. Seward what Lola had said, omitting "the sly old fox"; and he remarked that had he not been a candidate for the Presidency he would not have been in the least afraid, adding, "but New York papers and the American press have long ears, and can hear across the Atlantic.

And one cannot be too careful when the popular vote is concerned."

This was my first and last interview with the fair enslaver of King Ludwig: a great celebrity in her day—a brilliant day while it lasted, and a very short one.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "LONDON REVIEW."

On my return from America, in June 1858, I found that unpleasantness had arisen in my absence between Mr. Ingram, the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, and his two brothers-in-law, Messrs. Cooke and Little, his partners, in consequence of family disputes, into which it is not my business to enter, and into which I would not enter if it were. I also found that Mr. Ingram had proposed to sell that journal for a large price to a rival in the trade. Altogether the state of affairs was so uncomfortable, so precarious, and so personally unpleasant, as to make me desirous of terminating my connection with the paper while I could do so of my own free will, and without sacrifice of my personal dignity. My connection with it ceased at the end of 1859; and, in conjunction with Mr. Little, who had also seceded from his brother-in-law's journal, I took measures to establish a weekly paper of my own, which should consist of wholly original matter, from the office of which the sub-editorial scissors and paste-pot should be entirely

banished, and which should appeal to readers already familiar with the news of the day, and not needing their repetition after they had grown old and stale in the columns of the morning and evening papers.

When I was a lad of seventeen at Brussels I had read for the first time, with all the delight that imaginative youth generally takes in the wild, the wonderful, and the supernatural, Balzac's fantastic, and to me fascinating, tale of the *Peau de Chagrin*. Filled even at that early time with literary ambition, I was particularly struck by the description of the inaugural dinner given in Paris, in celebration of the establishment of a great new journal in that city, and pictured to myself what a delight it would be to me, at some future time, if I were fortunate enough to become the founder of a powerful political and literary Review in London, and to give a sumptuous repast in honour of the occasion. The whirligig of Time, in its incessant gyrations, sometimes, but not often, brings us to the point in the circle of our fate which we wished to attain, though the point when we actually attain, or seem to attain, it, is less brilliant and less favourable to the accomplishment of our desires than we expected it would be. The wish of my seventeenth year was granted in my forty-seventh, and, after thirty years of literary struggle, I found myself in the coveted position of being able to start a weekly journal

aspiring to high political and literary influence in the first city of the world.

The birth of the new journal was painful and protracted, but it promised to be a healthy child. It came into existence under seemingly favourable auspices; and the inaugural dinner—the dream of my youth — actually took place, with myself in the chair, supported by five gentlemen, my partners in the venture, and about twenty of the leading literary men of the time, and influential private friends. It took place at the Reform Club, by consent of the Committee, on the appearance of the first number on the 20th of July 1860. Among others of less note who attended as my guests on the occasion were Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., afterwards Lord Houghton, Mr. Stirling of Keir, M.P., afterwards Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Mr. William Jackson, M.P., afterwards Sir William Jackson, Mr. G. Moffat, M.P., Mr. Joseph Parkes, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. E. S. Dallas, of the *Times*, and Mr. F. Pollock. I append a copy of the Bill of Fare or Menu, drawn up under the superintendence of the celebrated Francatelli, then the *chef* of the Club. The Signor exerted himself to the very utmost on the occasion to produce a banquet which, he said, Apicius himself, whoever was his *chef*, would have found it difficult to surpass in taste and true luxury, however much he might have surpassed it in costliness and extravagance.

THE "LONDON REVIEW."

20 JULY, 1860.

2 *Potages.*

A la Reine. A la Servigné.

4 *Poissons.*

Le Saumon recrépi à la Hollandaise. Le Turbot à la Vatel.
Les Filets de Soles à la Dièppoise. Les Ablettes Frites.

Hors d'Œuvres.

Les assiettes de petites Bouchées à la Reine.
Les assiettes de Kromeskys à la Russe.

4 *Relevés.*

Le Jambon glâcé aux petites fêves.
Les petits Poulets à la Montmorency.
La Tête de Veau à la Financière.
Le Filet de Bœuf piqué à la Jardinière.

8 *Entrées.*

2 Les Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Dreux.
2 Les Suprêmes de volailles à la Belle-vue.
2 Les Ris de Veau piqués à la Monarque.
2 Les Cailles en compôtes à la St. Lambert.

SECOND COURSE.

3 *Rôts.*

Les Chapons. Les Levraults. Les Canetons.

3 *Relevés de Rôts.*

Le Pudding glâcé à l'ananas.
Les petits Biscuits glâcés à la fraise.
Le Baba à la Polonaise.

12 *Entremêts.*

Les Haricots verts sautés.	Les petites Pois à la Française.
La Mayonnaise de volaille.	L'Aspic à la Royale.
La Célestine de fraises.	La Gélée de pêches.
Le Flanc d'abricôts à la cintra.	Les Tartelettes de cerises.
La Charlotte à la Russe.	Le Suprême d'ananas.
Le Gateau à la Napolitaine.	La Meringue à la Parisienne.

Side Table.

Salads. Cucumbers. Roast-Mutton. Vegetables.

My partners in the venture numbered five—Mr. William Little, brother-in-law of Mr. Ingram, and once a partner in and cashier of the *Illustrated London News*; Mr. Thomas Page, the eminent civil engineer, architect of the new Westminster Bridge, and who was employed under Mr. Brunel in the construction of the Thames Tunnel; Mr. James Berkeley Thompson, a wholesale paper dealer in Long Acre—all three deceased; and two other gentlemen still living—one a solicitor, and the other, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, a literary gentleman of much celebrity, which he has much increased since that early period of his career. The name of *London Review* was not adopted until after long consideration, and after many objections on my part. My objections were that the title was old, had often been used, that it had always been borne by failures, and that there was already in existence a *London Review* published quarterly, and that we could not legally adopt the name

without breach of copyright. This objection was overruled by Mr. Little, on his ascertaining, on the authority of its proprietors, that the current number of that quarterly periodical was to be its last, and that its copyright in the title would cease before our weekly journal could make its appearance. This was not my only objection to the paper with which my name was to be prominently associated. I thought it commonplace, unattractive, dull, suggestive rather of ponderosity than of liveliness, or of the sparkling style which was more to the taste of the men and women of the present age. But these and many other objections were overruled by the men of money who were associated with me in the enterprise, and I was reluctantly compelled to yield my judgment to theirs.

Four out of my five partners, unaccustomed to newspaper business, having undue faith in the immediate success of the speculation, and not taking into reasonable calculation the immense competition which has to be faced in London by every new aspirant to literary favour, especially in journalism, expected that the seed which they had sown with much care and labour and at great expense to-day would grow into a large tree to-morrow, or at the latest the day after. At the inaugural dinner, Mr. Monckton Milnes, who was invited to the symposium as my friend, in proposing my health, and prosperity to the new

journal, went out of his way, unintentionally, no doubt, to throw cold water upon the hopes of its promoters. With an attempt at wit, of which he had a proper appreciation in others, he expressed his doubts whether the *London Review* could succeed unless more wit, humour, and fun were infused into it, as if he had expected, as he probably did, that it was established as a rival to *Punch*. In my reply I attempted to turn the tables on my "friend" by hinting that the one dull article in the new journal was probably of a parentage not wholly unknown to the candid critic. Nor were the supplies of cold water from other sources infrequent, or insufficient to damp the energies of the timid capitalists who had put their guineas into the concern. Three months had scarcely passed over our heads before they all began to lose faith, to cut down necessary expenses, and to quarrel among themselves as well as with me. The *Review* all this time was steadily, but not very rapidly, growing in public favour, and only needed a larger and more enterprising expenditure of money to strike its roots deeper in the ground and to expand into the tree of wide circumference which they wished it to become. One great mistake was made before the commencement, from the effects of which the proprietors never took the proper means to recover it. Mr. Little, whose long connection with the *Illustrated London News* had

accustomed him to large expenditure and to the doing of things on a grand scale, having *carte blanche* from his then hopeful co-partners, expended, more than three-fifths of the subscribed capital in exhibiting large placards on all the vacant walls and hoardings of the metropolis and the great towns and cities of the provinces. Among the districts peculiarly favoured by his liberal expenditure were the un-literary slums of the populous East End of London, including such unpromising quarters as Whitechapel, Stepney, Poplar, Blackwall, Silvertown on one side of the Thames, and Southwark, Bermondsey, Horseleydown, and Deptford on the other, where the flaring announcements of hair-oil, soothing-syrup, and quack medicines might have had a chance of being seen and understood, but where the announcement of a literary review had not the slightest chance of attracting attention, and where it was extremely doubtful if one person in a hundred, either male or female, had even the vaguest knowledge of what a literary review meant, or took the slightest interest in it even if they had the comprehension of it. To spend some thousands of pounds in appealing to the literary curiosity of poor people, whose only idea of literature is a penny paper in which to read the accounts of "awful murders," "shocking accidents," "fearful shipwrecks," or "daring robberies," varied, in the case of domestic servants and sempstresses, by the

"penny dreadfuls," containing romantic stories of "seduction," "betrayals," "suicides for love," and handsome mysterious youths of low estate who turn out to be dukes, or at least baronets, in disguise— is about as certain a method of wasting money as to throw it into the sea. This in the main was the preliminary course pursued by the business manager of the *London Review* in his mode of advertising—seventy-five per cent. of the advertising fund expended uselessly, and only twenty-five per cent. finding its way into the periodicals and newspapers where publicity had any chance of being of benefit.

Another error—for which I, and not the proprietors or financial managers of the *London Review*, was responsible—was the departing from the custom of anonymity in the conduct of a political and literary journal. The publishing my name or allowing it to be published in every issue of the paper as the Editor was an innovation, and an experiment of which the result was watched with interest by literary men. But the public were indifferent; and beyond the quidnuncs of society, who seek to know the name of everyone who writes a leading article in a powerful daily journal, or a spiteful critique in the Weekly Malignant, no one greatly cares to penetrate into the inner secrets of journalism. On the contrary, on the principle involved in the hackneyed Latin adage of taking

all that is unknown for magnificent, the anonymous article carries more weight than one signed by the writer. The opinions of Smith are the opinions of Smith only—and Smith is not omniscient; but the opinions of the great We—the unknown, the impenetrable, the invisible, the irresponsible—may be the opinions of a learned conclave or coterie of wise men who have debated and duly considered every sentence in which their judgment is delivered. Wegotism—if I may coin the word, and be pardoned for using it—and not egotism gives an authority to the opinions of the press on all matters of criticism, whether political, literary, or artistic, in England, where literary men, unless they are very rich, which they seldom or never are, or of high aristocratic and fashionable connections, which they sometimes are, do not attain the social pre-eminence which falls to their lot in France, the United States, and other countries where intellect is not overshadowed by a proud and exclusive aristocracy of rank and title. The rule, however, only holds good in the expression of opinion, and does not apply to creative works, to the poem, the history, the romance, the novel, or the scientific treatise, which are the products of the individual mind. We like to know the name of the sculptor whose statue stands in the public way to be admired, but we do not care to know the names of the passers-by who think either

ill or well of a work which they have not the taste, the skill, or the genius, even if they had the inclination, to produce.

The apple which had hung so temptingly on the tree of my imagination, ripe, red, juicy, and delicious, fell into my grasp, it is true; but, like the fabled apples that grew on the shores of the Dead Sea, it yielded me but dust and ashes when I had plucked it. The story of my disappointment would be tedious to tell, and would not interest anybody but myself—not even myself after an interval of a quarter of a century; so I refrain from bestowing more than a passing allusion upon it. Suffice it to say that, after six months of worry and discomfort, I found I had made a mistake, and resigned my editorial sceptre to an unliterary autocrat, who ruled by right of his banking account, and was in a position to purchase anonymous opinion at the small market prices then current among the tyros of the press. And it was well I did so. An editor, whether anonymous or not, must be *aut Cæsar aut nihil.* He must not only be despotic, but he must suffer no rival near his throne. Republicanism in the management of a journal is fatal to efficiency, and verifies the homely old proverb that "too many cooks spoil the broth." The capitalist of a newspaper should either be his own editor, if he have the tact, the experience, and the literary ability that are essential to the post, or

he should be the sleeping partner in the concern, and pay his quota of the inevitable expenses. If he lose confidence, he should either retire or compel the editor to retire. The medium course of interference is certain to be mischievous, if it do not prove fatal to the prosperity or stability of an undertaking that may be greatly but is not wholly dependent upon money, but of which the main supports in the long run are courage, honesty, and superior intellect.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW YORK DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the great Civil War in the United States, in 1861, my friend, Colonel H. Fuller, who had determined to make this country his future residence, bethought himself of giving a lecture in St. James's Hall on the then exciting question of the Secession of the Southern States. Colonel Fuller was a zealous adherent of the Democratic as opposed to the Republican party in the United States, and a conscientious opponent of the war. He held that the Southern States, if they found the Union oppressive, inimical to their interests, or in any sense intolerable, had as much right to withdraw from it as the thirteen American colonies under George Washington had to sever their connection with Great Britain; that a war to compel their allegiance was a crime against the Democratic

liberty which was the essence of the political creed of the American people; that such a war could not succeed; and that, if by any possibility it did, the victory would not be worth its cost in blood and treasure; and that, as Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln, had said years previously, when he had been a zealous advocate for the secession of the North from the slave-holding South, the United States would give a brilliant example to Europe and to the whole world by separating from their estranged brothers amicably and without bloodshed. He asked me to take the chair at the lecture. After mature deliberation I agreed to do so, on the sole condition that I should not be called upon to make a speech, or to express any opinion on the subject.

The lecture was eloquent, logical, and well-delivered, and elicited frequent applause from a numerous audience, amongst whom were several ladies. It also elicited a considerable amount of opposition, especially at the close, which—threatening to swell into a riot, alarming to the ladies and unpleasant to the quiet friends of free opinion, whether they agreed or disagreed with the lecturer—I endeavoured to prevent by directing the organist, at the conclusion of the lecture, to strike up "God Save the Queen."

The expedient was more successful than I had reason to anticipate. The surprised malcontents

were disconcerted, and, while the solemn notes of the National Anthem resounded through the hall, the ladies, accompanied by at least three-parts of the audience, made their way to the doors. I vacated the chair, and thirty or forty persons alone remained behind. These, as I afterwards learned, appointed a new chairman, and passed a resolution condemnatory of the secession of the Southern States?

About three months afterwards, in the first week of February 1862, I learned from Mr. Lewis Filmore—who, before the commencement of my connection with the *Illustrated London News*, had been the political editor of that journal, and was now a contributor on the staff of the *Times*—that he had been offered the post of correspondent of the *Times* at New York, on highly liberal terms, and that he had been compelled to decline the offer on account of delicate and declining health, and for other domestic reasons. He thought the position would suit me, and urged me to apply for it. I did so, and in the course of a few days received a communication from Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager of the *Times*, asking me, on the part of the proprietors of that journal, if I would accept the appointment, and whether, if I did so, I could get ready to start in a fortnight.

The communication was highly gratifying to me, inasmuch as my publicly-expressed opinions on the

Civil War were precisely in accordance with those advocated in the *Times*, and that I had apparently been successful in my application because my sympathies in the struggle were in accordance with those of the conductors of that journal, and that I, as well as they, disapproved of the policy of the war, and disagreed with the logic of its Northern supporters. I thought, consequently, that no collisions of opinion were likely to occur between me and the powerful organ which I was about to represent.

In a few days after my formal acceptance of the important but perilous post, I dined with Mr. Delane and Mr. Mowbray Morris, and, the preliminary arrangements having been duly made and the terms agreed upon, I engaged a passage to Boston on the 22nd of February. The prospect being one of a long-continued residence in New York, I took my faithful and dearly-beloved wife and infant daughter along with me. I stipulated, however, that I should have perfect liberty of opinion, and that the fact of my engagement should not be made known until I myself decided to divulge it.

On my arrival at Boston, I called on several of the old friends who, five years previously, had received me in their beautiful city, not only with favour and cordiality, but with enthusiasm. The report of my chairmanship at Colonel Fuller's lecture had reached Boston, and had created a

slight feeling of hostility or prejudice against me, and each and all of my former friends treated me with such marked coolness that I could not avoid being painfully impressed with it.

An irrepressible "interviewer" called upon me at my hotel, on the pretence that he was an old acquaintance, who had been introduced to me on my previous visit to the city. He concealed the fact —which I did not suspect—that he was a professional interviewer, and that all I said, if not more than all, would be reported in a Boston newspaper on the following morning. The interviewer had no suspicion of the real object of my visit to America, but managed to make out to his own satisfaction that I was an "enemy of their glorious Union." He came to this conclusion because I had taken the chair at Colonel Fuller's lecture, and partly because, in the course of conversation, I had, in answer to his questions, expressed my surprise that, out of twelve hundred competitors for the prize that had been offered for a good patriotic song in defence of the Union, not one was found worthy of acceptance by the Committee appointed to examine them.

I remarked on this that verse was infinitely more plentiful than poetry in America, as in every other country; that poets could not be made by money-bribes, however liberal; and that even the very best of poetry, when it appeared on rare occasions,

could not be assured of popularity. All this, with a slight veneer of courtesy over its real malevolence, with innuendoes to my disadvantage, and my supposed hostility to the American Union—of which I had not uttered a word, or the remotest possible hint—appeared in print next morning, to my enormous disgust.

On arriving at New York, a similar want of welcome awaited me from the press, which had formerly spoken well of me, and from such lights of the ultra-Republic and Abolitionist party as had formerly shone upon me. The *Tribune*, edited by my once apparently attached friend, Horace Greeley, opened fire against me in a violent article, all on account of the error I had made—or the good-nature of which I had been guilty—in presiding at Colonel Fuller's lecture, and not from any suspicion of the errand on which I had come to America, for my connection with the *Times* was as yet an undivulged secret.

I had not been many weeks in New York before I had abundant reason to convince myself that nearly all the educated classes and members of the learned professions, as well as people in the upper circles of trade, were hostile to the coercion of the Southern States by force of arms, and of opinion that the two great sections should separate peaceably, leaving the South to deal with negro-slavery at its own time and in its own method, and main-

taining the Union only in its relation to Great Britain and all other foreign States.

I also found abundant corroboration of a fact with which I was already acquainted, that the great Irish immigration had an inveterate feeling of hostility to the negroes as a race, arising in the first instance from a sense of the superiority of white-skinned men over black-skinned men. This antipathy was strengthened and maintained by negro competition in the lowest kinds of unskilled labour, and the willingness of the inferior race to work for a far less amount of daily and weekly wage than the Irish labourer insisted upon receiving.

No Irish man or woman, or domestic servant, would associate with a negro, and the newly-arrived emigrants or old-established Irish labourers alike agreed in the opinion that if all the negroes in the Northern States could be transported to the South it would be an advantage to all concerned—to the Southern as well as the Northern States, and to the negroes, or "niggers," who were sternly refused permission to work with, travel with, or worship with, men or women of white lineage and complexion.

In the Southern States no such antipathy existed. Socially the negro was a pariah, but personally he was treated with kindness. As a Southern planter said to me: "We are as fond

of our negroes as we are of our favourite horses. We keep them both in their places, and act kindly towards them; but if my most valuable and highly-prized horse were to come out of the stable, enter my parlour, my library, or my bed-room, and lie down upon my hearth-rug, I should expel him *vi et armis*. So with our negroes. We like them, and all but love them, but we cannot associate with them on terms of social equality, or on any terms but those of master and servant, just as you do in England with your grooms, your flunkeys, and your maid-servants."

The bitter hatred of the Irish to the negroes exploded into open and fatal warfare in New York, before I had been many months in the city. The business portions of the city—in Wall Street, the steam wharves, and the lower parts of the great artery of Broadway—were suddenly startled, one day at noon, by the announcement that "up town" a formidable insurrection of Irishmen had broken out; that a mob of a couple of thousand men, armed with muskets, revolvers, pikes, and staves, were scouring the streets; that the negroes, against whom their wrath was wholly directed, were flying before them in all directions, taking refuge in coal-cellars, and every available place in which they thought they could find safety; that several of them had been seized and hung up to lamp-posts, or beaten to death in the streets; and that a perfect

panic prevailed in the usually quiet residential and aristocratic quarters of the city. The report proved true in all its particulars.

When the first rumour of it reached me in Broadway, I happened to meet an eminent Irish Judge, one of the justices elected to his responsible position by the suffrage of the democracy of New York. He had come from Ireland many years previously as a cabin-boy, and entered an attorney's office, to run errands, sweep out the premises, and make himself useful in the meanest capacities. Being a sharp lad, and fond of reading, he had read law-books, and acquired a smattering of legal knowledge. In due time he passed as an attorney, and, becoming a professional politician, had ingratiated himself with his fellow-countrymen, native or imported, who exercised a predominating influence in the municipal government of the city, and been by their management elected to the judgeship, of which he exercised the functions to the satisfaction of his party, and also, as current rumour asserted—though possibly the rumour was ill-founded and libellous—to the satisfaction of the thieves, rowdies, and disorderly characters of the great metropolis.

I asked the Judge if it was true that a *riot* was raging in the upper part of the city.

"Riot!" he said; "it is not a riot; it is the beginning of a revolution."

"Revolution?" I rejoined.

"Yes," he repeated, "a revolution! that will sweep every sanguinary negro out of New York!"

He did not use the word "sanguinary," but its vulgar synonym, very forcible and not at all dignified, and very unbecoming in the mouth of a high judicial functionary.

I passed on, and learned from other acquaintances whom I met that the riot was every hour assuming more formidable dimensions, and that at least twenty—some accounts said thirty or forty—negroes had been hung up by the mob, and that the slight detachments of constables and volunteers sent out against them by the alarmed authorities had been powerless to restore order. Dr. Hughes, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, had addressed the Irish rioters from the balcony of his house, in a speech which was currently reported at the time to have savoured more than it ought to have done of the spirit displayed by an orator in a harangue to an electioneering mob in an English town, in which he conjured his audience "not to nail the ears of their opponents to the pump."

However that may be, the Archbishop's address had no effect in calming the excited passions of his countrymen; and bands of negroes, hotly pursued, took refuge in the open country, and entrenched themselves as well as they were able, resolved, if

they could, to do battle with their assailants. The conflict lasted for two days, and finally collapsed for want of negroes to fight with in any part of the city. An inquiry took place, under the auspices of the municipality; but no report was ever presented to the public, and nothing was ever made known as to the real numbers of the unfortunate blacks who had perished on the occasion. The circumstances were felt to be a disgrace to the city, and were hushed up accordingly by the Irish majority, who directed and governed the municipality.

The name of the New York Correspondent of the *Times* had been ferreted out by some zealous London correspondent of a Manchester or Liverpool paper, and made the most of in the manner habitual with those industrious gentlemen. The information had in due course reached the New York journals, and, my incognito being no longer respected, I immediately became a target for the ill-natured critical shafts of the Republican and anti-Southern party. Though I remained of the opinion formerly expressed by Mr. Horace Greeley, of Mr. W. H. Seward, Mr. Charles Sumner, and other renowned and influential leaders of the Anti-slavery and Abolitionist party—that slavery was a pernicious institution and ought to be abolished in every community claiming to be free, and that the Northern States who had abolished it were justified in dissolv-

ing their political partnership with other States who persisted in retaining it—I was vehemently attacked for holding on to my belief, after these illogical apostles had abandoned one half of the programme, and maintained that secession, which they had once so earnestly recommended and justified, was to be combated by fire and sword, by war *à outrance*, and to the last extremity, even to the utter extermination of the recalcitrant Southern people. I was held up to odium as a friend of slavery, though I had never said or written a word in its defence, but, on the contrary, had denounced it by all the means and energy at my command. I had, however, given mortal offence to the philanthropists by recommending that the United States should imitate the noble example set by Great Britain, and emancipate all the slaves in the South by peaceful purchase from the slave-owners rather than expend double, treble, or quintuple the price of their manumission in a relentless war against the descendants of the men who had helped side by side with their own ancestors to wrest the independence of the United States from the unwilling hands of George III. and his advisers in the previous century. Blood had been spilled, angry passions had been aroused, and the lust of rule had taken possession of the popular mind throughout the Northern and Western States; and the voice of reason and all appeals to peace and to consistency were in vain. I was not sur-

prised at the attacks of which I was the object, for I had fully expected them, and bore them with such equanimity as I could command. I winced a little at the shafts levelled at me by my always respectable friend Mr. Greeley, and treated with contempt those discharged by the at that time rowdy, unscrupulous, scurrilous, and unrespectable Mr. Gordon Bennett, the most powerful journalist in the United States. When it first became known in the United States that a literary pension on the Civil List had been conferred upon me by Lord Palmerston, though the pension dated from 1861, a year before I had ever written a line for the *Times*, or ever expected to write for it, the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, and other advocates of bitter war, maintained that the British Government, through Lord Palmerston, had rewarded me, or bribed me, to write against the American Union and to defend negro slavery; and that I ought to be forthwith expelled from the country. One of these virulent wiseacres went so far as to express his opinion that the Opposition to the Liberal Government in the House of Commons ought to move a vote of censure on Lord Palmerston for his unpatriotic conduct! But these silly attacks were wholly confined to the Republican journals, and I by no means lacked defenders in those of the opposite party; and they not only never lost me any friends among the educated and upper circles of New York society, but, on the

contrary, gained me many which but for them I might never have possessed.

Among the most violent of the onslaughts made upon me by the ultra-Republican and Abolitionist press was one brought upon my innocent head by an unfortunate alteration made in the proof-sheet of one of my letters to the *Times*. Writing of the frequent battles between the brave Confederates and the equally brave Federals, I stated that the results of these sanguinary engagements in no wise helped to bring the war to a conclusion, and that in fact "they proved *nothing* but the courage of the combatants on either side." This passage was queried by the proof-reader, and so brought to the editor's notice, and, misinterpreting my meaning, he changed the word "nothing" into "*anything*." When the copy of the *Times* containing this unlucky alteration arrived in New York the vials of wrath were opened against me by the *Herald* and other papers of anti-English politics, of which there were very many during the war, who were aggrieved or incensed against Great Britain for its alleged want of sympathy with the Federal cause, and for its *laches* in permitting the *Shenandoah* and the *Alabama* to "prey," as they said, "upon American commerce," and in not preventing those vessels from being constructed in her ship-building ports. I was denounced in the most violent terms for accusing the Americans both of the

North and the South of cowardice, though nothing was farther from my intention. The *Herald*, conducted by a renegade Scotsman from Aberdeen, who figured as an ultra-American, though disclaimed as such by every respectable American of native birth, went so far as to hint to the Federal soldiers in Camp Scott, on Staten Island, near to which I resided, that it might be a just punishment for the libel of which I had been guilty, to burn my house over my head. I thought it prudent, under the circumstances, and a duty which I owed to myself and to my family, to explain in the New York papers the manner in which the word "anything" had been substituted for "nothing" by some reviser of the proof sheets in the *Times* printing office, who would, doubtless, be as sorry as I was for the mistake he had made as soon as it was brought to his notice. The explanation appeared to be satisfactory to my assailants; for, although they took no public notice of it, as in fairness they should have done, they ceased their attacks, and waited until they could find or invent another and a better excuse for fault-finding. I afterwards learned that there was great joy in the *Times* printing office, and in the sub-editor's room, and among all the officials who had been called to account for the foolish, though not ill-meant, tampering with my "copy," when the delinquency was traced to the great *Jupiter Tonans* himself, who, in a moment of confusion,

forgetfulness, or perhaps of sleepiness, but certainly without any intention to bring me into ill-favour with sensitive American readers, had taken it upon himself to set me wrong, when thinking to set me right.

Discovery and Origin of the Fenians.

In the autumn of 1862, when residing on Staten Island, a pleasant rural and marine suburb of New York, I received a letter from a gentleman previously unknown to me, signed "Thomas A. De Vyr." The letter informed me that he was an Irishman; that in the year 1836 he was a "coadjutor of William Makepeace Thackeray and Laman Blanchard on the then newly established *Morning Constitutional*." He added that "the projectors of that paper had come to an understanding with Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, M.P., Joseph Hume, M.P., John Arthur Roebuck, M.P., and other so-called philosophical Radicals, that the *Constitutional* should not oppose the new Poor Law." He also stated that at this time a Bill was introduced by the then Ministry to establish an exactly similar law in Ireland; that, being in charge of the Irish department of the paper, he prepared an article, intended to show that a Poor Law was not the true remedy for Irish pauperism, but that the only real and perma-

nent remedy was to make such an arrangement between landlord and tenant as would let the idle labour of Ireland loose upon the idle land. In this article he attacked what he called the confinement principle of the proposed law. The publication of the article would have been to violate the understanding entered into with the philosophical English Radicals, and it was consequently refused insertion. He therefore resigned his connection with the *Constitutional*.

A few days after the receipt of this letter, which went on to narrate the incidents of his subsequent literary career in London and the provinces as a newspaper editor, until his final settlement in America, where he had resided and prospered for twenty years, Mr. De Vyr called upon me by invitation, and gave me the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance. He was a staunch adherent of the Democratic party in American politics, and a sturdy opponent of the coercion by the Northern of the Southern section of the Great Republic, as ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Irish-Americans were at the time. He was one of a comparatively small minority of his countrymen who entertained no feeling of hostility to the British Government, and held aloof from all the Anti-English organizations in New York. One day when he called upon me, he told me that, to his great surprise, he had received on the preceding morning an invitation to

join a meeting of his countrymen to enrol himself as a member of a society of Irish patriots, called the "*Fenians.*" He had never heard of the Fenians before, and was at a loss to understand what the designation meant. He knew but little of the Gaelic or Erse, as it is called, which is still spoken in Ireland; but I happened to know something of it, as it is the same language as that spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, with the slightest possible difference in the orthography when written or printed; and had studied it grammatically for several years. I suggested that the word was derived from *finne*, and that "Fenians" signified the children, the family, the tribe, the clan, the nation. He thought at first that the name had some affinity with or reference to the great Irish hero, *Fion Maçcoul*, or the Highland Fingal, but ultimately came to the conclusion that my derivation was the right one, and that "Fenians" signified the children or the nation, though at one time he inclined to think that the word might come from *Fion*, "white," and was but a revival in the Irish vernacular of the Saxon-English "White-boys," a name once applied in Ireland to a lawless agrarian association for the assassination of landlords who oppressed or were accused of oppressing the peasantry.

I particularly desired to obtain authentic particulars of the rules and objects of the infant society, then unknown to the world beyond the limits of

its birth-place, but could not ask Mr. De Vyr to obtain them for me, inasmuch as, to do so, he would have to obtain the confidence of its leaders and promoters, for the purpose of betraying it to the "Sassenach." In the difficulty I applied to a French gentleman connected with the *Courier des Etas Unés*, who went boldly to the head-quarters of the Fenians, and had no difficulty in obtaining the information I required, the unwary official in charge of the young society apparently jumping to the erroneous conclusion that a Frenchman must of necessity be an enemy of "*le perfide Albion*," and that the information given him might and most probably would be used to the advantage of the Fenian cause. Whether this ultimately turned out to be the case I cannot say; all I know is that I communicated to the *Times* all I had learned on the subject, and thus made known for the first time to the British public the organization which has since become so notorious and so formidable, which has given so much trouble to the English and especially to the London police, has inflicted so much damage on property, has excited so much alarm, and exercised so disturbing an influence in the relations between Great Britain and the United States, to the Governments of both of which it has been an unmitigated nuisance. It has still its head-quarters in New York, and continues to levy tribute upon Irish fanatics in that city, especially

upon Irish female servants, familiarly known as "Biddies," who receive high wages for rendering inefficient and saucy service in American households, which they do their best or worst to render uncomfortable by their ignorance. American women of the poorer classes are much too fond of their personal liberty, and much too proud, as a rule, to accept domestic service, and, if on rare occasions they do accept it, must not be called servants but "helps." The only competitors of the Irish for domestic employment, in cities or States where the Chinese have not yet penetrated, are the negroes, between whom and the Irish of both sexes the worst possible feeling has always existed.

I had two "Biddies" in my employ in Staten Island, one as cook and the other as housemaid, and also a negro lad named "Legree"; but poor Legree—who had been hunted down in New York during the Anti-Negro riots, and had taken refuge with a Southern gentleman, my next-door neighbour in Staten Island—was not permitted by the Biddies to take his meals in the kitchen, but was ruthlessly consigned to an out-house or a coal-shed, to eat alone, unworthy to associate with his superior Irish and white fellow-creatures.

The "Biddy" rent or tax, so long levied by the head-centres and the tail-centres of the Fenian organization in America, has fallen off considerably,

and promises ere long to be paid no longer. Possibly it may soon cease altogether, to the great advantage of the world, and solely to the disadvantage and discomfiture of such pests to British and American politics as the O'Donovan Rossas and other agents of murder.

The Marquis of Hartington.

While in New York I had the honour of receiving a call from the Marquis of Hartington and his friend and travelling "companion," Colonel Lindsay, M.P. They were making a tour in the north and west of the United States at the end of 1864 and the beginning of 1865. As British noblemen, whether they be barons, viscounts, earls, marquises, or dukes, are held in high estimation in Democratic America—a man like the Marquis, the heir to a great and wealthy dukedom, necessarily received the homage of the ladies, who give the tone and the law to society. When I arrived in Cincinnati in 1858, I was told by a leading citizen that all the ladies had been suffering from *scarlet* fever, but that, the cause having disappeared, they were gradually recovering from the malady. This, I soon learned, was a joke,

which was explained to me by the fact that the gallant Colonel Scarlett, the present Lord Abinger, and at that time the heir to the title, had just left Cincinnati after a short visit, but long enough to have drawn upon himself the marked attention of all the matrons of the city who had marriageable daughters, and the still more emphatically marked attention of the unmarried ladies themselves. A similar manifestation of feeling resulted among the female portion of the fashionable society of New York when Lord Hartington arrived, and the festivities to which his lordship was invited, and the caps that were covertly and overtly set at him, were innumerable.

An incident occurred at one of these festivities—a grand ball, to which I, along with three or four hundred gentlemen, and as many or more ladies, had been invited, but which I was unable to attend. The circumstance made a considerable sensation at the time, and was reported and commented upon in all the New York papers of the following morning in a more or less erroneous and ill-natured fashion. Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Ambassador to Great Britain for the four years ending in the summer of 1885, thought fit to record the incident while its remembrance was yet comparatively fresh in America, in a literary essay, first contributed to a monthly or quarterly periodical. The article or essay, that aspired to a philosophical

character and mode of treatment, was entitled *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*. The passage relating to Lord Hartington ran as follows:—

> The Marquis of Hartington wore a Secession badge at a public ball in New York. In a civilised country he might have been roughly handled, but here, where the *bien séances* are not so well understood, of course nobody minded it.
>
> One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humour was his treatment of this gentleman, when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to the "President of the Broken Bubble." Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. *Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no farther!* Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henry IV. done this, it would have been famous!

I will tell the story as it actually occurred, before proceeding to make any remarks upon the comments of Mr. Lowell. During the evening a handsome but somewhat too bold and forward young lady, one of the recognised belles of New York, with whom his lordship had danced once, if not twice, during the evening, suddenly accosted him, holding a rosette in her dainty fingers, and asked permission to affix it to his button-hole, with a gracious request that he would wear it for her sake. His lordship, like a gallant man—to whom, possibly, the little flirtation was not disagreeable, and certainly not a thing to be resented—allowed

the young lady to pin the badge to his coat, and suspected no evil.

Greatly to his surprise, a few minutes afterwards. one of the company, a captain of a regiment of volunteers, and a member, I believe, of the Stock Exchange, came up to him in a dictatorial and haughty manner, and requested him to remove the rosette, stating that it was the badge of the Secessionists and friends of the South, and that his wearing it thus publicly was an insult to every gentleman in the room. Lord Hartington removed it immediately, declaring that he was entirely ignorant of its meaning, or he would not have allowed it to appear at his button-hole, or had the very bad taste of exhibiting it in any way whatever. At the same time, remembering how greatly the political feeling of all Americans was exasperated by the Civil War, he refrained from taking offence, as he might have done, at the abrupt manner of his interlocutor, and passed it over unnoticed.

The rumour ran in New York, on the following day, that a duel was likely to be the result of the disagreeable incident—which, perhaps, it would have been if it had occurred between Frenchmen or Germans in Paris or Berlin. But the rumour soon blew over. All New York knew the true state of the case, and no one imputed the shadow of blame to anyone concerned, except to the foolish, fast,

indiscreet, and unlady-like young lady, whose wish was, perhaps, gratified in linking her name, even for a day, with that of a real unmistakeable English Marquis.

The circumstances, it will be seen, did not warrant the sneers of Mr. Lowell in his comments upon them, nor justify his approval of the rudeness which he imputed to Mr. Lincoln. The President, though a rough and simple-minded man, plain and sometimes coarse in speech, had the heart, if he had not always the manners, of a gentleman. He never wilfully insulted anybody, great or small, and the jokes in which he loved to indulge were not calculated to give pain to his listeners, or to the absent if repeated to them. He would have no more thought of calling Lord Hartington "Mr. Partington," than Lord Hartington would have thought of calling him "Joe Miller." What Mr. Lowell seems to have thought wit would have been anything but witty, and nothing, in fact, but vulgar impertinence, and not at all a "neat stroke of humour," even if Henry IV. himself had uttered it.

General Fremont.

Among the prominent Americans whose acquaintance I made in New York was General Fremont, a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. Lincoln, and commander of a division of the Federal Army, under General MacClellan and some of his many successors. I shared the General's box one evening at the theatre, and, during the intervals of the performance, had two or three friendly discussions with him on the subject of the War. He had, he thought—and as all his friends thought—been unfairly treated by Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, if not by General MacClellan himself.

He spoke with respect of General MacClellan, whose genius as a soldier he fully recognised, but whose plans he considered to be unjustifiably thwarted by Secretary Stanton, and by the many jealous competing generals who exercised an unwholesome influence over his mind. Mr. Stanton was the most unpopular member of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, but, with the exception of Mr. Salmond P. Chase, perhaps the ablest, and, in his impatience to organize victory, after the fashion of the celebrated Carnot during the French Revolution, did injustice to MacClellan and the other generals, who failed through inade-

quate means to secure it, when confronted by the abler strategy of the Confederate General Lee, who fought on the defensive in Virginia.

General Fremont was not the only commander who had reason to complain of the jealousies of rivals, or the dictatorial harshness of the War Secretary, to which Generals MacDowell, Shields, and N. P. Banks, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Governor of Massachusetts, had successively fallen victims. MacClellan, Pope, Burnside, Mead, Hancock, and every other who had occupied the perilous position of Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Potomac, had all suffered in the same manner. The depreciation of the Generals finally ceased on the appearance on the scene of Hiram Ulysses Grant, the forlorn hope of the Northern States, who achieved the victory so long and so vehemently desired by the all but despairing Government of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward.

I found that General Fremont, though a prominent member of the Republican party, was to a certain extent imbued with the democratic idea of the paramount sanctity of State Rights, and that the first allegiance of an American was due to the State of which he was a citizen, and not to the Union, of which each State was a partner. I also found that he was a man of large and tolerant mind, and that he was not wholly satisfied with

the logical justice of the war, though he had taken part in it. These opinions had been held and expressed, though timidly, not only by Mr. Seward, but by Secretary Chase and Senator Sumner, though they had been modified by the passions engendered by the war.

I ventured to express my conviction that the victory of the North would not be worth its cost in blood or money, and that the North American continent was wide enough for three great and not necessarily hostile Republics, those of the North, the South, and the Pacific slope, including California and Oregon, and the sister States, and that I should like to see General Fremont President of the Northern Union, Mr. Jefferson Davis President of the South, and any man the Californians and their congeners chose to select President of the West. The General made no reply to this possibly indiscreet remark; but he was not offended by it, as I afterwards learned from the gentleman who had introduced me to him—a leading ultra-democrat of New York—that on the following day the General, in expressing the pleasure he had had in making my acquaintance, had said that I was one of the most sensible Englishmen he had ever met!

At Niagara Falls.

As the first term of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency drew towards its close—the war still raging without a prospect of any speedy or satisfactory termination, the proclamation against negro slavery still unissued, though long expected by ardent abolitionists—the chiefs and wire-pullers of the Democratic and Anti-war party began to bethink themselves of the expediency of taking measures for the nomination of a candidate of their own at the approaching convention at Baltimore. Some of the leading spirits of the movement betook themselves to Niagara to hold a preliminary conference on this subject with some influential natives and politicians of the Confederate States, who had taken up their abode on the Canadian side of the great Falls, within hail of their American fellow-countrymen on the other bank of the river. These gentlemen, unable, without risk of capture, to travel, even incognito, through the Northern States, had reached Canada, *viâ* the West Indies to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and were supplied with funds for their mission by the Confederate Government. That I might keep the *Times* and the English people fully informed of what was going on, I proceeded to the Clifton House at the Falls. On arrival I put myself in communication with the Northern and Southern Democrats, to learn whom they proposed

to select as their candidate in succession to Mr. Lincoln, whom the Abolitionists themselves began to look upon as a failure. I saw several gentlemen there with whom I was already acquainted, members of both parties: among others, Mr. George Francis Train, a Northern man; Mr. George Nicholson Sanders, a Southern man from the border State of Kentucky, formerly Consul of the United States in London; Mr. Beverley Tucker, an eminent Virginian of high social standing in his native State; Mr. Clement Clay, a relative of the celebrated Southern statesman, and several others known to fame in both sections of the Union. To my surprise, I learned that both Mr. Train and Mr. Tucker filled the position of quasi-envoys or ambassadors; Mr. Train being charged with a mission to effect, if possible, an exchange of cattle for cotton with any emissary of the South who had authority to negotiate, and Mr. Tucker in like manner being authorized to exchange horned cattle for bales of cotton. Mr. Lincoln's Government was in need of cotton to keep the mills of New England going; and the Southern generals and people were in want of cattle to feed the Confederate forces. I never heard that any good came of the negotiations, or that the South had the cattle or the North the cotton of which they severally stood in need. But I know that every day for a fortnight, or more, scores of Northern democrats passed from the

American to the Canadian side of the river by the ferry-boat half a mile below the magnificent falls, or by the suspension bridge over the almost equally magnificent rapids, two miles farther down; and that frequent conferences were held between them and the Confederate representatives at the bar of the Clifton House, or in dinner parties at the Hotel. One venerable Northern Democrat, who took a particular liking to my society and conversation, was very earnest in his attentions to me, and walked with me every morning to admire the grandeur of the falls, of which neither he nor I ever tired, but was troubled with so bad a memory that he often forgot my name, my business, and my proper designation, though he had been fully informed of all three. He sometimes addressed me as "Governor," sometimes as "Judge," sometimes as "Colonel," sometimes as "General" sometimes as "Doctor" or "Professor," and sometimes as MacDonald, Macintosh, MacGregor, or Maguire, or other name beginning with *Mac,* but in all other respects seemed to know well what he was saying, and to have a clear head on his shoulders. He was strongly of opinion that the presence of negroes on American soil was a curse to the country, and that failing their extermination or wholesale expatriation, it would be a great blessing to them, to the United States, and to the whole world if they could all be settled on the Sea Islands, extending from the coast of South

Carolina to Louisiana, where white men could not exist except for two or three months in the winter, but where negroes could thrive and propagate during the whole year, and cultivate the famous Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton that America produced, and that fetched the highest price in the markets of Europe. "If a Moses could but arrive," he said, "to lead the slaves and the free negroes to the promised land, he would be not alone a benefactor to the negroes but to the whole human race." On mentioning my friend's idea to one of his fellow-democrats from Washington city, I learned that it was not originally his own, but that Andrew Johnson (afterwards President on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln) had often endeavoured to promulgate it, and had gone so far as to express a desire to be himself the Moses that should lead the "exodus" of slaves to the new Canaan of the race, and rid the United States of their troublesome presence.

The Southern and Northern Democrats assembled at Niagara could not agree upon a suitable candidate to run in opposition to Abraham Lincoln; but some months later the Northern democracy, of which the head-quarters were at New York, with powerful organizations in all the Federal States, after long deliberation, and protracted as well as painful efforts, succeeded in uniting their party in favour of the candidacy of General McClellan, the ill-used and unjustly depreciated commander of

the army of the Potomac, for President, and Mr. George Pendleton for Vice-President.

Prior to leaving Staten Island for this visit to Niagara falls, on the business of the informal negotiations between Mr. Lincoln's Government and the leaders of the Southern or Secession party, I had received the following very interesting letter from Mr. George N. Sanders :

Clifton House,

MY DEAR SIR, 19th July 1864.

I did not have the facts in time for your letter, but in time for telegram to Halifax if of sufficient consequence.

The result of a few weeks' negotiation : Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, is now on the opposite side of the river with a safe conduct from President Lincoln for Hon. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, Professor J. B. Holcombe, of Oregon, and George N. Sanders, of Dixie, to go to Washington, and we will probably leave to-morrow evening. There are yet some formalities to be gone through which may possibly defeat the plan; but the probabilities are all in favour of our leaving here to-morrow evening escorted by Greeley. Old Abe may have invited the talk, hoping to get some advantage of us to benefit him in the Presidential race, or he may be ready for peace. We have entered into it, and will conduct the negotiation as though he really intended peace. The papers will most likely announce our approach to New York, and I need not assure you how anxious we are to see you, and if we cannot, as we pass New York, we hope to see you at Washington.

In haste, respectfully,

GEO. N. SANDERS.

Postscript.—Don't mention the particulars in New York; the facts are given for Europe.

The Southern gentlemen named in this letter never undertook the journey proposed to them, for reasons which proved insuperable. Mr. Lincoln—it was reported at the time and believed by the Confederates—was prepared to agree to terms of peace based on a restoration of the Union, the acknowledgment of State Rights, and the maintenance of the *status quo* on the slavery question. But nothing short of independence would satisfy the leaders of the Confederacy. So the attempts at negotiation proved abortive, and the gentlemen named remained quiescent in Canada.

The Conscription in New York.

The Irish, who had been many years established in the country, and had naturalised themselves as American citizens, were no sooner made liable to the conscription which had been established by the Federal Government in support of the war, than they became anxious—if they were not incapacitated from serving in the ranks by age or infirmity—to deny their newly acquired nationality and to claim the privilege of British subjects. Hundreds of such cases were reported in the newspapers, and many of them came under my personal cognizance in Staten Island, where Irishmen employed as private coachmen, car-drivers, gardeners, and in other industrial and commercial pursuits, besought my advice and aid in claiming exemption. I referred many scores of them to Mr. Archibald, the British Consul in New York, who told me that hundreds of similar applications were made to him every week, and that a portion of the remonstrants expressed their determination to return to Ireland rather than submit to the personal slavery of the conscription or the payment of money to procure a substitute. But the Federal Government, by an unlimited issue

of paper money in the shape of "greenbacks," found means, if not wholly to obviate the necessity of a conscription, to sensibly alleviate the pressure of that unpopular law, by the offer of large bounty money to volunteers, of any and every nationality. The bounty money ranged from a hundred to three hundred dollars, and ultimately reached as high as five hundred. The bribe was too tempting to be easily resisted by the newly arrived immigrants from Ireland and Germany, and by this means the Federal armies were largely recruited, though not so largely as they might and should have been if the receivers of the bounty money had all been honest men. It was estimated at the time that at least one-third of the Irish and one-fourth of the Germans who took the money had no intention of serving in the ranks, but deserted at the first opportunity, or what was called "jumped the bounty." Bounty-jumping became for a while as profitable a vocation as pocket-picking or burglary; and the "jumpers" having received the bounty in one city or district, found little difficulty in making their way to another, and receiving "bounty" at another; making their way, as long as the demand for volunteers existed, from New York to New England. One Irishman who had "jumped the bounty" no less than seventeen times, and in a drunken debauch boasted of his achievements at a drinking "bar" in the hearing of a Federal officer,

of whose presence he was not aware, was arrested in his cups, tried by court-martial when he became sober, and shot "*pour encourager les autres.*"

A highly-respectable jeweller and silversmith whom I had previously known in Glasgow, and whose establishment in Broadway was opposite to the recruiting office in the City Park, informed me that he and his next-door neighbour, a fashionable boot and shoe maker, had made perhaps larger profit out of the bounty-money than any other two tradesmen in New York. He could not answer for the German recruits; but the Irishmen, he said, or the great majority of them, no sooner received their greenbacks, than they crossed over to his shop and purchased, at prices inflated beyond the normal rate by the copious issue of paper-money, a silver watch and a gold chain, for which they paid without demur, and then proceeded next door to the boot-maker's, to provide themselves with patent-leather boots, which they put on forthwith, leaving their brogues behind them, and in that guise paraded Broadway "as proud as peacocks."

The Southern armies never had recourse to this expedient for keeping up the numbers of their armies. In the first place, there was no German, Irish, or any other immigration into their territory, on which they could have drawn if they had been disposed to do so; and, in the second place,

they were too proud and self-reliant to enlist their own slaves in the cause, on the promise of freedom —as they were often urged to do—but preferred fatally, as it afterwards turned out, to owe their independence to the voluntary heroism of their white fellow-countrymen.

The Western and Middle States, where the men of German birth and extraction form so large a proportion of the well-to-do inhabitants, entered into the war with purer hands than their American fellow-citizens in the Eastern section, and volunteered in such large numbers as to render conscription and bounty-money almost wholly unnecessary.

If we bear in mind the social antipathy and repugnance felt for the black by the white race in America; the fact that negro slavery was the affair of each individual State, and not of the Union as an entirety; that each State which had abolished it within its own boundaries, had abolished it at its own time, for its own reasons, and by its own action, without reference to or consultation with any neighbouring State; that the uncompromising and zealous friends of the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves were in a very small minority, that chiefly existed in New England; and that the war was originally commenced and carried on for the maintenance of the Union only, and for political, not philanthropical reasons—we

may reasonably infer that, if victory had attended the Northern arms within the ninety, or even thrice ninety, days so ardently desired by Mr. Lincoln, and so confidently predicted by Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, slavery would not have been abolished.

Mr. Lincoln, when urged by enthusiastic Abolitionists, in the press and the pulpit, to issue a proclamation decreeing the freedom of the slaves throughout what was once the Union of North and South, declared that he might as well issue a bull or proclamation against a comet. But, as the war dragged its weary length along, and the hunger of the Federal States for victory and dominion increased for want of aliment, the cry for the proclamation—as a war measure, and as a means of weakening the enemy, and not as a boon or a benefit to the negro race—grew in intensity, until Mr. Lincoln, in spite of his political objections, was persuaded to issue a decree, which he believed in his heart would be inoperative, and was rewarded by Horace Greeley, and the "War Christians" in most of the pulpits of the North, with the fervent ejaculation and prayer of "*God bless Abraham Lincoln!*"

The emancipation of the slaves has proved to be a benefit to the Southern States; but that it was not intended to be so by Mr. Lincoln is evident now, though it was not evident at the time.

Whether it will prove to be so to the unhappy negroes is a mystery of the future; and whether, if the blacks in the South increase and multiply in a greater ratio than the whites, and ultimately become the majority, and as a majority attempt to rule the minority, a war of races may not ensue—is a problem that already casts the shadow of possible calamity over the fairest portion of the United States.

The Baltimore Convention.

I was present at the Republican Convention at Baltimore, in the autumn of 1864, which nominated Mr. Lincoln for the second Presidential term. If he had been fortunate enough to escape the nomination, of which he was known to be not particularly desirous, he would, in all probability, have ended his days in the quiet retirement of private life, and escaped the pistol-shot of the mad assassin, who took his blameless life before he had sat a month in the Presidential chair for the second term, to which inevitable destiny had exalted or doomed him.

On reaching Baltimore I drove to Guy's Hotel, a comfortable inn, on one side of a square in which the Baltimoreans are accustomed, on great occasions, to hold their public meetings. I was fortunate enough to secure a front room, from the windows of which, if any public meetings were held below (as there were likely to be), I could hear all the speeches and proceedings, as from a private box at the opera, without mingling in the crowd. I found this afterwards a very great luxury and advantage.

New York was about equally divided in its sym-

pathies between North and South. The educated and rich classes were all for the South; the multitude were all for the North. In Baltimore nearly everybody was for the South. A man with what was called Northern proclivities had little chance of a quiet life, and none whatever of being received in society. The ladies, asserted to be the most beautiful in America, were all zealots for the South, and would not so much as look at a man, except with scorn and contempt, if he were even suspected of sympathy with Lincoln and Seward and their myrmidons. So the phrase ran. Whenever Butler, the Northern general in military command of the place, walked up one side of the fashionable streets, every lady shook her garments, as if to shake off pollution, and crossed the road to avoid him. No one asked him to dinner. No one would speak to him. He was a pariah, to be avoided by the fair sex, under penalty of the social ostracism of any merciful one who in a weak moment condescended to pity his solitary misery. All this I soon discovered for myself. In Baltimore I was overwhelmed with kindness and hospitality. The fact that I was an Englishman was sufficient to secure me a cordial welcome wherever I went, which had not always been the case in New York, where an Englishman was looked upon, by all except the upper classes, not alone with suspicion, but with positive dislike and aversion, and where, if a man were an Eng-

lishman, he endeavoured, as far as he could, to conceal the fact, and to palliate and make excuses for it.

I was well acquainted with many of the leading people of Baltimore, more particularly with Mr. William Wilkins Glenn, who, more than once, at the tinkle of Mr. Seward's little bell, had been consigned to Fort Warren, as a too ardent friend of the Southern cause. Under his auspices I was to learn how presidents were manufactured, with this difference between us, that he approved of the process, and that I did not as soon as I began to understand it.

The second night after my arrival there was to be what was called a "mass meeting" in the square under my windows, and the speakers were to speak from a platform in front of the house of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, afterwards Ambassador to London. It was about the middle of June. The weather was almost tropically hot, and I sat at my open window in my shirt-sleeves, behind the curtain, all unseen, and listened to the orators and the proceedings. It takes a deal of music to make a president, a deal of brass band and trumpet, and a prodigious grinding of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "The Star-spangled Banner," "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," and other American tunes, upon organs and all sorts of instruments, before the full tide of oratory can be

turned on. But it was interesting to me as a specimen of American liberty. America was a free country, disporting itself in its own free way, with an exultant democracy taking its pleasure in its own fashion. Why should not the multitude rejoice and make merry? and why should not the making of a president stir up the crowd, to get drunk, if it liked, though I do not approve of drunkenness, or to any uproarious glee that leads to the breaking of heads or the slitting of weasands?

A new acquaintance, to whom I had been introduced on the previous day, was to speak on this occasion, and I laid myself out to listen to him, though I cannot conscientiously say that when his turn came I was very much rewarded for the pleasure with which I had anticipated his eloquence. That evening the common house-flies, supplemented by the more than abominable mosquitoes, were more than unusually troublesome, and I was at times fain to shut the window to keep out the intruders, so that at times I lost some of the eloquence and "high falutin" that came surging up from below. But one unusually long and loud burst of popular applause, intimating the presence and the approaching performance of a favourite, caused me to look from the window and to brave the mosquitoes, when, lo! my acquaintance of the previous day, a delegate to the Convention from one of the New England States, stood upon the

platform to "orate" and to "perorate." I do not remember much of his speech. It was very well delivered, elicited frequent applause, and was all in favour of President Lincoln, the man in possession, and all against the folly, in Lincoln's own words, of "swopping" horses when you were fording a rapid stream. The speaker was a war zealot if ever there was one. He would "exterminate"—such was his word—every man, woman, and child in the South; he would lay waste the whole country with fire and sword, anything, everything, rather than suffer the disruption of the "glorious Union." I did not consider the speech to be a Christian one, and thought of General Washington and his successful rebellion, and wondered whether the speaker would have supported George III. and Lord North in their attempts to coerce and oppress the Thirteen Colonies.

The oratory, such as it was, had little effect upon me. It was bunkum and bunkum only, which the Americans sometimes call "tall talk," and which we in England sometimes call "sound and fury, signifying nothing"! But one little episode in it interested me, and I have never forgotten it or the effect it produced upon me, as well as upon the crowd of listeners—five thousand of them if there were one—about an old Scotch woman at Cincinnati in Ohio.

"Gentlemen," said he, in words as correctly

reported as I can remember, "the war we are now waging is a great and a holy war. It is a war for the existence of the greatest nation that has ever yet existed under the sun. If we are conquered, Liberty is dead. If we conquer, Liberty is won. If we are conquered, slavery will remain rampant, and the white man will be enslaved as well as the black. If we conquer, every man, every woman, every child, will be free, whatever may be the colour of the skin with which God and Nature has covered their muscles (*sic*). We make war for the sake of humankind, to overthrow the rotten, worn-out, dilapidated old monarchies of Europe, where a man is not a man, any more than a "nigger" has hitherto been with us. We make war to start humanity on a new and illimitable career of progress. Europe and Asia are dead or dying, America only is alive, and wretched old London will in a few years hence be as desolate as Nineveh or Babylon."

"And sarve her right," said a voice in the crowd. "Right or wrong," continued the speaker, "this they will be. We are fighting the world's battle. We are a people of heroes and heroines. Heroines did I say? Yes, heroines! I was in Cincinnati, some weeks ago, when I saw a heroine, that might have put to the blush for her superior heroism all the Cornelias and other so-called heroines of antiquity. She was a Scotch woman, a widow with seven sons, every one of whom had

volunteered to fight the battle against the Southern slave-holders, and every one of whom had been killed, fighting gallantly in the ranks. The case excited much sympathy in Cincinnati; and the Mayor and Corporation, having passed a resolution to that effect, waited upon the old lady to express condolence in the name of their fellow-citizens. 'Weel, weel!' said the old lady, wiping her eye with the corner of her apron, 'they were bonnie boys, though I say it, brave boys, gallant boys, and I mourn their loss, every day and hour of my life. But I have this consolation, they died in a great cause, a holy cause, and they will have their reward in heaven. Their cause was so great and so holy, gentlemen, that, if I had known this war was coming, I would have had seventeen sons instead of seven, and given them all up if necessary to fight it out to the last.' Was this not a heroine of the antique stamp?"

All the crowd shouted and roared and leaped in approval, in rounds and rounds of applause, amid which the orator descended from his pride of place.

"That's a good story of yours about the Scotch woman," I said to him when I met him in the street the next day.

"And a true story," said he, "which all good stories are not. Our American women, native or imported, are the cream of creation, especially if

native. The imported women all become right under the operation and influence of our glorious institutions. We 're a great people, Sir."

"No doubt!" said I; "and, I hope, to be greater, if you don't split up."

"Split up!" he replied indignantly. "Who 's to split us? Not ourselves, I reckon. Not your country, I reckon. Not France, I reckon—though the Emperor would like to do it. Not all the combined forces of the eternal universe will ever split up the United States of America. You will come to the Convention to-morrow?"

I promised I would, and I went accordingly. There was an immense amount of "orating" and "perorating," and much division of opinion on the subject of the Vice-President whom it was proposed to nominate in conjunction with Mr. Lincoln. About Mr. Lincoln's claims to a second term of office there was no dispute, but about Mr. Andrew Johnson's eligibility many unfriendly and, indeed, vehemently hostile opinions were expressed. Ultimately a decision in favour of Lincoln and Johnson was unanimously agreed to—a decision which unfortunately led, at no distant date, on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, to the installation of Mr. Johnson into the Presidential chair, which, from his antecedents, his personal character, and mode of life, he was unworthy to occupy. I was present at Washington on the 4th of March 1865, when Mr. Lincoln

delivered his short, melancholy, but most eloquent address to the Senate. The tall, awkward, ungainly man, in the sober suit of black, looked, in spite of the disadvantages of his personal appearance, every inch a gentleman—one of the nobles of nature by his mind and character—and presented a striking contrast to the vulgar Vice-President. Andrew Johnson, so soon destined to take his place, was unmistakeably intoxicated on the occasion, and made so vulgar an exhibition of himself, that common charity and respect for humanity are fain to draw a veil over his unhappy misbehaviour.

General Grant.

When, after the failure of so many of the Federal generals to achieve success against the Southern commander in Virginia, the appointment of Hiram Ulysses Grant was made known in New York, the announcement was not received with much, if any, favour. Little was known of him, and that little was scarcely to his credit. Nothing was expected of him, though it was generally considered that he could not well be a more signal failure than any of his predecessors in the command. He had been a student at the Military Academy at West Point, and was consequently a trained soldier. But he had been dismissed from the army, it was said by some—and resigned, it was said by others, for fear he should be dismissed—for habitual intemperance. He had afterwards led a soberer life, and gained his honest livelihood as a wood-cutter and wood merchant in a remote Western city—a fact which rendered him popular among the working classes and the ultra-democracy in every part of the Union. He was soon found to be a man of energy and determination, who estimated human life at little or no value compared with success, and who held that victory was to be purchased at any price, seeing that his forces were so

greatly superior to the Confederates that he could afford to lose ten men better than his opponents could afford to lose one. Upon this calculation he acted steadily and ruthlessly until he became known as the "Butcher Grant," under which designation he was held up to odium by a large section of the press of New York. He had the good fortune to be aided in the Western command by an able strategist, and a more scientific, though not braver, soldier than himself, in the person of General Sherman. The latter did more to bring the war to a close than Grant himself by his famous march through the great State of Georgia, which he did unopposed, with a rabble rout of three or four thousand negroes, men, women, and children, at his heels, whom he had to abandon to their fate for want of means to feed them, and who were believed to have for the most part miserably perished on their way—at all events, were never satisfactorily accounted for. I heard some months later, from a Federal officer attached to the staff of General Grant in the army of the Potomac, that at a council of war held in the General's tent, to consider General Sherman's daring march through the enemy's territory, deserted at his approach by the inhabitants, and where no supplies, except of water, were to be obtained, opinions were freely expressed by the assembled officers on the probable success or failure of the expedition. General Grant sat silent for a

long time, smoking incessantly and vigorously all the while, until at last, throwing away his third or fourth cigar, he said, "I guess, gentlemen, that Sherman must just do as he pleases. We are all babies in the art of war in comparison with Sherman."

When, in April 1865, General Lee surrendered his sword and his army to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, the last ounce of lead in the Southern States, the last brass button on the soldiers' coats, had been converted into bullets, General Lee—not out-manœuvred or out-generalled, but overwhelmingly outnumbered—yielded, like a brave man, without loss of respect or dignity, to the superior force opposed to him. He might have exclaimed, with Charles V. on the loss of a great battle, "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur,*" as his countrymen of the Northern States have already acknowledged. History will certainly confirm the verdict, and, notwithstanding his failure to achieve success against insurmountable obstacles, his Southern fellow-countrymen will keep him in affectionate and honourable remembrance as long as a Southern man or woman, or their descendants, near or remote, shall dwell upon the soil of the eleven States that extend from Virginia to Texas.

CHAPTER IX.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

It was but a few weeks after the close of the war, and the assumption of his great but perilous position, that the good, plain, blunt, honest, and fearless Abraham Lincoln was foully done to death by a crazy assassin, named Wilkes Booth, the son of an English actor once well known in London. A thrill of horror ran through the whole country when the event was made known—a horror increased, if that were possible, by the simultaneous attack made upon the life of Secretary Seward, lying on a sick-bed at the time. The first impulse of Mr. Secretary Staunton and the "war Christians" of the North was to accuse the defeated Southern leaders of having instigated the crime; and a proclamation was issued by Mr. Staunton, offering a large reward for the apprehension of Mr. Jefferson Davis, then endeavouring to escape into

Texas, and of Mr. G. N. Sanders, Mr. Beverley Tucker, and four other Southern refugees in Canada —all as innocent of the crime, and as free of any sympathy with it, as the King of Dahomey, or the "Man in the Moon." There were not wanting rabid zealots who maintained that the semi-English assassin had been instigated to the crime by the British Government—an insane opinion which found expression, a day or two after the occurrence, on board of the Staten Island ferry steamboat to New York, by which I was a passenger. A man, occupying a respectable position in the wholesale trade of New York, known to me by name and reputation, broke out, in tones loud enough to be heard by everyone on deck, against the British Government in general, and against the newspaper correspondents in particular, who wrote letters from New York to the London press, stirring up animosity against the United States, and vehemently expressing his wish that all such people, if found on the deck of a steamer, should be thrown overboard, or if found on land, should be strung up to the nearest lamp-posts. The fellow was drunk, and, moreover, was an Irishman and a Fenian. I was more disgusted than alarmed at his behaviour, and took no notice of his speech, except by removing to another part of the vessel, to which he did not follow me. Perhaps, like other bullies, he was a coward, and might have suspected that I had a revolver about

me (which, however, I had not), and that I might use it if his provocation were renewed. I often met him afterwards when he was sober, but he took no notice of me, or I of him.

Secretary Seward.

Before my arrival in New York in 1862, and before I was connected with the *Times*, my old friend, the Honourable W. H. Seward, the Secretary of State or Foreign Minister under Mr. Lincoln's administration, a post nearly equivalent to that of Prime Minister in Great Britain, wrote me a letter to London as follows, inviting me to pay another visit to America. I omit the purely personal and domestic preliminary compliments :—

Washington,
My Dear Doctor Mackay, Nov. 7, 1861.

. . . . . Will you not make another visit to this country? Come out here and give us what we want, and what will immortalise you—a song for the Union! It is a sacred theme. Come, I pray you, with your wife, and take shelter in my home here. I want to repay all your kindnesses to me.

Faithfully your friend,
William H. Seward.

Two or three days after the receipt of this cordial letter, and before I had answered it, news

was received in London of the forcible and illegal seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, Confederate envoys on a diplomatic mission to Europe, on board of the British mail-steamer the *Trent*. This high-handed proceeding had excited the greatest indignation in political circles in London, and afterwards throughout the whole country. The press was nearly unanimous on the subject, and loud in its demands that the Federal Government should be called upon, in a manner about which there could be no mistake, for the immediate surrender of the captives, on the penalty of the rupture of diplomatic and friendly relations between the two countries, to be followed by war if the United States should continue to refuse redress.

Never before had I witnessed such excitement as there was in Pall Mall, not only in the political and military, but in the non-political and social clubs, and, as far as I could gather, such unanimity of sentiment; and, while the subject was, as it were, red-hot, I stepped into the Reform Club and took the opportunity of answering Mr. Seward's letter, and informing him of the state of public feeling, of which I was both a witness and a participator.

In that friendly communication I represented, in as strong terms as I could employ, the danger that would result if Messrs. Slidell and Mason were not released; that war would inevitably ensue between

the two countries; and that, as soon as it was declared, Great Britain would recognise the Confederate States, and destroy all hope of the restoration of the Union on which Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and a majority of the Northern and Western people had set their hearts. I adjured and conjured him, as he loved his country, to do his best to prevent such a consummation, if his influence in the councils of the President and in the country was as great as it was universally believed to be. I reminded him that he would thus acquire undying honour in the page of history, by not only preventing a fratricidal war between the two greatest nations in the world, but by not rashly and unnecessarily destroying the only chance for the restoration of the Union by leaving the two parties of North and South to fight out their battle single-handed, without either the aid or the opposition of any European power.

The weekly mail for the United States, per the Cunard steamer, was to be despatched on the morrow, and, while the ink was still undried, as it were, on my letter, I took a cab to Portland Place, where Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, then resided. I sought an interview with that gentleman, explained to him the urgency of my missive, and requested him to include it among his despatches, which he promised to do, and which he did. Mr. Dallas was surprised to be informed of the pre-

vailing excitement at the clubs, of which he had not heard a syllable. Knowing my intimate personal relations with Mr. Seward, he expressed in warm terms his satisfaction that I had taken the pains to inform that gentleman of the condition of the public mind in London.

I learned afterwards that Mr. Lincoln, influenced by the popular clamour and excitement that the incident had created, and swayed more or less by the Anglophobia then too prevalent in the Northern States, was as violent as a man of his gentle nature could be in the determination to refuse to give up the Confederate envoys, or to render any satisfaction or apology to Great Britain; but that Mr. Seward took a calmer and more statesman-like view of the question.

I am not vain enough to think that my letter was mainly conducive to the production of this frame of mind in the Foreign Secretary; but I am not so very modest and self-depreciatory as to believe that my earnest missive was wholly without effect in impressing upon Mr. Seward, at this important crisis in the affairs of the Union, that discretion was the better part of valour, and that the Federal Government would have quite enemies enough to contend with in the people of the Confederate States, without adding the people and Government of Great Britain to the number.

I had at this time no thought or intention of

revisiting the United States, and would not have done so had it not been for my unexpected engagement on the *Times* a few months afterwards. Neither had I inclination to write a song to Mr. Seward's order, or to that of any other person, on the subject of the American Union; for all my life long I have laboured under the utter incapacity of writing, either in prose or verse, on any subject whatever that was suggested to me by others, or that did not spontaneously present itself to my own mind and fancy.

When, a few months after my arrival in New York, my business as a correspondent called me to Washington, I left my card for Mr. Seward. I was not fortunate enough to find him at his office, as he was temporarily absent at his home in Auburn, in the State of New York. In the interval that had elapsed since I had received Mr. Seward's friendly letter, my business in New York had become known, and my impartial communications to the *Times*—in which I endeavoured to do justice both to the North and the South (without pleasing either)—had been widely read in America.

A mysterious visitor, deputed to see me by Mr. Seward, who had sent him from Washington to New York for that purpose, asked me to lunch with him at Delmonico's famous restaurant in Broadway. I accepted the invitation, and learned in the course of conversation that Mr. Seward was

disappointed with my neutrality between North and South, and wished me very earnestly to come out more boldly on the Northern side, which he maintained to be that of freedom against slavery, of civilisation against barbarism, of right against wrong, and hinted, in a delicate but unmistakeable manner, that a fund of secret service money was at Mr. Seward's disposal, and any services I might render to the Federal Government would be better rewarded than my services in a neutral capacity were likely to be by the *Times*.

Neither Mr. Seward nor his messenger knew or suspected that I had a conscience—that I could not write as I was bidden to do for the sake of lucre, if I were not thoroughly convinced in my own mind of the justice of the cause I was asked to advocate, and that my first allegiance was due to the *Times*, which had sent me to express my honest and independent opinions, through its powerful columns, to the British people and to all Europe. The interesting interview ended without any other result than the expression of my regret, which I wished to be conveyed to Mr. Seward, that I had not been fortunate enough to meet him when I was in Washington, and that I hoped for better luck next time.

I learned afterwards from an intimate friend of Mr. Seward that the Secretary of State was willing to bestow a liberal proportion of secret service money upon me, if I would zealously support the

cause of the North in the *Times*—and, as he said, "make my fortune." The proposition was never formally made; but, if it had been, I could not and would not have changed my conscientious opinions with regard to the impolicy and non-necessity of the war, which I had so long and so often expressed; neither could I have undertaken to promise that the *Times*, even if I had done such violence to my convictions, would follow my lead, or run counter to the then prevalent opinion in England—from Lord Palmerston downwards—that the war was a mistake, and that it was waged, not for the abolition of slavery—though that might, and probably would, be the outcome of it. As my letters continued to express the views which I had all along promulgated in the *Times* during my residence in New York, Mr. Seward apparently came to the conclusion that I was unpurchasable, and never resumed the subject which he had delicately broached to me, and seemed as if he would drop my acquaintance.

When the attack was made upon him in his sick-bed, and he was wounded in the face, by one of the Wilkes Booth gang, on the day when the harmless President was assassinated, I wrote him, as an old friend, a letter of condolence on the outrage, and congratulation on his escape from death, and his favourable chances of recovery from his wound. He made no reply, either by himself—which he was probably unable to do—or by his

private secretary, which he certainly might have done, and I judged that my opinions on the war had given him unpardonable offence, which I regretted, though I was not surprised at, considering how violently political passion was excited at the time amongst all classes of American society.

When, some months after the close of the war, and a tour through Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, which I made at the request of the *Times*—and of which I shall have something to say in a subsequent chapter—my departure for England was announced in the American papers, I received the following letter from my old friend—not wholly estranged from me, it would appear, but deeply grieved at my heterodoxy, my independence, and my indocility :—

Washington,

My Dear Sir, Nov. 3, 1865.

To-day, for the first time, the casualties, personal and official, which have befallen me have permitted me to receive and read the kind and sympathising letter which you wrote to me on the 20th of May last. I thank you for it most sincerely and gratefully.

Of political matters it is as unnecessary as it would be ungrateful to speak. My country is saved through fire, and I give thanks to Almighty God for that great exercise of Benefice (*sic*) to her and to the human race. It has been very hard to find you, the friend of my best manhood, among her enemies. I pray God to forgive you for the great crime you have committed.

Your old Friend,

William H. Seward.

All my former personal friends among the war party and the Abolitionists were not so intolerant as Mr. Seward, and, at a farewell dinner given to me at the New York Hotel a few days before my departure for England, so many of them attended, in compliment to and in social intercourse with their once embittered but now reconciled opponents, that the dinner, when reported in the New York papers, was designated as a "Love Feast."

I was particularly gratified by the presence and support of Mr. Horace Greeley, the distinguished editor of the *Tribune*, and afterwards a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to General Grant. Mr. Greeley was the high priest and grand llama of Abolitionism long before Mr. Seward gave his faint and wavering support to the cause, and originally a sturdy upholder of the right of Secession, and an advocate of the secession of all the Northern and New England States from the slave-holding South, and their union with Canada, if need were, rather than submit to an enforced union with white men who held black men in bondage.

Mr. Greeley had advocated war *à outrance* while it lasted, but bore no animosity against the Southern leaders, who were merely carrying out a principle which he had conscientiously supported fifteen or twenty years previously, immediately after the surrender of General Lee, and, while the angry passions

of the Northern and Western people were still in a state of effervescence, stood almost alone among the leaders of public opinion in recommending a general amnesty to all the Southern people, from Mr. Jefferson Davis down to the humblest soldier in the Confederate armies.

Mr. Greeley ran counter to public opinion in this respect, though public opinion ultimately and by slow degrees advanced to the high Christian and statesman-like platform on which he stood. The people, both of North and South, learned to respect his character and do justice to the purity of his motives, and, when finally the passions engendered by the conflict cooled down, no man's name stood higher in popular estimation than that of Horace Greeley, friend of the white man as well as of the black.

The American Buonapartes.

During my residence in New York, I once had occasion to return to London on private business. In my temporary absence—which did not extend beyond two months, at the close of the year 1863—my place was filled by Mr. Antonio Gallenga, as recorded by that gentleman in his autobiography entitled *Episodes of my Second Life*, published in 1885.* On stepping on board of the then favourite Cunard steamer, the *Persia*, commanded by my old

* The following correspondence on the subject appeared in the *Athenæum* and other literary journals:—

"DR. MACKAY AND MR. GALLENGA.

"Sir,

"Mr. Gallenga having stated, in his *Episodes of my Second Life*, that I was *recalled* in 1863 from the position I occupied in New York as the correspondent of the *Times*, and that he took my place and held it until the arrival of a *new* correspondent, I lost no time in pointing out to that gentleman the error into which he had fallen. This was the more necessary, because the previous remarks of Mr. Gallenga were liable to the interpretation that I was '*recalled*' because of the independent opinions on the Civil War which I had expressed in my correspondence. I was not 'recalled,' but took a couple of months' holiday-trip to London on leave of absence, and returned to my post in December 1863. I remained in New York, in my former capacity, until the close of the war in 1865. Mr. Gallenga replied to my complaint in the following letter, which, on his suggestion, I forward to you in the hope that you will give it insertion in

friend Captain Lott, with whom I had made three previous voyages across the Atlantic, I observed among the passengers a gentleman who bore a remarkably strong resemblance to all the published portraits of Napoleon I.

I asked Captain Lott if he could tell me who the gentleman was. He told me that it was Mr. Paterson Buonaparte, of Baltimore, who, with his mother, Mrs. Paterson Buonaparte, was going to

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the *Athenæum*. The erroneous statement, if allowed to remain uncontradicted, is likely to injure me in the estimation of my political friends in the United States as well as in England.

"I am, yours truly,
"CHARLES MACKAY.

"Reform Club, January 15."

[COPY.]

"Llandogo, Coleford,
"MY DEAR FRIEND, "January 13, 1885.

"I see with great regret that at page 343, vol. ii., of *Episodes of my Second Life*, I stated that, '*On the recall of Dr. Mackay I had temporarily to take his place.*' That was an involuntary mistake on my part; I should have said, '*During the temporary absence of Dr. Mackay from his post,*' as I know that you went back to New York on my departure, and remained till the end of the Civil War. I beg you to accept this apology, which I think is due to you, and of which you may make whatever use may best rectify my error.

"Very truly yours,
"A. GALLENGA.

"Charles Mackay, Esq., LL.D."

Paris on a visit to Napoleon III. He shortly afterwards introduced me to mother and son, having previously ascertained from them both that the introduction would be agreeable. Mr. Buonaparte was an elderly gentleman of few words, without conversational power—or, if he possessed any, he was very chary of exhibiting it. Madame, on the contrary—known to Baltimore society as "the Queen"—was very lively, agreeable, and communicative, and in full possession of her bodily and mental faculties, though she had long outlived the three-score years and ten, the traditional limit accorded in Scripture to the minority of the human race. She was a very handsome old lady—and she knew it; and must have been, in her first youth—when Jerome Buonaparte, the youngest brother of the great Emperor, fell desperately in love with her—a very beautiful young woman.

I afterwards heard—from the current scandal of Baltimore—that Jerome, a young lieutenant of marines, did not at first care to marry her, but that she married him *nolens volens, vi et armis*, in spite of himself, as it were, and chained him to the chariot-wheels of her superior, imperious, and all-conquering will. The alliance was destined to be but of short duration. The great Napoleon, when he was promoted, or when he promoted himself, from the dignity of First Consul to that of Emperor, had other plans for his youngest brother,

and was not content to see him the husband of a plebeian American lady, however fascinating and beautiful she might be.

He insisted that the marriage was illegal, inasmuch as it had been contracted in opposition to his commands as head of the family, and that it was otherwise invalid for weighty reasons of State policy. The Emperor was dispensing thrones among his brothers, as smaller men dispense New Year's gifts or Christmas-boxes to their relatives and dépendants, and insisted that Jerome, who was as weak as he was vain and ambitious, should repudiate his American wife, marry into one of the royal families of Europe, and become King of Westphalia. The circumstances are all historical, and need not be recapitulated.

Madame Paterson Buonaparte, during the voyage to Liverpool, bestowed a great deal of her society upon me, in fine weather sitting or walking with me on the deck, and in bad weather engaging me in conversation in the saloon. She informed me that, some years previously, her son had paid a visit in Paris to his father, the ex-King of Westphalia, and had been privately but kindly received by him, but that he had not been introduced to his half-brother, Prince Jerome, who was known at the time to the mob of Paris by the disparaging epithet of "Plon-plon," and sometimes as "*Craint* plomb," in allusion to the unfounded

imputations of cowardice that were current against him during the Crimean war.

"Neither," she added, "did he desire to make the acquaintance of that person, though so closely allied to him in blood and half-parentage; and I suppose," she added, "that the disinclination was mutual."

She also informed me of the object of her visit to Paris at her advanced age, stating that she very greatly desired to have my opinion and advice on the subject. The Emperor, it appeared, had great objection to her assumption of the name of Buonaparte, and desired that she should call herself Madame Paterson only, and not Madame Paterson Buonaparte. He had offered, if she would do him this favour, to confer the title upon her son of the "Comte du Champ de Mars," and upon herself that of "Duchesse de Satory," together with a pension of 75,000 francs, or £3,000, per annum. The sole condition on which the liberal bribes were conferred was, that she and her son should formally renounce the name of Buonaparte, to which he insisted that they had no legal right, inasmuch as the marriage with his uncle had been declared invalid.

"I have at times," she said, "an inclination to accept the offer; but I hesitate on account of my boy"—the elderly gentleman whom she usually designated by that juvenile and endearing title—"on whose birth I should hardly consent to affix

the stigma of illegitimacy, which priests coarsely call bastardy."

On this knotty point she asked my candid opinion and my friendly advice. Before answering, I inquired what her son's opinion was. She replied that he had no very decided opinion on the subject, but inclined, on the whole, to accept the offer, seeing that facts were facts; that all the world was acquainted with them; that the divorce, desired for political reasons by Napoleon I., was neither morally nor religiously binding; and that it was not attended by any personal shame, either to her or her offspring; and that it did not signify whether they were known to the world as Patersons, Buonapartes, Smiths, or Joneses. When King Louis Philippe took refuge in England, after the Revolution of 1848, under the name of William Smith, he did not cease thereby to be really Louis Philippe d'Orleans. The pension, in the "boy's" opinion, was worth having, only he thought that it should be conferred upon him as well as his mother, and that it should run for at least three lives.

I thought the "boy" gave sound advice, adding that, although she might abandon the name of Buonaparte, the name of Buonaparte would not abandon her, more especially in America, which was her home and that of her family, and where she expected to pass the remainder of her life. I also reminded her of the fact well known to her,

that, although titles of nobility were not legally recognised in the United States, they were, nevertheless, of great social value, especially among the "upper ten thousand," and that, in being known to the Baltimoreans as the Duchess of Satory, she would not forfeit the name of Buonaparte, but add to it a dignity that in her case did not previously belong to it.

"I am half inclined to think you are right," said the old lady, "and I will consider the question in all its bearings before I see the Emperor and come to a final decision."

I afterwards learned that she had refused the Emperor's offer, though, whether the negotiations had failed on the point of family pride and honour, or on that of the Emperor's refusal to grant the pension for three lives, I could never satisfactorily ascertain. I believe, however, that it was not on the question of money that the project fell to the ground, for Madame Paterson Buonaparte was exceedingly rich, though possibly not so rich as her fellow-citizens of Baltimore reported her to be. She avowed to me one day her love of money, and her desire to accumulate it.

"There is much hypocrisy in the world," she said, "as regards money. The clergy of all sects denounce it, though none of them can live without it. They call it 'mammon,' 'vile dross,' 'filthy lucre,' and other opprobrious names, 'dissembling

their love,' if I may parody the old saying, by kicking its object down-stairs.

'Twas all very well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down-stairs?

I, for one, am not a hypocrite in this respect. I love money, because it confers power, influence, authority, and because it enables me to play the despot when opportunity offers."

"Granting that money is good, from the power of enabling its possessor to do good with it," I observed, "I think there is one bad thing attendant upon all who are known to possess much of it: it brings them acquainted with the worst side of human nature, in the mean, paltry, debasing efforts that are constantly made by the vicious, the lazy, the scheming, and the unscrupulous to obtain a share of it."

"Yes," said the bright old lady, with a flashing eye and strong emphasis; "to be known to be rich is to be like a dead body lying unburied in a field, which attracts the rats, the stoats, the weasels, and the wolves of the earth, and the carrion crows, the vultures, and the cormorants of the air, to feed upon it. But I love money, nevertheless, and I take care that those unclean beasts and birds do not feed upon it while it remains in my possession —that is to say, while there is flesh upon my bones."

No portion of Madame Paterson Buonaparte's

great wealth was derived from her connection with the family of the great Napoleon, but from her father, a merchant or keeper of a general store in Baltimore, in the early days of the colony of Maryland. Mr. Paterson was of Scotch extraction, and proud of the land of his ancestors, a pride which was not inherited by his beautiful and clever daughter. She never married again after her quasi-divorce or separation from Napoleon's weak and ductile brother.

She narrated to me, with evident pleasure, the experiences of her cordial reception in fashionable society in London, and of her wit-combats with Lady Morgan, the then popular novelist, whom in her heart she secretly admired, though she professed to hate her. London society was in doubt which of the two was the more brilliant talker, and whatever amount of hatred she felt—if, indeed, she felt any—came from jealousy, and from disappointment at the fact that undiscerning society could have had any doubt as to her own superiority over her showy but less beautiful rival.

She died at a great age in her native city of Baltimore. No portion of her abundant wealth, as I am informed, was devoted either to public or private charity, or overflowed beyond the narrow limits of her family connections.

CHAPTER X.

CANADA IN 1865.

THE purport of my mission to Canada and the other British provinces was to study the state of public opinion, and to send home reports of it, with respect to the question, then but newly mooted, of the union or confederation of those noble Colonies in connection with the British Crown. The question was not new to me, inasmuch as I had publicly advocated such union four years previously in the *London Review*, as well as more recently in my letters to the *Times*. My sentiments were known to the leading men in Canada, to whom I was, in other respects, a *persona grata*, which I certainly had not been in the Northern States of the American Union.

It had fortunately been in my power, in 1858, on my return to London after my first visit to America—when I found my old friend, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in the position of Colonial Secre-

tary, in the administration of Lord Derby—to be of service to high Canadian officials in their visits to the mother country. Previous to that year, the Colonial Office—whether the Colonial Secretaries were Liberal or Conservative—was so tightly swaddled in the bonds of red-tape, of adamantine hardness and tenacity—though it was only *tape* after all—treated all emissaries from the Colonies with but scant or no courtesy; took an unconscionable time in answering the letters and memorials addressed to it, answering—if it answered at all—in the driest and curtest official manner; and never showed the slightest social attention to the Colonial functionaries, however eminent they might be.

These gentlemen, even if they wanted so small a favour as an admission to the House of Commons during any debate in which they were interested, were compelled, in default of other means, to cultivate the acquaintance and good offices of the American Ambassador, who was always ready and willing to oblige and make himself agreeable and useful. These facts were explained to me during my first visit to Canada, in the spring of 1858, by my excellent friend, the Hon. John Young, of Montreal, at whose beautiful residence at Rose Mount I was a guest for three weeks.

Mr. Young had held the position of Minister of Public Works in the Canadian Government,

and was the originator of the project—afterwards happily completed—of building the noble Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, at that place two miles in width. The bridge is universally admitted to be the finest and most gigantic bridge in the world. Nor was this the only great engineering enterprise for which Canada is indebted to the foresight and sagacity of Mr. Young.

This gentleman, on his visits to London, was all but ignored by the Colonial Office, and treated with no more consideration than if he had been an ordinary clerk in a mercantile establishment. Far different, Mr. Young told me, had been his treatment in Paris, where M. Drouyn de l'Huys, the Foreign Minister of Napoleon III., had received him with marked attention, without other introduction than his card, and the statement that he was a member of the Canadian Government. M. Drouyn de l'Huys not only answered his letters without more than a day's delay—whereas the English Colonial Office took three or four weeks in the operation—but invited the eminent Canadian to his receptions and to his table, and introduced him to the Emperor and Empress.

Sir Edward Lytton, not then advanced to the peerage, sent for me to consult with me on matters relative to the Red River Settlement, now the Colony of Manitoba; and I took advantage of the opportunity to inform him of the

grievances alleged against the Colonial Office by my friend Mr. Young, and other high Canadian officials, taking the liberty to tell him that, in my opinion, it was not only ungracious but unwise to compel influential colonists who visited London to be indebted solely to the American Minister for any social courtesies extended to them; and that it might be worth his while to inaugurate a new and better system. He took the hint, and acted upon it at the first opportunity which offered. When, a few months afterwards, an important Canadian deputation arrived in London, Sir Edward invited all the members to visit him at Knebworth, and also sent me an invitation to meet them. Since that time neither Canadian, Australian, or any other colonial deputations or functionaries visiting London have had occasion to resort to American ambassadors for aid or courtesy, but have been properly received and attended to by all the Colonial Ministers who have succeeded Sir Edward Lytton. These facts, and my agency in producing them, were known in Canada when I arrived there in the Summer of 1865, and helped to secure me a favourable reception from many old friends and many more new ones.

I visited Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec in Canada, Halifax in Nova Scotia, St. John's and Frederickton in New Brunswick, and Charlotteville in Prince Edward Island, and found in all these

places a strong, though not unanimous, feeling in favour of confederation, which I did my best to confirm and strengthen by the letters which I wrote home to the *Times*. There was at this period a strong desire on the part of the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Secretary, to colonise the Red River Settlements in the Far West, in the rich agricultural district then but sparsely populated and very little known, and which had received from travellers and surveyors appointed by the Canadian Government the name of "The Fertile Belt." The Duke of Newcastle wished to make a Crown Colony of it, but was at a loss to fix some designation upon it more appropriate and more euphonious than that of Red River or Saskatchewan which some proposed to give it. I suggested to a well-known English Member of Parliament in the confidence of the Duke, then travelling in Canada, that the admirable name of Australia, signifying the country of the South, might afford a hint for designating the country of the West, and that it might appropriately, though perhaps a little too poetically, be called "Hesperia." The Duke was pleased with the idea, and took time to consider it, and expressed a desire that I should be made the first Governor of it, if I would accept the position. I felt highly honoured, and even elated at the flattering proposition, which I certainly should have accepted had it been formally made to me; but the Duke of New-

castle ceased to be a Minister, or to have a voice in the matter, before the project reached maturity, and, like Sancho Panza's governorship of Barataria, my governorship of Hesperia remained an idle dream. The new Colony, shortly afterwards established, did not receive the name I had proposed for it, but became known to the world as Manitoba, so called from a large and beautiful lake of fresh water in the midst of it.

My genial Irish friend, Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGhee, then Minister of Agriculture in the Canadian Government, expressed much regret that my chance — a very slender and shadowy one at the best — of the governorship of a Crown colony had vanished into nothingness; and, with the impulsiveness of a generous and poetic nature, appeared to be more disappointed than I was at my failure to be rewarded with an office for which, however, he well knew that I had never been a candidate. Mr. McGhee, for whom I had a great personal esteem, as well as a literary admiration, had, seven years previously to this time, expressed publicly against me a certain amount of literary hostility in Montreal and other cities in Canada, at which, however, I was not offended, although I judged that his former friendship for me had cooled down or been extinguished altogether. But I was wholly wrong in the supposition. Mr. McGhee, fearing that he might

have been too hard upon me, travelled from Montreal to Niagara Falls, for the sole purpose of renewing his acquaintance with me, and of explaining his reasons for the not very violent hostility which he had exhibited against me in a lecturing tour which he had made through the cities of Canada. When in Montreal, in the spring of 1858, I delivered three lectures on "Poetry and Song" to large and enthusiastic audiences, in one of which I took occasion to compare the genius of Thomas Moore, the Irish lyrist, unfavourably with that of Robert Burns, stating that Moore was polished, artificial, and aristocratic; Burns simple, natural, and democratic; that the one was like a tame canary that would only sing when he was perched on the finger of a countess, but that the other sang like a morning lark in the clear blue sky or on the fringe of a summer cloud, far above its lowly nest —true, as Wordsworth beautifully said, to "the kindred points of heaven and home." Mr. McGhee reminded me of this, and informed me, that being at the time a candidate for the representation of the city of Montreal in the Canadian Parliament, and mainly dependent on the Irish vote for his election, he made my disparagement of Moore and my exaltation of Burns a net to catch Irish votes; that he had with that end in view composed and delivered lectures in Montreal, just prior to the election, in which he controverted my opinions,

glorifying the Irish bard at the expense of the Scotch one, and gaining thereby the applause and support of his countrymen. "In fact," he said, with a grasp of my hand and a face beaming with good humour, "I owe my election and my present position as a Canadian Minister mainly to you, and the dexterous and profitable use I made of your lecture. In a literary point of view I think you were right, and that Burns' songs of 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'A Man's a Man for a' that' are far better than any songs that Moore ever wrote; but if all's fair in love and war, I think that such an amount of literary unfairness as I displayed against you in the matter of Burns and Moore was fair political warfare, and that you ought not to take offence at it." I assured him I had taken no offence whatever; that I was, on the contrary, highly amused, and at the same time gratified to learn from his own lips that I still enjoyed his friendship.

Mr. McGhee had distinguished himself during the last few years of Daniel O'Connell's waning influence in Ireland by his opposition to what he considered the faint-hearted policy of that once formidable agitator, and had joined the more ardent spirits of the Young Ireland Party of 1848. In that capacity he had come into unpleasant contact with the law, and to escape the consequences he fled to New York, in search of the liberty which he

had imagined was not to be found in his own country. But he speedily discovered that the sort of liberty enjoyed in New York, controlled as it was by the mob of his countrymen in that sorely misgoverned city, was not to his mind, and, after a comparatively short endurance of it, he renounced his allegiance to the Government of the United States and returned to his youthful but interrupted allegiance to the British Government, and took refuge in Canada. Among the loyal Canadians he soon succeeded in making his mark, became a prominent supporter of the British connection —which only a few Irishmen in Canada presumed to disparage or dispute—a prominent member of the Legislature, and ultimately Minister of Agriculture in the administration of Mr. John A. MacDonald, since rewarded by a baronetcy. Fenianism never took vigorous root in Canada, though it was not wholly unknown; and a crazy Fenian in Ottawa, the legislative capital of Canada, who had taken personal or political offence, perhaps both, at poor D'Arcy McGhee, lay in wait for the minister, the statesman, the eloquent orator and eminent man of letters, and shot him through the head as he was opening with a latch-key the street-door of his residence late at night in that city. The unfortunate man lived but for a few minutes after the dastardly blow was struck at him, and died universally lamented in Canada. The assassin, who turned

out to be a drunken journeyman tailor, maddened by bad whisky and worse politics, was speedily arrested, tried, and hanged. In D'Arcy McGhee the British Crown as well as Canada lost a faithful servant, and the legislature and society a shining ornament.

Fenianism, as I have already observed, did not flourish in Canada ; neither does it flourish greatly anywhere in America except in the cities of New York and Chicago. When in Nova Scotia, I made the welcome acquaintance of Dr. Conolly, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Halifax, a true prince of the Church, though not a Cardinal as he might and should have been. The Archbishop exercised a hospitality deserving to be called princely, in the pleasant city where he resided. He was a favourite among all classes, whether they were of his faith or not, and took pleasure in asserting that not a single Fenian was to be found in the whole province of Nova Scotia, and would not be as long as he retained any influence over his fellow-countrymen. His boast was not unjustified and if any Fenians existed in Nova Scotia, they carefully concealed their Fenianism, never betrayed themselves at public meetings, or in the columns of the newspapers, or publicly subscribed a dollar to the Fenian funds of their New York fellow-countrymen. The Archbishop was a man of the most genial temperament, and had all the ready and buoyant wit of the best classes of

Irishmen, whether they be rich or poor. He did not disdain to sing "The Widow McCree" after dinner when in the company of a few select friends, amongst whom he did me the honour to include myself during my stay in Halifax. At his great dinner parties, of which he gave several during the year, it was noticed that he always invited five or six of the stupidest but richest men in Halifax. The fact being pointed out to him by a friend, whose intimacy with him was so great as to encourage if not to warrant the liberty, the good-natured Archbishop replied, "Yes, I know they are fools; but I like such fools as they are, and not only like but respect them. Whenever I want money for the cathedral, for the schools, for the poor, or for any urgent case of distress, I know where to get it at a day's notice. These fools, as you call them, have deep purses, and are always ready to empty them at my request, making no scruples at the demand. I wish there were a greater number of such fools in Halifax, and I should be glad to make their acquaintance."

When, two or three years after I had made his acquaintance in Halifax, the Archbishop visited London, I recommended to the Committee of the Reform Club that they should elect so distinguished a stranger to the privilege of honorary membership for a month, which they had it in their power to confer upon eminent foreigners, and which, at my

request, they had previously conferred upon Mr. Seward and on two other noted Americans. The Committee decided that they had no power, that the Archbishop was not a foreigner, but a British subject, and therefore ineligible under the rule by which they were bound to act, expressing their deep regret at the inability to do legally that which it would have given them under other circumstances the greatest pleasure to have done. On reporting the unexpected decision to Dr. Conolly, he said, with a merry twinkle of his eyes, "Am I expected to qualify for admission to the Club by an act of successful rebellion against my Sovereign, as was the case of General Washington, and so constitute myself a foreigner? No, I thank you! I will not do it—not if you would make me a present of the Club-building and all its contents, including the bodies and souls of the members."

The result of this refusal was that at the next annual meeting of the Club I brought forward a resolution to the effect that the privilege of honorary membership should for the future be extended to distinguished *colonists*, as well as to distinguished foreigners. The resolution, though not carried quite unanimously, as most of the members wished it to have been, met with only three dissentients, who, strange to say, were colonists themselves!

In French Canada.—A Visit to "Jean Baptiste."

While sojourning in Montreal, the real though not the nominal capital of Canada, and admiring—as every stranger fresh from the United States does—the beauty of its situation, the massiveness of its grey stone buildings, and its peculiarly French character, I expressed a wish to know something more of the life and character of the *habitans*, or descendants of the original French settlers, of the days before Wolfe and Montcalm, than could be obtained in the great towns and cities.

The person to whom I addressed myself was Mr.—afterwards Sir—Etienne Cartier, a noted French Canadian, a member of the Legislature and the Government; and, though once in his hot youth, when William IV. was King, a rebel against British authority, one who, like many others of his countrymen, had ripened and mellowed into a satisfied, loyal, and honoured servant of the Crown.

"If you desire," he replied, "to see Jean Baptiste at home" ("Jean Baptiste" means a French Canadian, as "John Bull" means an Englishman), "you should visit some of the long

villages in the neighbourhood of Quebec; or, better still, you should take the steamer for Three Rivers, and thence proceed inland and explore the villages that lie between the St. Lawrence and the St. Maurice. The *habitans*, as the natives are universally called, are not modern Frenchmen, but Frenchmen of the *ancien régime*, such as the French of the old country were in the days of Louis Quinze, before the deluge of the great revolution had swept away the old ideas, the old prejudices, the old manners, and the old courtesies. There is no people like us left in the world—so simple-hearted, so little idolatrous of money, so unenterprising, so contented with mere life for its own sake, so honest, so devout, so obedient, and, I may add, so lazy and stagnant."

Similar information was given me by a stately French Canadienne, a lady of the very old *régime*, with manners that would have graced the Court of the Grand Monarque. She had great contempt for modern ideas, and expressed her firm belief that "gentlemen were fast becoming extinct." As for the *habitans*, she declared, they had become vulgarised and contaminated by their association with newly-arrived immigrants, and, worst of all, with the "Bostonais," as she called all Americans from every part of the United States, who were, she said, a people without manners or education, and who, when they looked at anybody, said with their eyes,

if not with their tongues, "Who cares for you? Am I not as good as you, and a great deal better?"

"Forty years ago," she added, "things were very different in Canada. The poorest *habitant* was in his heart a gentleman, and knew how to yield graceful, and not servile, deference to his superiors. He treated a lady as if she were a lady, and not as the Bostonians do—as if she were a silly creature, pleased to be taken notice of, as a dog might be. When the *habitant* paid his rent to his feudal superior, he dressed himself in his best, and came neat and clean into the presence of his landlord or landlady, and discoursed of the weather and the crops, or the news of the village, telling who was married and who was dead since his last visit, and doing his best to make himself agreeable. Now he comes in his working-clothes, muddy and dirty, and smells of the farm-yard and the stable, with grimy hands, sits down without being asked, answers in monosyllables, as if he had a grievance and was too surly to tell it, and altogether behaves more like a Bostonais than a Canadian. However, all are not equally bad. The Church still exercises its ancient influence over the people; and the women are the best, the purest, and the most modest in America."

All things considered, this lady was of opinion that I would not regret a visit to the villages of the interior, "where, thank God!" she said, "the

people are not quite so Bostonised (*Bostonisé*) as they are in Montreal."

Between Montreal and Three Rivers, half-way to Quebec, the St. Lawrence offers nothing remarkable in the way of scenery, or anything of interest to the traveller, unless it be the wide expansion of its bed, which is known by the name of Lake St. Peter, and through which, at great cost, a channel has been dredged sufficiently deep to admit the passage of ocean-going steamers. This work, in its first inception, was ridiculed and denounced as the impracticable idea of a romantic enthusiast; but the Hon. John Young persisted in considering it not only practicable, but, considering the advantages it would bestow upon the city of Montreal, a very economic and profitable investment of the public money. He was neither to be turned from his purpose by sneers or delays, and lived to see his design carried out amid the applause and, it may be added, the barren gratitude of the whole community.

The steamer that left Montreal at four in the afternoon reached the town of Three Rivers before midnight, and landed its passengers at the great hotel of the place, which overlooks the long reaches of the swiftly-flowing river. "Three Rivers" takes its name from the fact that two branches of the St. Maurice, that rises six hundred miles away in the pine wildernesses of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, here unite with the St. Lawrence.

The town, which next to Quebec is the oldest in Canada, contained, when I visited it, a population of about seven thousand. It is one of the trading stations of the Hudson's Bay Company; but its chief business is the receipt and despatch of timber floated down the long succession of the falls and rapids of the St. Maurice on its way to Quebec. For a person with a small income, with no means of increasing it, and who would be content with fishing and shooting for amusement, and with such dull society as a little town affords, Three Rivers may be recommended as a desirable place of residence. Fine fat fowls are or were to be bought in the market for two shillings a pair, the shilling representing only tenpence sterling; beef at fourpence per pound; mutton at two shillings and sixpence per quarter; and all other articles of first quality at rates equally moderate. The neighbouring country is fertile and easily cultivated. Game and fish are abundant, and there are no restrictions upon the gun and the rod to interfere either with the sport or the appetite of him who uses them.

The town shortly before my visit had sustained a serious loss in the death of its most enterprising inhabitant, Mr. Turcotte, its representative in the Canadian Parliament. Owing to this gentleman's energy, railroad communication had been opened up from the village of St. Gregoire, on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, with the Grand Trunk

Railway, at Arthabaska, a distance of thirty miles to the southward. He had also planned a railway from Three Rivers northward to Shawinegan, a distance of about twenty miles, and had built a monster hotel, on the American system, overlooking the Upper Falls. But the railway was uncommenced, the hotel was unfinished, and those who wished to feast their eyes on the glories of Shawinegan had to hire a vehicle, and take their provisions, edible and potable, along with them, as there was nothing to be had on the way but such as small country cabarets or estaminets could afford. On these points, however, there was no difficulty. Our party of five, two ladies and three gentlemen, were accommodated with a roomy vehicle—place for one on the box—with two strong, though gaunt, ungainly steeds, and a careful driver, who kept up a constant talk to his horses in French, and knew no word of English except the profane one that Béranger misspells in his once famous song:

"Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bient laids, *Goddam*! moi, j'aime les Anglais."

Our host of the hotel provided us with all the creature comforts that hunger or thirst—or luxury even—could desire; and at seven o'clock on a fine summer morning we started to explore the villages of the habitans and to picnic at Shawinegan. The first village on the road was that of "Des Forges," where Mr. McDougall, a Highlander by birth or

descent, had established a foundry that gave employment to a considerable number of people. In this part of the country the iron ore lies thickly strewn over the surface, but had never been turned to account by the *habitans* until Mr. McDougall established himself among them. "Jean Baptiste," however, is not slow to follow if you show him the way; and the *habitans*, enlightened as to the value of the ore which they find on their farms, had nothing to do but to cart it to Des Forges, and receive payment. Mr. McDougall made from ninety to one hundred tons of iron per week, and found a ready purchaser in the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

The next place, six miles further on, is St. Etienne, the very type and model of a French Canadian village, a description of which may serve for a description of the hundreds that line the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu, the St. Jean, the St. Maurice, and other rivers. Nothing more unlike an English village can be imagined. There is no village-green or common, with its sheltering elms, the play-ground of the young villagers, or the browsing-place of the donkeys or the geese, if browsing (which I do not assert) be the proper word to apply to the grass-eating of those noblest of birds (for the dinner-table). There is a village church, generally a substantial edifice, with a tin roof and steeple, that shine and shimmer in the bright sun as if they were of silver; but which

are not visible to the whole people at once, like the spires or towers of an English hamlet, inasmuch as a village is generally six or seven miles long, and not a cluster of houses around some common centre as with us at home. No one house in a French Canadian village is much better than another, unless it be the cabaret or the post-office. No "squire" with a pretentious mansion overshadows his tenantry; and even the doctor or the local lawyer is not better lodged than his neighbours, if, indeed, there be a lawyer to be found at all. The reason of the extreme length of the villages is, that everybody must have a frontage, and that the "terres," as the farms or lots are called, are laid out either upon the banks of a river, extending backwards, or upon a high road. The frontage varies from two to four arpens, or from four hundred to eight hundred feet, and each terre has a depth of about a mile. The house invariably stands by the road or the river, and is generally constructed of rude logs of wood, the interstices being filled with mud or clay to keep out the wind and rain; and the whole scrupulously whitewashed both outside and in. Adjoining each house, and open to the road, is an oven, in which, in summer-time, the good wife boils her broth, cooks her meat, roasts her potatoes, or makes her tea and coffee, in the presence of the public, as it were, if there were

any public which cared to inspect her culinary arrangements.

Among these simple people, as in France, the terre, or farm, on the death of the proprietor, is usually divided among the children; and, as each insists upon having a frontage, the farms still retain their depth, but are diminished in width in proportion to the number of heirs. Thus a terre of four arpens, when divided among four children of a deceased *habitant*, is still a mile long, but is narrowed for each proprietor to the width of two hundred feet. This ribbon-like piece of land is liable to still further subdivision, so that it is possible, unless a purchase, a marriage, or an inheritance should prevent and lead to the re-conjunction of any of these dissevered slips, that a man might inherit a farm which he could walk across in two minutes, but could not walk along in less than half an hour. The style of farming is rude and primitive: it is an accusation brought against the *habitans*, that they farm no better than their progenitors in the days of Henri IV.; that they know nothing of improvements in agricultural implements, or of the rotation of crops; and that they are fast exhausting the land. They remain on the old farm from generation to generation, as fixed to the soil as if they were serfs, and as averse from change of domicile as the limpet upon the rock. There is abundance of good land in the wilderness to be

had for almost nominal prices — land which the English and the Irish are glad to purchase and reclaim, but which has no attraction for Jean Baptiste. He does not object to fell trees, or do the hardest work of the wilderness, for wages; but he seems to have no inclination to do such work on his own account, or act in any way as a pioneer of civilisation, like the hardy Yankees, Englishmen, and Irishmen, who are every year adding new States to the already large dominion of the Union, and connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific by a continuous line of thriving and energetic communities. He seems to think that his lot has been cast in a pleasant place in the Canada of his great-grandfathers, and loves the old terre as if the memories of a thousand years were clustered around it. He lives far better than his compeers in France, who are contented with black bread, an onion, and a pint of "vin bleu" for their ordinary diet, except on grand occasions; and scarcely ever dream of such a luxury as the "poule au pot," which good Henri Quatre desired to see in the cottage of every one of his subjects. The Canadian *habitant* has more abundant fare. In travelling along these lengthened villages, the grunt of the porker, the cackle of the hen, the crowing of the cock, and the gobble of the duck are to be heard on every side; and fair average crops of maize, oats, rye, buckwheat, flax, lint, and

tobacco, somewhat later in coming to maturity than similar crops in New England and New York, are to be seen at every interval between the cottages. Pork and poultry are the staple food of Jean Baptiste, but mutton and beef are by no means unknown. The sheep browse in the fields behind the farm, and his wool is in request, not so much for the purposes of commerce, as for the supply of the needs of the household; for, in the cold winter days and the long winter nights, Madame Jean Baptiste, like Penelope and her daughters in the olden time, card and spin, and weave the wool into warm and serviceable cloth, fit for the whole attire of the fathers and sons, and for the petticoats and cloaks of mothers and daughters. The *habitant* does almost everything for himself; makes and mends his clothes and shoes at home, weaves his own straw hat, extracts sugar from the sap of the abundant maple-trees that thrive so luxuriantly all over the country, dries and cures his own tobacco, distils his own execrable whisky (beer and wine he scarcely ever sees), makes his own soap, and, where there is much timber on the "terre," which is not available as lumber or for commercial purposes, burns down the trees and boils their ashes in iron cauldrons to produce the potash which he can sell in Montreal and Quebec. From the produce of his potash, and the sale of his sheep and beeves, he has generally a surplus out of which to pay his

willing dues to the Holy Mother Church which he loves so well, and in whose teachings he so implicitly believes, or the purchase for the women-folk of the well-beloved tea, and of the gewgaws and the finery that women desire and must and will have, from the age of five to seventy or eighty, or, if they live so long, to a hundred. He is far more ignorant of the meaning of the word taxes than George Cruikshank's superb John Thomas "of the calves," and only pays them in the shape of the *corvée*, so many days' labour per annum for the maintenance of the roads, whether "dirt" or "corduroy" that traverse his district.

The most inattentive of travellers can scarcely fail to notice that the wives of the *habitans* are fresh, healthy, comely, and prolific. The children swarm at every door; and, when Madame peeps out—her curiosity excited by the noise of wheels, and the clack of the driver's whip—to see who is passing, it is most probable that she has a baby in her arms, and three or four children of larger growth hanging about her apron. And the dogs seem to be as plentiful as the children, and greet the traveller in such fashion and style as suit their age or character; sometimes, if they are young and foolish, rushing out to bark at the horses' heels; sometimes, if of maturer years, intoning their salutation in their throats, without stirring from their usual snoozing-places; or, if

they are old, experienced, and philosophic, lifting their heads a little in the sunshine, surveying the passing vehicle with lazy interest, and then lying down again to sleep, perchance to dogmatise on the ways of men.

Another noticeable and agreeable peculiarity is the love of flowers with which these fair Canadians seem to be possessed, and the abundance and beauty of the specimens which they rear at their windows. The flowers which adorn their gardens are not many. Jean Baptiste wants the garden for use and not for ornament, so Madame makes her garden at the window, and cultivates her geraniums, pelargoniums, lobelias, cinerarias, roses, and lilies with such care and success as to convert the one room of her modest cottage into a veritable bower, as richly adorned during the season of flowers as if it were the boudoir of a duchess. The day on which our party passed through St. Etienne happened to be a festival, the day of the *première communion* of all the little lasses of the village, from eleven years old and upwards, a day looked forward to by these tiny charmers with as much pleasant anticipation as at a later period they doubtless look forward to that other day when they shall also be dressed in white, and wear long white veils and white wreaths around their foreheads, and kneel before the priest at the altar at the sacrament of marriage.

The little ones whose domicile was in close proximity to the church walked to the communion dressed in white muslin, with white ribbons streaming behind, and with long white veils, looking—with the glow of health and excitement in their cheeks and eyes, and in their whole demeanour—like so many cherubim, minus the wings and plus the more ordinary helps to locomotion; and all of them, together with the fathers and mothers, or other elders who accompanied them, had a smile and a graceful recognition for the passing strangers. Those who lived at longer distances from the church were driven in cart, gig, or *calèche*; and the drivers, the fathers or brothers of the little communicants, invariably lifted their hats to us as we passed, an act of courtesy which we as invariably returned. Around the church, at every available space, were stationed the vehicles which had discharged their human freight, suggesting by their numbers what was quite evident enough before, that the Canadiennes were by no means like their American sisters further to the south, of an unprolific race, or dependent in any degree upon the immigration from Europe to keep up the parity of numbers between the annual births and deaths. To maintain the equilibrium is as much as the native-born Americans appear to be able to do, and they do not manage even *this* in some cities of the Union; whereas among the

French Canadians the tendency is to a superabundant population, as in Ireland and the Western Isles of Scotland. "How it comes, let doctors tell," as Burns says, and doctors or philosophers *will* have to tell it, sooner or later, however displeasing the explanation may be to the tender, delicate little ladies of the States, who dislike walking, live in heated rooms, and eat sweetstuff till their health suffers and their teeth become unserviceable as well as unornamental.

Jean Baptiste does not trouble himself very much about politics, and generally takes them, with his religion, from the priest. Forty years ago, however, the case was different, and he gave the British Government a good deal of trouble. Alarmed lest he should be Anglicised, and Protestantised, and "improved off the face of the earth," as the Yankees express it, he declared himself a rebel, took to arms, got together a small but valiant host, with which he defied John Bull for several months, and altogether behaved himself in a manner which, if it did not show much prudence, showed a very considerable amount of "pluck."

The British Government has never been in the habit of negotiating or parleying with rebels in arms; but having put down Jean Baptiste's rebellion by the strong hand, and got possession of the bodies of some of the most eminent leaders, it

began to inquire in all good faith and right feeling what were the grievances, real or supposed, which had driven a person usually so quiet, so good, and so amiable as Jean Baptiste, to so desperate a resort.

The result was that Jean Baptiste was found to be not altogether without ground of complaint, and that he had solid grievances—not caused so much by the injustice as by the ignorance of the British Government, and the assumption, by his fellow-colonists of British descent, of a superiority over him which he was not inclined to allow. Generous Mr. Bull did the best he could between the two parties, reformed abuses, modified the pre-existing arrangements between the British and French Canadians, and put the finishing touch to this liberal and enlightened policy by pardoning Jean Baptiste's generalissimo, Mr. Papineau, and the other civil and military chiefs of the abortive rebellion. The wise policy bore good fruits; rebels became loyalists, and Mr. Papineau himself, who at the time of my visit still lived, a prosperous and a venerable gentleman, was not only reconciled to the monarchical rule of Great Britain, but grew to be one of its staunchest friends and supporters.

From Three Rivers to the lumber station of Mr. Rousseau, on the bank of the St. Maurice, at which we had to take either a canoe or a scow to be paddled or rowed across the lake-like bend of the river to

the path that leads to the upper fall of Shawinegan, was a drive of five hours, through a country sandy, but not unfruitful, that lay in a plateau for five or six miles, and thence rose by a steep ascent of a couple of hundred feet to another plateau of similar height and width, followed by another bank and another plateau, suggesting a succession of former sea-levels, in the ancient history of our planet, when the uplands of Lake Erie were the shores of the ocean, when Niagara was not, and when what are now Canada, Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were more than half submerged, and what was visible of them were islands of an immense archipelago.

These plateaus and shelving banks stretch inwards towards that great inland ocean which comparatively few people have ever seen, called Hudson's Bay, for hundreds of miles. At least, the geological books say so, and we may as well believe them. Mr. Rousseau had been apprised of our coming, and canoes and a scow were in readiness. My wife and daughter did not like the fragile look of the canoes, so the scow, in deference to their timidity, was chosen for our transit. Laden with our provender and our wine, which the boatmen undertook for an extra gratuity to carry up the steep path on the other side, we were speedily impelled across to the mountain-path, that led by a zigzag of three-quarters of a mile through the

brushwood and the forest to the skeleton of poor Mr. Turcotte's hotel. We were advised not to skirt along the bank to see the falls from the level of the river, but to ascend to the highest point and view them at their very best.

We paid due deference to this local judgment and were duly rewarded for our acquiescence. Though the St. Maurice was not at its full, and the depth of water not above one-half of its usual average, there was more than sufficient to produce a cataract that has not its peer in Europe, and very few in America; one that, were it within a thousand miles of London or Paris, would be annually visited by multitudes of delighted tourists. The day will doubtless come when the far-seeing design of Mr. Turcotte will be completed, when there will be a railroad from Three Rivers to Shawinegan, connecting the latter point, by the ferry over the St. Lawrence to St. Gregoire, with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, when the great hotel will be completed and furnished, and when as many travellers as now go forth from all points of the compass to behold Niagara in its glory, will flock to Shawinegan in the drowsy and oppressive heats of the American summer, to behold a smaller but still a magnificent fall in its beauty and splendour, to feast their eyes with the sight of the cooling waters rushing over the precipices with

everlasting music, and suggesting to the most prosaic mind:

> To stand before them reverent and dumb,
> And hear their voice discoursing to the soul
> Sublime orations, tuned to psalmody;
> High thoughts of peril met and overcome,
> Of power, and beauty, and eternity,
> And the great God who bade their waters roll.

Our small party had the large banqueting-room of the hotel to ourselves—a room unglazed, only partially boarded, and more partially roofed, and encumbered with the shavings and chips and other signs of the late presence of carpenters and joiners. Our banqueting-table, overlooking the Falls, was a pile of deal boards, our seats logs of timber, to be yet, perhaps, wrought into the edifice as jambs or joists or cross-trees of the roof; and our waiters were the Canadian boatmen, who had little to do but to bring us pitchers of water from the foaming torrent to mingle with our wine. They spoke no word of English, were very grateful for the remnants of our feast, but particularly grateful for the bottle of good claret with which we presented them, a wine of which they had heard but had never seen or tasted before, and which they were delighted to know had been imported from France. "*Tiens*," said one, "and is the bottle French also? and the *bouchon*?" On being assured that the corks and bottles were both from

Bordeaux, they united in asking permission to take the empty bottles home with them as a remembrance of the old country. On being told that it was doubtful whether the champagne bottles or the champagne inside of them had ever been in France, they declined to encumber themselves with such spoil, but affectionately hugged the claret bottles, and took them down to the boat and carefully stowed them away. "And what will you do with them?" said I. "They are for Jacqueline," replied the elder boatman, "*pour mon épouse.* We shall use them every day instead of jugs or pitchers for our water or our milk, and when not in use they shall stand upon our mantel-piece among the ornaments."

On our return late at night to Three Rivers, I discovered, on alighting, that a Scottish plaid of shepherd tartan, which I had purchased in my youth in the good town of Inverness—a plaid that had since those days travelled with me over nearly half the globe, that had been my pillow, my cushion, my blanket, and my mantle, that had borne the pelting of many a pitiless storm on mountain-top and in mid-ocean, while I had walked or sat dry and cozy beneath it; a plaid which long acquaintanceship and companionship had made worth twenty times as much to me as a newer and fresher garment—was nowhere to be seen. It had been placed in the vehicle for the service of the ladies,

for protection against rain or cold; but neither rain nor cold had rendered its employment necessary. What had become of it? Had it been jolted out in the ruts of the "dirt-road" or the ridges of the "corduroy"? Or had it been stolen while our vehicle was left unprotected during our picnic on the steeps of Shawinegan? No one could tell. The driver could give no information, but admitted that during the whole time we were absent at the Falls he was either busy with his own dinner or that of his horses, and that he had left the carriage and its various contents of shawls and overcoats without supervision. On mentioning the loss to the courteous French Canadian gentleman, the resident agent at Three Rivers of the lumberers of St. Maurice, and hinting that there were but two ways in which the missing article could have gone astray, and that it was just possible that it might have proved too great a temptation for some poor *habitant*, male or female, to resist, his countenance grew suddenly dark. "Oh no," he said, with serious emphasis, "you must not say that. You do not know our people. There is not so honest a people in the world. There is not, and never was, and never will be, a thief, young or old, big or little, male or female, among them. If you dropped a purse of gold on the highway, the finder would immediately take it to the *curé* of the parish for restitution to the owner. Oh

no. The shawl is lost, and will be found. Leave the affair to me. You must not leave Three Rivers with a suspicion on your mind that there could be any dishonesty among our poor, our good *habitans*."

I must own that I felt quite ashamed of myself, and endeavoured to soothe his wounded pride by every excuse and apology I could think of. Having given him a precise description of the missing article, I added that I would cheerfully pay a reward of as many dollars as he might name to the finder. This offer had well-nigh made matters worse. "A reward for doing right! Oh *no*," he added, "that is not our way in Canada. You must not think of such a thing." I saw that I was wrong again; and he saw, also, that I was sorry, and generously forgave me. Two days afterwards the plaid was returned with the compliments of the *curé* of St. Etienne, and a note stating that it had been found by a young girl in the road, and brought to him the same evening for restitution to the owner. With that base feeling so common among Britons that money is the best and only recompense for a good action, I was anxious to send the good *curé* a few dollars as a contribution towards the infant-school —if there were one—or the poor-box, or the hospital. "Do nothing of the kind," said the merchant of Three Rivers; "why attempt to spoil and demoralise a good and simple people? You might as well reward them for eating their dinners

with a good appetite, as for performing what to them appears a matter of the simplest duty." So the money was not sent, and I came away from the villages of the *habitans* with the impression, which time is not likely to efface, that a happier and more innocent people was not easily to be found on the face of the new Continent, or the old one either.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ADVENTURE IN MONTREAL.

SHORTLY after my visit to Three Rivers, and my return to Montreal, a stirring episode, growing out of the American war, occurred in that city, which for the moment absorbed the attention of the public, and excited a feeling the reverse of friendly to the Federal Government. Happily it ended well for all parties except the guilty, and happily the Federal Government disavowed all connection with it as soon as the facts became known.

Two Southern gentlemen, Mr. George N. Sanders, of Kentucky, and Mr. Beverley Tucker, of Virginia—forlorn and stranded remnants of the once great Southern Confederacy—were then residents of Montreal, where they were quietly living under the protection of the British flag. President Johnson, ill-advised by Mr. Secretary Stanton—and, perhaps, in a moment of alarm and irritation at the dastardly murder of President Lincoln, accused these gentlemen of complicity in the crime,

and put a price of 25,000 dollars upon each of their heads.

No one believed that either of them had the slightest foreknowledge of, or sympathy with, the murder; and no one, whether lawyer or layman, reading the voluminous evidence of the perjured and suborned scoundrels with many aliases, who testified before the military tribunal at Washington, could discover a scintilla of proof that, collectively or individually, they knew more of the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln than President Johnson. Messrs. Tucker and Sanders no sooner heard of the charge against them than they offered to return to the United States, and meet it, provided the Government would guarantee their personal safety pending the investigation, and secure them an impartial trial before a judge and jury.

The offer was not accepted, and the exiles remained on British territory, content to know that on that soil they were as safe as Louis Napoleon Buonaparte had been in Switzerland, or in London, or as any European fugitive from political vengeance would be in New York or Philadelphia, or that, if demanded by the Federal Government under the Extradition Treaty, the demand would have to be supported by such evidence of their complicity in assassination as would satisfy the legal authorities of Canada that there was a fair presumption of their guilt. Of

this there was no prospect. The danger was that, as long as the proclamation against them remained uncancelled, the rowdyism of the States might produce ruffians in sufficient numbers to attempt their forcible abduction for sake of the reward.

Nor was the danger illusory. A party of desperadoes, two of them a father and son of the name of Blossom, from Auburn, in Maine; two brothers named Adams, from the Canadian frontier; and four or five from New York and Washington, arrived in Montreal, and distributed themselves among the minor hotels and boarding-houses of the city, carefully avoiding the St. Lawrence Hall, where, from the general publicity of the place, they were more likely to attract notice and suspicion. They matured their plans, which were, first, for the abduction of Mr. Sanders, and, secondly, of Mr. Tucker, very quietly and, as they imagined, very skilfully.

Their leader, Blossom, who passed under the alias of Hogan, appeared to be bountifully supplied with money, and freely distributed it among the conspirators. Casting about for that Canadian aid without which they feared their scheme might fail, they fell in with one O'Leary, formerly a detective in the Montreal police, but who, for some venial error, had forfeited his position, and was without the means of livelihood.

To him they cautiously communicated their

plans, and, finding him well disposed, offered him the sum of 10,000 dollars, to be paid by the Federal Government as soon as Mr. Sanders was safely lodged in the gaol of Washington. They furthermore informed him that the Federal Government was determined to secure that person; that he was intriguing from Montreal with the leading opponents of Mr. Johnson's Administration in the States; that, next to Mr. Jefferson Davis, he was considered the most important capture that could be made; and that the Government had raised the price put upon his head to 50,000 dollars, which large sum was to be further supplemented by 25,000 dollars, the personal contribution of a New York millionaire, who had made a large fortune by contracts with the Government during the war. They also promised O'Leary any position in the police service of the Government at Washington which he might desire.

O'Leary, apparently dazzled by these magnificent terms, accepted—but not so gladly as to excite suspicion—and the bargain was solemnly sealed, *more Americano*, by a drink at the nearest bar. O'Leary, however, had a game of his own to play. He knew himself to be an able detective, and preferred honourable reinstatement in his old position in the Montreal police, and the good opinion of his fellow-subjects and old companions, to the 10,000 dollars in greenbacks, or any other

blood-money, to be won at the expense of innocent men.

He accordingly communicated the whole scheme to Mr. Penton, chief of police, and a little counter-plot was arranged between them, by which, if Mr. Sanders could be induced to play a part, they hoped to capture the whole gang. The scheme was unfolded to Mr. Sanders by O'Leary, and, though attended with extreme risk to that gentleman's life, had it failed in the smallest particular, was approved by him, on consultation with Mr. Tucker, two of the magistrates of the city, and other personal friends.

It was proposed by Blossom and his confederates that O'Leary should call upon Mr. Sanders in a carriage, with a pretended message from the Recorder, and persuade him to enter. This done, the rest would be easy, and the prize would be won. A fast horse was to be purchased for the purpose, and one of the gang, in the guise of an ordinary cabman, was to act as driver. After proceeding a short distance, the vehicle was to be stopped by three other conspirators posted by the wayside to await its coming, who were to jump in, throw O'Leary out, gag and manacle Mr. Sanders to prevent outcry and resistance, and then rattle away as fast as horseflesh could carry them to Lachine, where a boat was to be in readiness, under charge of a crew of Indians,

handsomely paid for their services, to ferry them across the St. Lawrence to Caughnawaga, where another batch of conspirators was to be in attendance, with horses and vehicles, to drive into Federal territory, near Rouses's Point.

The weak part in the case was the honesty of O'Leary. If, instead of betraying, he were true to the conspirators, and took any other road than the one indicated to the police, Mr. Sanders was a doomed man. Mr. Penton, however, answered for O'Leary's fidelity, and Mr. Sanders resolved to trust himself in their hands. At 8 o'clock one Monday evening, O'Leary called, as agreed, at the house of Mr. Sanders. Mr. Sanders entered the carriage without hesitation, and with all the air of innocent unsuspicion, and in less than a minute afterwards the three conspirators stopped the vehicle, threw O'Leary out, and clapped a pair of manacles on Mr. Sanders's wrist.

"That d——d scoundrel O'Leary has betrayed me!" said Sanders.

Blossom immediately drew forth a gag and attempted to force it into the month of the prisoner.

"There is no necessity to gag me," said Sanders; "I am betrayed and helpless, and will make no resistance."

The conspirators had humanity enough to forego the gagging, and the carriage drove on towards

Lachine, at what Sanders, in recounting the story to me, called a "John Gilpin" rate. On arriving at the toll-bar the gate was shut. The driver lashed the horse to break through the obstruction, and the animal stumbled and fell. In an instant Mr. Penton and his assistant, Mr. Tetu, with a strong body of police, aided by Mr. Beverley Tucker and his son, who had been sworn in as special constables for the occasion, sprang upon the conspirators.

Seeing that the biters were bit, and that, to use the expression of their leader Blossom, they were "infernally sold," they leapt from the vehicle, driver and all, and took refuge in an adjoining oat-field, in which the crop was four feet high. From this ambush they fired at least half-a-dozen shots upon the police, which the latter returned. No blood, however, was shed on either side, and, in less than a quarter of an hour after Mr. Sanders had entered the carriage, the whole party of conspirators, except those stationed at Lachine and the driver, were captured, and Mr. Sanders released. Three others were afterwards captured at Lachine by a detachment of the force specially detailed for the purpose by Mr. Penton.

On searching the persons of the kidnappers, photographic portraits of Sanders and Tucker were found on the persons of each, considerable sums of money, and letters, tending to prove that the

Federal authorities at Washington had cognizance of the scheme. Blossom wore upon his breast, concealed by his overcoat, the silver badge of a Deputy Provost-Marshal of the United States, which badge, together with the correspondence, the greenbacks, the gag, and the manacles, remained as trophies of the bloodless but spirited encounter.

The utmost satisfaction was expressed at the result in Montreal, and great praise was bestowed upon O'Leary, Mr. Penton, and the police, for the adroitness with which the affair was managed. Nor was due credit withheld from Mr. Sanders for the coolness he displayed in the transaction; for, had the conspirators suspected even at the last moment that he had acted as a decoy, it is highly probable that one at least of the ruffians might have aimed a revolver at his heart, instead of firing at random upon the police.

The attempt to kidnap was, it appears, only a misdemeanour, punishable with fine and imprisonment for two years, whereas the firing upon the police in the execution of their duty was a more serious matter, which, at the option of the Judge, might be punished with imprisonment for life. The criminals in this case escaped with the minor degree of punishment.

A Visit to President Lincoln.

A few months before the cruel murder of President Lincoln, I attended one of his *levées* in Washington. Once, and once only in my life, I was presented to my sovereign and had the honour of kissing the royal hand. Nobody has a higher respect for the personal character of the Queen of Great Britain than I have; but I have no respect for the barbarous and cumbrous formalities of state and ceremony with which the sovereigns of my country have, during many centuries, thought fit to surround themselves—perhaps I ought to say with which they have been surrounded by the old-fogeyism of heralds and Heralds' Colleges, and gold and silver sticks-in-waiting, and ushers of this rod and the other rod, and lords chamberlain and mistresses of the robes, and other trumperies of the like kind.

When I attended the royal *levée*, and was presented, upwards of thirty years ago, I had to dress myself in the garb of a flunkey, or something very like it. I was not privileged to wear military or naval costume, or even the costume of a deputy-lieutenant. I was not entitled to wear horsehair on

my head in the shape of a forensic wig, or the robes of a judge or an advocate, or of an alderman or lord mayor ; so, as I said, I dressed like a lackey, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckles on my shoes, a waistcoat like that of a harlequin—if harlequins wear waistcoats—and a claret-coloured coat cut in the style of the last century. In addition, I wore a sword, which got provokingly between my legs—the result of my unfamiliarity with the instrument—and had to pay for the hire of the disguise the sum of seven guineas.

I fancied, as I toiled my weary way through the over-crowded room, elbowed by judges, barristers, admirals, generals, dukes, marquises, lords, baronets, knights, members of the Commons, city magnates, country gentlemen—not any of them more polite or courteous in the pressure of the crowd than as multitudinous a mob of costermongers might have been, had it been my ill-fortune to be squeezed among them—I felt that I had never been more uncomfortable or more humiliated.

How different was my presentation to Mr. Lincoln!—a plain, homely, tall, gaunt, jocose, but very sad-looking man, who received me without ceremony in my ordinary walking-costume, and gave me a shake of the hand which I thought would have wrenched it from my wrist, and which I felt in my arm for a long time afterwards. On

calling for Mr. Lincoln at the White House, the man who answered my ring at the door looked at my card, and said the President was at home and engaged with Mr. Seward, but that I could walk up. I walked up, or rather he showed me up.

"Glad to see you," said the President.

"Glad to see you, Sir," said Mr. Seward; "and more than glad. The President and I are in somewhat of a fix; perhaps you can help us out of it."

What the "fix" was he did not stop to explain at the time, though he explained it afterwards. Mr. Seward was very argumentative, very loquacious, very much addicted to awkward sallies of wit or humour, or something that seemed to him to be either or both. Mr. Lincoln won my heart by his honest simplicity, his unaffected good-nature, his broad, frank, sturdy common-sense, and the merry twinkle that sometimes lit up his usually sad eyes and grave countenance.

I am not going to detail private conversations; but I could gather from all that Mr. Lincoln said, whether it were in jest or in earnest, that he had a painful sense of the heavy responsibility that destiny and the votes of his fellow-countrymen had cast upon his shoulders, and that he by no means shared the almost boyish hopes of Mr. Seward as to the speedy restoration of the Union by the subjugation of the South. I may add that the

"fix" Mr. Seward spoke of was a military difficulty which had presented itself to his mind with regard to the army of the Potomac, that I was utterly incompetent to discuss or even to understand it, and that I was amazed that such a matter should have been mentioned to a stranger, or to anyone not a member of the Cabinet. But, as Solomon says, "Great men are not always wise."

Mr. Seward informed me that the President would hold a *levée*, or public reception, at twelve o'clock that day, and that, if I would be present, either as the friend of the President and stand at his side, or as one of the crowd, whichever I preferred, I might see and study to advantage the free-and-easy manner in which the sovereign of a free people received his fellow-citizens, as compared with the absurd state and formality with which hereditary sovereigns, ruling the people by virtue of their dead fathers and grandfathers, received their subjects.

"We have no subjects here," added Mr. Seward; "or, rather, we are *all* subjects—subjects of the law, and of the law alone."

"For the matter of that," I replied, "it is the same in Great Britain. Our Queen, who talks of her 'subjects' in proclamations and other formal documents, is herself a subject—subject, as you say, to the law, which she may not break without taking the very disagreeable consequences. But

we will not discuss that point. I like *your* system, and shall be delighted to attend the President's *levée* and stand at his side; not that I would not be just as well pleased to mix with the multitude and take my chance among them, except for the fact that I should not in that case see so much of what I want to see. So, Mr. President," I added, turning to Mr. Lincoln, "if you will permit me to be one of your suite, I shall be grateful for the privilege."

"One of my *what*?" asked Mr. Lincoln, suddenly.

"One of your *suite*—or, if your Excellency likes the word better, one of your circle."

"Oh! I see now," he replied; "but excuse me for not understanding *Latin*. I never had much schooling, and I am too old now to learn anything but the mother tongue; and I rather flatter myself that I can make myself understood in it, and can say what I mean as plainly as any man living. But you English beat us hollow in languages. We Americans are content to talk the language of the Bible, and of old John Bunyan, and of Benjamin Franklin, one of the plainest speakers of all. But time 's up. We must be moving. Come along! I must not keep the public waiting."

"Punctuality is the politeness of princes and of presidents," said I, with an alliteration which was wholly unpremeditated.

Mr. Seward smiled, and said in his most gracious manner: "You are quite a courtier, and would shine in *dye-plomacy*."

I pledge the reader my word of honour that he pronounced the word as I have written it. I have subsequently heard many Americans do the same. But let that pass. I am an observer of small things as well as of great, and recognize the fact that the noble English language is in danger of deterioration in America. I have heard Americans call Italy *Eye*-taly, and engine and machine, en-*gyne* and ma-*chyne*. Not that this corruption signifies much, if people understand and adopt it. All I have to say is, that I do not like it.

I followed Mr. Lincoln to the reception-room. Mr. Seward accompanied us. We found Mrs. Lincoln ready to join in our little procession, she on her part being accompanied by the private secretary of the President. A minute after Mr. Lincoln had taken the place appointed for him, and we had all ranged ourselves about him—like planets around a central sun—the doors were opened and the crowd rushed in. There were no gold sticks, no silver sticks, no sticks of any kind to introduce the sovereign to his makers; nothing but the President face to face with the people. But such a crowd! I love my fellow-creatures as well as most men when I have occasion to think of them in the concrete; but to meet them in the

concrete, or the aggregate, or in the shape of a rushing, roaring, selfish multitude, when each man or woman thinks or acts upon the thought, "Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost!" I do not think I love them. I do not even think I like them.

I thought, as I saw the vast amount of hand-shaking that was inflicted upon Mr. Lincoln—and the equally vast amount that he inflicted upon others—that it was hard work to be a popular President of the United States. The Queen of England can choose her company, but the President cannot. Anybody or everybody is free to present himself, in any costume he pleases, to the chief magistrate and to shake hands with him, without an introduction, or so much as the announcement of his name. I was told that the President's customary receptions on the first day of the New Year were far more remarkable as a study of national manners than an ordinary *levée* such as the one at which I assisted; but the scene before me was quite peculiar enough to justify me in considering it remarkable.

This plain, simple man represented one of the most powerful nations of the earth—a man who, without any particular ability or virtue or claim to pre-eminence, had been selected out of the multitude to fill the highest place; who, before the votes were recorded in his favour, was a

nobody, and who would become a nobody once again as soon as his term of office expired. And to this man came all those other men—equally eligible as himself to fill such high station—to pay their respects in their working-dresses, and many of them with the grime of their trades on their hands and habiliments.

With some of them the President merely shook hands, making the weaker ones wince in the vice-like grasp that he gave them. I fancied two or three times that he had a pleasure in thus punishing a few people for whom he had more or less dislike—punishing them in the guise of extreme cordiality, which they could no more resent than a dog could, if you hit him on the head with a meaty bone which you afterwards kindly presented to him.

Among the company who paid their respects to the chief magistrate on this occasion were the lively little Irish boy who had blacked my boots in the morning; a German head-waiter at Willard's; the clerk at the hotel; and a whole host of roughs and "rowdies." Among these were intermixed civil and military functionaries, clerks in the public offices, contractors *in esse* and *in posse*, members of Congress, and whole squads of people, who, if they had been Britons and in London, would no more have thought of presenting themselves before the sovereign than of committing murder. But this, I

thought, was in the true spirit of democracy. This was liberty—this was equality—this was fraternity. And when at last the crowd had passed out and the last hand had been shaken, Mr. Lincoln turned to me and said: "I 'm glad this is over. Come to my private room and take a drink." I went with him and took a drink; and he told me a funny story about General Butler, which I do not feel myself at liberty to repeat. Altogether, I was very favourably impressed with Mr. Lincoln—not with his manners, but with his heart and intellect.

A Meeting of Congress.

I afterwards attended a sitting of the House of Representatives with a member, and proposed on the next day to attend a meeting of the Senate, accompanied by the same guide and monitor. The English House of Commons is more or less of a democratic assembly, but the first appearance of the House of Representatives was to my mind decidedly aristocratic. An air of order, quiet, and respectability pervaded the whole place. The members did not sit with their hats on, as is the custom in Westminster; neither was there any unseemly pushing or scrambling to secure places. Each member had his own seat, with a convenient writing-desk before him, in which to keep his papers, documents, and writing materials.

I noticed also that there was a goodly sprinkle of lads from eleven or twelve to fourteen years of age, dressed in a neat uniform, stationed at various parts of the hall, who acted as pages or messengers, and were at the call of any member who chose to summon them to deliver his missives either inside or outside of the House. I could not at first understand the utility or necessity of this arrangement, but saw it at once when I was informed that many of the members transacted

legal, literary, and other business in the House, instead of listening to the speeches, and used the paper of Congress for writing editorial articles, letters, or despatches to the newspapers of the various cities of the Union, or the places which they represented.

The bulk of the members, especially since the temporary disruption of the Union by the Civil War, and the consequent disappearance from Congress of the wealthy cotton-planters and slave-owners of the South, were poor men, mostly lawyers on the look-out for business, to whom the pay of a Member of Congress was all-essential as a means of subsistence, and who were very glad, in addition to this, to earn a few extra dollars by literary or political writing, and other newspaper work.

I was introduced to the Speaker, who seemed to me to be very much like an auctioneer, as he wielded his little hammer and struck it at intervals on his desk, just as an auctioneer does when he knocks down an article to the highest bidder. This little hammer was continually in motion, either to command silence or to add emphasis to some formality or other that had been or was about to be accomplished, though I could not exactly, if at all, understand the reasons of its apparently preternatural activity. I observed that he wore no portentous wig and robes like our stately functionary at home, and that there was no mace

or other "bauble," as Cromwell called it, before him on the table.

I was also admitted to the "privilege of the floor"—in other words, to free entrance in and out of the House, just as if I had been a member without a vote. In this respect the Americans are always courteous to strangers, and do not fence round the deliberations of the Legislature with obstructive fictions such as that which in England allows a member to call the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there are strangers present, and to clear the said strangers out, whether they be ladies, diplomatists, peers, or reporters. Strangers are always present in Congress, and large and commodious galleries are especially set apart for their reception; and the time, it is to be hoped, will come when the British Parliament will imitate the example, and not only admit, but accommodate the public, reserving to itself the right, by a vote of the whole House on special occasions, to close its doors when public expediency or necessity justifies the proceeding.

As nothing particular was going on, and as the Member of Congress who acted as my guide was becoming thirsty, and invited me to the customary drink—which, though I did not want, I knew too much of the customs of the country to refuse to partake with him—we adjourned for a while to the refreshment-room or bar of the House, where

the "Captain"—such the bar-tender or man behind the counter seems always to be called—compounded for us a couple of mint juleps.

"One thing," said I, in sipping the cooling mixture, "strikes me as singular, and that is, why the House should call its chairman or president the 'Speaker.' Do you know the reason?"

"It is because you have a Speaker in England," he replied.

"That answer does not meet the case. We have a Queen, and may have a King in England, and you won't imitate our example in that, I suppose?"

"I calculate not," said the member; "though the time may come when we may have to appoint a military dictator. But what 's your objection to the word Speaker?"

"My objection to the word is that it represents a state of things which never existed in your country. Our 'Speaker' was so called, in the early period of our parliamentary history, because he, and he only, had the right to *speak* to the sovereign on behalf of the Commons. The name is a relic of the days when, as a people, we were just beginning to feel that we were not politically free, but were determined to become so, and the Parliament, beginning to feel its power, nominated its president to *speak* to the King, and speak plainly, to the effect that, if he did not

redress grievances, Parliament would not vote him any money."

"I thank you for the information, which I must confess is new to me. We can't call our Speaker the President, because we have another officer who monopolises the title. We might, perhaps, call him the chairman. But, after all, we 're used to calling him the 'Speaker,' and I must confess I am conservative enough to wish to retain the title."

"There is no harm," I said, "in the title, though I rather wonder that you should have adopted it. But there is one thing—nay, two things—which I admire in your congressional modes of proceeding. If I am rightly informed, you do not allow a bore to inflict his weariness upon you; you limit the duration of his speech by the hour-glass; and, if a bore is overmuch of a bore, you can get rid of him without the expedient of counting out the House, and thus losing a day that may be urgently required for practical legislation."

"You are rightly informed," said my guide; "if the gentleman from Buncombe (you would call him the honourable member for Buncombe) wants to inflict his long-winded and vapid eloquence upon the House, the House can escape the nuisance by simply telling him that his speech, which he holds in his hand, will be accepted as read or spoken, and that he may send the manuscript forthwith to the *Congressional Globe*, the official reporter of the

proceedings of the Legislature of the United States. Thus both parties are satisfied. Business proceeds, and the unspoken speech is printed, and reaches the people of Buncombe, and anybody else who chooses to waste his time by reading it."

"We also ought to have an official record of our debates, though I dread to think how much money it would cost if the full flood of the eloquence of our garrulous mediocrities were let loose upon the land—unless it were at the expense of the offending orator, which might help to mitigate, if it could not remove, the evil. We have members of our Parliament who could spout twelve closely-printed columns of the *Times*, and think nothing of the feat, if anybody would listen to or report them."

"And we have members of Congress who could double the quantity, aye, and treble it, if we had not wisely clipped the wings of their verbosity by the scissors of Time—or, if you don't like the metaphor—if we had not limited them, and pressed them down by the inexorable sand of the hour-glass."

"Very good, and a rule to be much commended. Have you such an officer as a 'whip'?" I inquired.

"A whip!" said my guide; "what 's a whip? America whips all creation, as everybody knows; but I suppose that is not what *you* mean."

"A whip," I replied, "is a useful, in fact an indispensable public functionary with us."

"*Unde derivatur* the name?"

"His name is derived from the hunting-field. He whips the dogs, the whelps, the curs, and hounds of party together, so that they may all yell and bark or vote together in the service of the minister, and that the party in power may not be unexpectedly outnumbered by the Opposition. Both the ins and the outs have their whip. The whip must know the temper and the habits, the weak points and the strong points, the vices and the virtues, of every dog in the pack. He must know when and where they pipe or bark, when and where they dance, where they eat, where they drink, where they sleep, and how he may summon them by his whistle or his whip, at a moment's notice, to come to the aid, or it may be to the rescue, of his party."

"We need no such 'cuss' in our politics. When one party 's in, it is in for four years certain. Our President is his own prime minister, and can't be turned out before the expiry of his term by any vote of Congress, unless by impeachment or revolution—two tools that are apt to cut the fingers or throats of those who use them. So we don't want the thing you call a 'whip'; he would be of no use to us—and, what 's more, our Congress-men, dogs or no dogs, would not submit to have such a

varlet continually at their heels to pry either into their time or their occupations, or to be at his beck and call irrespective of their own convenience."

"But I am a student, you know, and have come to America to learn. Is it not a flaw in your constitution, a defect in the working, that a minority, changing itself by degrees into a majority, has, when a majority, no ready means to rid itself of an obnoxious President, in case of his departure from the straight line of his duty? Our Palmerston is a popular minister—he is virtually President; Gladstone is a power in the State, because he can make the worse appear the better reason; but our House of Commons could get rid of either of them in a week, if they rendered themselves unpalatable to the majority, and that, too, with the greatest ease, and without the slightest wrench of the political machinery."

"We all know that, and shall amend in time —if revolution and a military autocracy do not supersede the present order of things, and make a clean sweep of our present corruptions and anomalies by the introduction of new and possibly worse corruptions and anomalies than those which now beset us. There 's Mr. Seward, now, a worse wind-bag than even your Mr. Gladstone, who is as unpopular and, I think, as inefficient a minister as ever existed; yet the country must endure him

for the remainder of Mr. Lincoln's term—if Mr. Lincoln has made up his mind to put up with him for so long a period. Upon the whole, I prefer your system to ours, only we want a king at the top of it and can't have him."

"And wouldn't have him if you could?"

"There 's nothing to make him of; *ex nihilo nihil fit.* I am not such an optimist as I once was, and think I am mellowing, and ripening, and developing into a pessimist, especially when I recognize and deplore the fact, as I oftentimes do, that all systems of government, despotic or free, are bad and imperfect, just because human nature is bad and imperfect. You can't make a good machine with bad iron; you can't set up a good government if bad men are to work it."

"My friend," said I, "the ancients held that it was a crime to despair of the republic."

"The ancients were 'poor shotes,'" replied he, "and their republics were not republics, but aristocracies playing antics under the guise of democracies. But come; let us visit the Senate and the Supreme Court, both of which are now sitting, and take a further peep into the workings of our system before we discuss it any further, either to condemn or to extol it."

In the Senate.

The Senate of the United States is not a numerous body, but it is a very high and important one. Before the outbreak of the Civil War, when every State in the Union, great or small, sent its two delegates or senators, elected for six years, but not simultaneously, the number of members was under seventy. In 1864, when eleven of the Southern States were unrepresented, the number was diminished by twenty-two. I found that my guide—a Jeffersonian, or "straight-out" democrat, and a sturdy opponent of the party in power (the Republican, or Black Republican party, as he called it, on account of the use it made of the negro, his rights and his wrongs, in freedom and in slavery)—was a strong supporter of a project for the reform of the Senate, which had been broached in the democratic journals, and found great favour with all the opponents of the war.

The six New England States—the very focus and fountain of the abolition movement—the States that were most furious and persistent in the cry for the subjugation by fire and sword of the rebellious South—as hot-headed, every one of

them, as George III. and his administration were for the subjugation of the Thirteen States under the illustrious Washington — illustrious because successful — provided the Senate with twelve members; and these twelve, acting together, could and did control the deliberations of that body. Seeing that these six States, if united into one, would not form a State so large as New York or Pennsylvania, the project was to unite them, under the name of New England, and so deprive them of ten votes in the Senate.

"But," said I, after my friend had explained the matter to me as we proceeded towards the Senate-chamber, "would not this be a revolutionary act, and contrary to that principle of State rights on which the Union is based?"

"No doubt," he replied; "but there are no longer any State rights. The Republican party, by making war upon the South, has made war upon and denied the right of the several States to judge and act for themselves. Besides, if Congress can make two States out of one, as it has done by the creation of the new State of Western Virginia from a portion of the illustrious State of old Virginia, Congress can, by a similar exercise of power, transform six little States into one large one. Do you admit that?"

"Oh, yes; I admit it in theory; but I don't think that, whatever may be the issues of this war,

you will succeed in a scheme so revolutionary; and against which you would unite a clear majority of the present Senate, and, if the Union were re-established, of any succeeding Senate that it would be possible to elect."

"We shall try, though," rejoined he. "The New England States are the bane of our politics; they are more troublesome to us than Ireland is to you; and I wish with all my heart they had carried out their threats of a dozen or twenty years ago, and annexed themselves to Canada."

On arrival at the Senate, we went up first to the gallery reserved for the public, but were speedily summoned down by a senator to whom our cards had been transmitted by a messenger, and accorded, as we had been in the House of Representatives, the honours of "the floor." A fine, tall, handsome, powerful-looking man was speaking in a loud, clear voice, and seemed to command the close attention of his audience, not merely by his oratory—which was of a high order—but by his personal character and position.

"That," said my guide to me, "is the virtual dictator of the Senate—one of the most remarkable men in our country, Sir; a man of the highest talent, Sir, which he has devoted to the most detestable purposes—a very fire-brand of hatred and bigotry, and the most blatant war-preacher who ever hounded on one section of a people to

murder the other. That, Sir, is Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts—one of three or four zealots whose memory will go down to posterity as the real authors of secession, and all the horrors of this horrible war."

I looked on the face and form of Mr. Charles Sumner with the greatest interest. I was somewhat surprised to find that he was a man of very robust proportions and magnificent *physique*, remembering as I did the ferocious assault made upon him, some years previously, in the Senate, by a Southern politician of the name of Brooks, who was represented at the time as a small and slender person. I learned from my friend that the outrage took Mr. Sumner unawares—that, as he was writing at his desk, he was struck from behind a violent blow with a cane upon the head, and rendered insensible before he could grapple with his assailant, for whom he would have been much more than a match if they had met face to face.

"I forget what, if any, provocation Mr. Sumner gave to his cowardly assailant," I whispered.

"He slandered the Southern ladies 'wholesale and retail'; and the ladies found a champion in Mr. Brooks. But Brooks was a coward. I give him up, and have nothing further to say of him, except that, if I had undertaken, as he did, to champion the virtue of ladies unjustly maligned, I would not have done as he did, but would have

challenged the slanderer to mortal combat—in fair duel—and would have shot him through the heart, unless he first shot *me*."

Mr. Sumner filled the high office in the Senate of Chairman of Committee on Foreign Relations, and was in all foreign and many domestic respects a greater power in the State than Mr. Lincoln, or either of his secretaries. The speech he was making at the time I entered struck me as particularly unreasonable, and accused both the people and Government of Great Britain of the vague crime of want of sympathy with the North, in what the orator called its "holy and sublime" contest with the South.

He predicted, in passionate phraseology, the coming day of retribution, when Great Britain would find herself overwhelmed with peril and calamity, and in danger of conquest by the Powers of Europe, in which day, if she looked for either aid or sympathy to the United States, she would look in vain, and if she perished, would perish unregretted.

This struck me as particularly unfair and unjust, inasmuch as the British Government at this very time allowed the North, without let or hindrance, to supply herself in British ports with arms and munitions of war—with everything, in fact, that the United States required, besides providing the Northern armies with Irish immigrants in countless

numbers to do the main part of the fighting required for the prosecution of the war. All these privileges were denied to the South, which could not procure arms or munitions, or even an ounce of quinine for its hospitals, unless by means of blockade-runners, who took all the adverse chances of their illegal trade, or by means of "Alabamas" and "Shenandoahs," and other craft, that set international law at defiance, and whom it was free to the United States to capture and destroy, with all on board, whether British subjects or not, if they could do so, without opposition or even remonstrance from Great Britain, or any other Power in the world.

On the whole, although I greatly admired Mr. Sumner as an orator, I came to the conclusion that he was a very poor logician, and allowed his prejudices to get the better of his reason in the most absurd manner. Before I heard him speak I was of opinion, judging from his high character and reputation, his great accomplishments, his varied learning and long study of politics, in his own country and abroad, that the United States would have possessed in him, had the votes of the people so ordained, one of the most illustrious of their Presidents. After his speech, before I left the Senate-chamber, I came to the conclusion that plain, blunt, warm-hearted, homely, uneducated Abraham Lincoln, without a tithe of his

abilities, or a hundredth part of his pretensions, was a far better man for the position.

Musing on this, I said to my friend: "Do you think, as a rule, that very able and intellectual men are of the stuff of which good politicians are made?"

"Decidedly not," he replied. "It is your very clever men who wreck the ship of the State if they attempt to steer it. If there are rocks ahead, your over-clever men despise the rocks, as things that in theory have no right to be there, and drive over them; your cautious, dull man does not despise the rocks, acknowledges the disagreeable fact of their existence, and keeps out of their way. It is my opinion that, if the world only contained clever men and women and no fools, and none but heavy, solid—or, as one may say, stolid—people to keep the peace between them, the human race would arrive at a catastrophe such as that which befell the Kilkenny cats."

"Then you acknowledge that it may be a good thing, after all, that your Presidents are men who come to the surface unexpectedly, as Mr. Lincoln has done; that they are good, plain, humble people, of no particular talent beyond that of sitting quietly in the high seat of honour to which circumstances have drifted them, and who possess the one great quality of letting well alone."

"I admit it thoroughly," replied my guide,

"though it rather riles me at times to think that mediocrity is better than superiority in the government of a great and free country."

A Visit to Chief Justice Chase.

My friend the Member of Congress, and I, went to the Chief Justice's reception, in that full evening costume which assimilates waiters, clergymen, and gentlemen, in one dull uniformity of bad taste, and makes it difficult, except by personal acquaintance and information, to distinguish one from the other. We found his modest house—modest, though one of the best in Washington—crowded with a very distinguished company, of whom fully one-half were ladies. The honours of the evening were well and graciously done by the Chief Justice's daughter.

I was, before many minutes had passed, introduced to a very great number of senators, Members of Congress, generals, colonels, judges, governors, and foreign ambassadors; but my attention was so engrossed with the Chief Justice himself, that I thought but little of the crowd by whom he was

surrounded. Mr. Salmond Portland Chase—such was his name—was a man who had just passed, or was closely approaching, the grand climacteric. Tall, solid—I may say heavy—of dark, almost sallow complexion, and a clear, full, searching eye. He reminded me of what somebody said of Lord Thurlow, that he must be more or less of an impostor, inasmuch as it was morally impossible for any man to be so wise as he looked. I knew —as all the world did—something of his early history and struggles, and thought of him as one who had rightly merited the aid of Heaven, by the brave heart with which he had aided himself, and walked through life unsullied, achieving the highest objects of a legitimate ambition without performing a mean, unworthy, or questionable act. Early adversity either makes or mars a man, and it had made, not marred, the Chief Justice.

> Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
> Who ne'er through silent midnight hours
> Weeping upon his bed hath sate;
> He knows you not, ye heavenly powers!

Mr. Chase had evidently known the "heavenly powers," and profited by their teaching.

Mr. Chase, as Finance Minister, had occupied so distinguished a place in the councils of his country and the estimation of the world, as manager of that vast system of paper money

which enabled the Northern States to purchase and pay soldiers to subdue the South, that I wondered why he should have accepted what I thought was the inferior position of Chief Justice. But this was sheer ignorance on my part, for the Supreme Court is, in reality, as supreme as its name implies, can over-ride even the decrees of Congress, if these be unconstitutional. The chief of the court is a far more important personage than the President himself, and, once appointed, holds his place for life, far above the storms of party, irremovable, and almost unassailable.

Appointed by their party for party purposes, the judges of the Supreme Court have invariably distinguished themselves by the great ability and the dignified impartiality with which they have performed their duties. This much must be said in justice to the judicial system of the United States, as a set-off to the charges, unfortunately too serious and too well-founded, that have been and are continually brought against the popularly-elected judges of the inferior Courts.

My conversation with Mr. Chase on this and on subsequent occasions, when he honoured me by friendly, social intercourse, at his own table or at mine, took a financial rather than a legal direction. The vast system of paper money which he had organized and worked with consummate success, the "five-twenty" and the "seven-thirty" bonds, as

they were called, and the inundation of the country with the notes popularly known as "greenbacks," was a subject of extreme interest to me; and my discussing it with Mr. Chase but confirmed me in a previous impression: that no truly great or colossal work, either of peace or war, could be carried to completion on a strictly gold basis. That gold was a mere commodity, just as bread, or beef, or cotton were commodities, was abundantly proved from the very outbreak of the American war; that, as a commodity, its value rose and fell, just as the value of bread, beef, cotton, &c., rose and fell, according to scarcity or demand; and that the endeavour to reconcile the two characters of gold—the one as a commodity, and the other as money or circulating medium—persisted in by Great Britain, was a constant source of financial difficulty, too often followed by panic.

I could understand, too, that if the United States, under the auspices of Mr. Chase, had not issued upon its credit all the paper currency that it needed for the purchase of recruits, of horses and mules, of powder and shot, of arms and munitions, and the daily food of half a million or three quarters of a million of combatants, and had obstinately stuck to the British principle of issuing no paper money not immediately convertible into gold, and the Southern States had adopted the contrary practice, the North would have been over-

run and conquered in six months, and the Union divided into at least four hostile fragments. Great Britain fought France, and subsidised all Europe, in the gigantic wars of the first French Revolution, not with gold, but with paper—paper that could buy gold, just as it could buy everything else, men and ships, and the wherewithal, both in food and powder, to keep men and ships in fighting order.

And moreover, as I said to Mr. Chase, suppose there were not an ounce of gold left in the world, would the world be any the poorer, if the sun shone, the rains fell, the earth yielded its fruits, and men put forth their energies as they do now to make bountiful Mother Earth their provider? It is, in fact, a species of idolatry, very profitable to the priests—that is to say, to bankers, usurers, and bill-discounters—to worship gold, and exalt it to the sovereignty of the world. Without iron, the world would certainly be poorer; but as regards gold, all other conditions of life and nature being exactly what they now are, its utter annihilation would not make any real difference to a single human creature.

This was my idea at the time; this is my idea now. The Government of Great Britain owes, or is supposed to owe, the Bank of England the sum of sixteen millions sterling, and is empowered to issue paper money, in notes not under the value of five pounds each, for that amount, unrepresented

by gold, silver, copper, bread, beef, beer, wine, cloth, tea, or anything whatsoever, except the credit of the British nation. For every five pound note above that amount the Bank is bound to pay gold. This was the state of affairs thirty years ago, forty years ago, perhaps seventy years ago, and fitted —though not too well, or very indifferently and unsatisfactorily well—the necessities of British commerce and enterprise, when British trade and commerce had not attained a tithe of their present amount.

But is the credit and are the resources of Great Britain no greater now than at the earliest of these comparatively recent periods? The computation is that the resources of the country are ten, or twenty, or it may be a hundred-fold greater now than they were three quarters of a century ago. If so, why should our inconvertible paper money not stretch and increase with our wealth and population? If paper unrepresented by gold, for sixteen millions sterling, was sufficient to lubricate the wheels of commerce, to make the machine roll smoothly, and form the medium of a continually-extending barter seventy years ago, surely the same amount of paper unrepresented by gold is not sufficient for the constantly-expanding wants of the present day?

I put the case before Mr. Chase, as the great financier of the United States.

"Wait till you are at war," said he, "with a combination of all the leading Powers of the world against you, as you may have some day; and if you don't find out the value of paper money unrepresented by gold, or by anything else but your credit, you are not the great nation I take you for."

CHAPTER XII.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In neither of my two visits to the United States before, during, and after the War of Secession, was it my fortune to meet or hold any communication with Mr. Jefferson Davis, the brave but luckless President of the short-lived Southern Confederacy. But, on his arrival in London, in 1868, after his long imprisonment in a Federal fortress, awaiting trial for high treason, I left my card for him at his lodgings, in company with an English peer who, in common with nearly all the upper and well-to-do classes, had sympathised with the South.

On our way to the ex-President's lodgings, the peer expressed his wonder to me that the American Government had been so lenient as to abandon the prosecution, a leniency which he attributed to enlightened humanity. His Lordship, however, was wrong in his conclusion. The Government had

every desire to bring the great "rebel" to trial, and would have done so very shortly after the capture of Mr. Davis, when he was endeavouring to make his escape into Texas, had it not been for the fear that the prosecution would have been a failure.

The highest legal opinions were taken on the subject, including that of Mr. Chase, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the ablest and most eminent lawyer in the Union, and his legal opinions were entitled to, and received, the greatest deference from men of all parties.

His deliberate judgment was that to bring Mr. Davis to trial would be unwise and inopportune, inasmuch as his acquittal, if not certain, would be highly probable, on the ground that the first allegiance of an American citizen was due to his native State; that the State of Mississippi, which had elected Mr. Davis to the high position of Senator, having passed a decree of secession with all legal formalities, Mr. Davis would have been a rebel to that State if he had cast in his fortunes with the North during the war.

Whether this were correct law or not, the doubt whether he would not have been acquitted on the ground of prior and paramount allegiance was sufficiently strong in the mind of Mr. Chase to justify the Federal Government in declining to prosecute. Other eminent legal authorities agreed

with the Chief Justice, and President Johnson and his chief advisers, Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton, judged it the safer and more expedient policy to abandon all thought of a prosecution, and set the prisoner at liberty.

Mr. Davis, therefore, came to England, the country of his ancestors, to recruit his health after the long and severe imprisonment, during which he was submitted to every possible ignominy and degradation, in the hope—more than once expressed by President Andrew Johnson—that death would relieve the Federal Government of the troublesome captive, whom it was alike inconvenient to pardon or to punish.

In the autumn of 1869, Mr. Davis, having heard that I was about to take a month's holiday, in travelling in Scotland, and visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oban, the Hebrides and Inverness, sent a friend to me, stating that he had long had a desire to visit Scotland, and that it would be a great pleasure to him to be permitted to accompany me, and to share with me the expenses of the trip.

I was by no means loth, but highly flattered and pleased with the proposition; for, during my short but pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Davis, I had found him to be a most agreeable companion, with a well-stored mind, attractive manners, and rare conversational power. So we speedily came

to an agreement, and, as the weather was beautifully calm and sunny, resolved to travel by sea from St. Katherine's Wharf to Granton, and make the City of Edinburgh our first stopping place.

Mr. Davis had wished to travel incognito; but his name upon his trunk had betrayed his secret to the steward of the steamer, and from the steward it had made its way to the captain and his crew and passengers. Among the latter were a few soldiers of a Highland regiment, who honoured Mr. Davis and myself with particular attention or "stares" whenever we appeared on deck, apparently unable to convince themselves which of the two was the famous ex-President.

At last one of them, having received a hint from the steward, pointed to Mr. Davis, exclaiming at the same time to his companions in broad Scotch, "That 's hum (him)!" and calling a moment afterwards for "three cheers for President Davis!" The cheers were lustily given, to the annoyance, apparently, of their object. Mr. Davis, however, acknowledged the compliment by raising his hat, and endeavoured to escape further recognition by taking a seat on the deck, and resorting to the companionship of a copy of the *Lady of the Lake* which he had in his pocket.

Mr. Davis was received in Scotland, wherever his arrival became known, not only with the sympathy to which misfortune has a claim, and

the respect due, though not always paid, to fallen greatness, but in many instances with an amount of enthusiasm which could not have been exceeded if he had been in the full plenitude of the power and authority of which the fortune of war had deprived him four years previously.

Politics had no disturbing influence in the fervour of his reception. The great Conservative magnate, the Duke of Buccleuch, and John Blackwood, the able and fearless editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, joined the Whig proprietors of the *Scotsman*—with the genial Alexander Russel, the prince of Scotch newspaper editors at their head—in cordial welcome and liberal hospitality to the historical personage who was of no more political importance than the humblest citizen of the United States—nothing but a venerable private gentleman of unblemished private character and high mental attainments, who had played a great part in a great manner, and fallen from a lofty position without loss of personal dignity.

Five years afterwards, at a public dinner of Scotsmen, and Americans of Scottish extraction, held at the city of Memphis, on the left bank of the Mississippi, descending that wearisome but renowned river from St. Louis to New Orleans, Mr. Davis delivered a speech in which he recounted the incidents of our journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow, Oban, and Inverness, and the impres-

sions that the grand scenery of Scotland and the nobly independent character of the people had made upon his mind. The speech was shortly afterwards republished in a pamphlet in Glasgow, under the title of *The Scottish People.*

Two little incidents that occurred, both relating to himself, are not recorded by Mr. Davis in his pleasant reminiscences of our journey. The one occurred at Invergarry, the Highland seat of Mr. Edward Ellice, Member for the St. Andrew's district of boroughs, son of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice—known in Parliamentary slang, in the days of Earl Grey's administration, as "Bear Ellice." At the house of this gentleman, on the romantic shore of Loch Oich, we passed several days, and thence proceeded to Inverlochy Castle, the seat of Lord Abinger, on our way to Inverness and Culloden, where the victory of the Duke of Cumberland sealed the fate of the Stuart dynasty, and fixed the Hanoverian family on the throne.

One morning, when we were seated at breakfast at Invergarry, Mr. Ellice noticed that his yacht on the lake was gaily decorated with flags in the usual manner when a welcome or rejoicing is intended in honour of a great personage.

"Ah!" said Mr. Ellice, "it is my birthday. It was very kind of the Captain to remember the fact which I myself had forgotten—very kind indeed!"

Later in the day, I met the Captain on the shore of the loch, and mentioned to him how pleased Mr. Ellice had been at the mark of attention which he had shown him in honour of his "birthday."

"Birthday!" said the Captain. "I did na ken it was his birthday. I did it in honour of Mr. Jefferson Davis!"

The next incident was of a totally different character.

"When I was in Inverness," said Mr. Davis, in the speech at Memphis already referred to, "Mr. Chambers, the founder of *Chambers' Journal* and the *Miscellany*, was still living, and it was under his guidance that I saw the field of Culloden, and learned where the clans were posted, and where they fought and fell. A shepherd sat by the well where the Duke of Cumberland's cavalry charged the Scots. The peace of the grave was there. The living accept the inevitable, but honour not the less the brave who died for their country."

In these sentences Mr. Davis fell into an error of commission and an error of omission. It was not Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, but Mr. Robert Carruthers, the editor of the *Inverness Courier*, my old and intimate friend, who acted as our guide on this occasion. The error of omission arose from Mr. Davis's ignorance of the fact that Mr. Carruthers had pointed him out to the

shepherd, who was reading a book while tending his flock, expecting that the shepherd would be interested in knowing that he was in the presence of so eminent a person. The shepherd took no notice, and Mr. Carruthers asked him if he had never heard of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy?

"Never dud," replied the man. "And what was the Southern Confederacy, as ye ca' it? Was it in England? Or was it a Limited Liability Company?"

"It is evident," I whispered aside to Mr. Carruthers, "that your friend the shepherd does not read the *Inverness Courier*."

"I am ashamed of him," replied the discomfited editor. "I dare say his reading is confined to the Bible."

And a small copy of the New Testament it turned out to be which the shepherd held in his hand. We neither of us told Mr. Davis of the incident, lest his high estimate of the intelligence of the Scottish peasantry should have suffered diminution.

The following notice of Mr. Davis's voyage down the Estuary of the Clyde and up Loch Fyne to Ardrishaig appeared in the *Glasgow Daily Mail*, two or three days after his departure from Glasgow, written by an eminent clergyman of the city, who had recently travelled in the United States. I

should mention that, during our stay in Glasgow, Mr. Davis and I had been guests in the hospitable house of Mr. James Smith, of Dowan Hill, a worthy Scot, who had resided for some years in the State of Mississippi, and had been well acquainted with the Confederate chief before he had either achieved greatness or had it thrust upon him.

"On the 12th of August, or thereabout," said the *Mail*, "I left the banks of Clyde for the West Highlands, to have a breath of my native air. I got on board the *Iona* at Rothesay. The papers had announced, the morning before, that Mr. Jefferson Davis was to sail that day for Oban; so there was an unusual crowd on Rothesay Pier to get a glimpse of the fallen chief. When the beautiful steamer came gliding, with her crowded decks, to the pier, hundreds of the more eager struggled to the front or piled themselves upon carts and lamp-posts to get a better sight. The *Iona* was so crowded that it was some time before the eager eyes of the multitude could discover the man; but just as we were moving off the people began to cheer, and, the passengers on one part of the saloon-deck drawing apart, there stepped forth from amongst them the once powerful chief of the Southern Confederacy, and took off his hat and bowed. It was the face that his likeness had made familiar to everybody—the thin features, the prominent nose, the cold yet not unkindly

eyes, the beautiful lips, thin and resolute, the sharp chin, the calm and somewhat careworn smile wrinkling the hollow cheek.

"He looked old for his years, walked with a stoop which lowered him to middle height, and had a somewhat broken-down appearance, as if he had personally collapsed along with the Confederacy. He was very plainly dressed in a dusty black hat and dark clothes, that seemed rather heavy and large for him. And yet withal there was a dignity about him that told of grander days; and his quiet bearing and unostentatious kindliness of manner won the hearts of all. He must have been very much bored that day; so many people spoke to him and shook hands, or followed about and watched his every motion; but his good nature never flagged. At every pier a little crowd was waiting to see him; and at Ardrishaig it was amusing to observe, when he passed up the crowded pier, how all eyes followed him, and how people who had been nudging each other eagerly when he was near said, with bated breath when he had passed: 'That's him! that's Jeff Davis!' The Ardrishaig fishermen were as eager as the rest, and swarmed on the ridge where their nets hung drying, to see him pass to the track-boat. The very children ran excitedly after the crowd of passengers, pointing him out to one another. How much some of the people knew about the ex-President it would be

curious to ascertain. In one shop into which a friend stepped to buy something, the woman behind the counter, seeing the unusual throng and excitement, asked a man: 'Who is 't that 's come wi' the steamer the day?' To which he replied sagaciously: 'It 's a man they ca' Davison!'"

I should mention that Mr. Donald MacGregor, the somewhat rough but warm-hearted landlord of the "Royal Hotel," in Princes Street, Edinburgh —where we remained for upwards of a week— treated the ex-President and myself as if we had been princes. When I asked for the bill, he said: "Bill? There 's no bill, an' if ye say another word about it, ye 'll offend me. I 'm more than paid by the honour ye have done me!" And the worthy man refused all recompense except our thanks.

Medora Leigh.

In the autumn of 1869, immediately after my return from my trip in Scotland with Mr. Jefferson Davis, as just recorded, I received a letter from Mr. Thomas Smith, of the firm of Barron and Smith, army agents—whom I had known from boyhood as the agents of my father for receiving his military pension as a half-pay officer—requesting me to call upon them at my earliest convenience, as they had something very particular and, as they thought, highly important to submit to my notice.

I waited upon Mr. Smith accordingly, with expectations somewhat highly raised of a legacy or inheritance which had descended to my deceased father, and of which I was the heir. I was speedily undeceived, however, when Mr. Smith explained the business upon which he had sent for me, and had placed in my hands a bundle of letters and documents which he had received some years previously from a lady named Medora Leigh, since deceased. The name was not familiar to me, although I imagined that I had seen it in connection with the foul charge brought by Lady Byron against the character of the great poet, her husband, which

she had communicated to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the popular authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and which the latter had shamefully — or shamelessly—(*tous les deux peuvent se dire*) divulged to the world, with her own censorious commentary. Medora Leigh had represented herself to Messrs. Barron and Smith as the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, the sister of Lord Byron. She undoubtedly stood in that tender relationship to Mrs. Leigh, and was consequently the niece of Lord Byron.

Mr. Smith wished me to take the documents home with me and peruse them carefully, with the view of publishing a supplement to Mrs. Beecher Stowe's revelations, given to the world at Lady Byron's instigation. He thought that the truth on the unhappy matter, whether favourable or unfavourable to the character of Lord Byron, should be made known, on the principle of the old Latin saying, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*; but, doubting his own literary skill and experience to do full justice to the delicate inquiry, and mistrusting his own ability at his age—he had then passed or nearly approached his eightieth year—he had thought a younger man, and one of some literary standing, ought to be entrusted with the task, and had, therefore, sent for me.

I took the letters away with me, devoted my best and most anxious attention to their perusal, and

reluctantly came to the conclusion that the best thing to do with them would be to burn them. I reported my opinion to Mr. Smith, who would by no means consent to their destruction, and scarcely listened with patience to the proposal, expressing his determination, in case of my refusal to edit them, to place them in other hands.

Mr. Smith leaned to the opinion that Lord Byron was really guilty of the charge brought against him by the jealous widow, and supported by the zealous advocacy of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. I, on the contrary, believed that the charge was unfounded, though Medora Leigh herself had been taught by Lady Byron to believe in its truth, and had ended by accepting it. Mr. Smith had thought of another editor for Medora Leigh's correspondence, in case I should refuse to undertake the task, and had fixed upon a gentleman who had publicly expressed his belief in the truth of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's and Lady Byron's revelations. Mr. Smith expressed his determination to place the documents in that gentleman's hands, to make what public use of them he pleased in case of my refusal.

Under these circumstances, with the conviction strong in my mind that Lord Byron was innocent, and that I could prove him to be so out of the very documents which Mr. Smith had put into my hands, I, with much reluctance, accepted the task

which seemed to be thrust upon me. Mr. Smith, though with a prejudice against Lord Byron—as a man, though not as a poet—had the fullest reliance upon my judgment, and left me to deal with the documents as I pleased, with the sole stipulation that I should neither destroy them, suppress them, or part with them.

I accepted the conditions, but thought it best, before beginning to work upon them, to show them to Mr. John Murray, the eminent publisher of Byron's works, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Mr. Murray read them, and offered a liberal price for the manuscripts in order that he might either destroy or suppress them. To this I could not consent, after the understanding I had come to with Mr. Smith, and the positive promise I had made to him.

I, therefore, set to work upon the materials at my command, placed a *resumé* of the whole case before the public as presented by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, with the autobiography of the luckless, erring, grossly deceived and credulous Medora Leigh, with her letters to Lady Byron and the noble and influential friends and relatives of the poet. I completed a volume, which was published in December 1869, by the eminent house of Richard Bentley and Son, New Burlington Street, entitled *Medora Leigh; a History and an Autobiograhpy, with an Introduction and a Commentary*

on the Charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

In that volume, as I observed in the preface, I carefully compared the statements made by Medora Leigh with those made by Mrs. Stowe, and came to the conclusion that they disproved all the allegations of the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as to the separation of Lord and Lady Byron in 1816, and that the odious charge—not brought against the Hon. Augusta Leigh until 1831, seven years after Lord Byron's death, or publicly mentioned against the poet himself until 1840—and gave my reasons for believing, and calling upon all the world to believe, that the charge against brother and sister was not only unproved and unprovable, but untrue, and the result of a conspiracy of which Lady Byron was the dupe and the victim.

The reception of this book, with which I had so unwillingly connected my name, was the reverse of gratifying. The press, with scarcely a single exception, either sneered, condemned, or manifested a kind of contemptuous pity for the editor, reminding me painfully of the truth so coarsely expressed in *Hudibras;*

> They who in quarrels interpose
> Will often wipe a bloody nose;

and of the more modern saying, that those who interfere in the personal conflicts between hus-

band and wife will likely incur the wrath of both parties. The friends and partizans of Lady Byron and Mrs. Beecher Stowe were indignant against me—as was, perhaps, natural, after I had proved them to be guilty of cruel slander against an innocent brother and sister—while the friends and partizans of Lord Byron were scarcely less indignant against me for having taken up the subject at all, and for not having suppressed or destroyed the miserable revelations of poor Medora.

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum was the adage that had strengthened me to vindicate Lord Byron; but, in having rendered what I conscientiously believed to be impartial justice, I was certainly not prepared for the thunder-crash in the critical heavens that ensued. Neither the one side nor the other knew or reflected that suppression was beyond my power —though, of course, both knew that no moral or physical necessity compelled me to disseminate, even for the purpose of confutation, the sad details of Medora Leigh's story of her life; though I knew to a certainty that the task undertaken by my friendly hand would have been undertaken only too willingly by an unfriendly one.

I was consoled for the faint praise of some and the by no means faint obloquy of other English journals by the impartial, just, and discriminating favour extended to me by the most eminent critics

of Germany. They all considered that I had successfully vindicated the character of Lord Byron and his sister, and silenced for the future the calumnious tongues of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the believers in the guilt of the great poet.

The charge brought against the great poet had an enormous sale in Europe and America. The defence—mainly owing to the cold water thrown upon it by the London newspapers—had scarcely a sale sufficient to pay the expenses of publication! Perhaps the public was tired of the subject, or perhaps it enjoyed the scandal far more than the refutation! As I cannot undertake to solve the question, I leave it to the charitable judgment of posterity.

The Empress Eugenie in Skye.

Late in the summer of 1872, I spent a month in the pleasant little town of Oban, in Argyllshire, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery of the West Highlands. Oban had been my favourite resort during many years for health, rest, recreation, and long walks through the glens and over the mountains of a land which, at every turn which the traveller or the pedestrian may take, offers some new scene of grandeur or beauty for his admiration and delight.

While at Oban I received a communication from my highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Fraser, the Sheriff of Skye, requesting me to visit him at his house near Portree, in that island. I gladly accepted the invitation, for, though I had previously been in Skye, I had not had time to explore the manifold beauties of the wild and gloomy Loch Coruisk, the awful Cuchullin hills, and the very remarkable amphitheatre of rocks, high upon the mountain side, beyond Uig, known as Quiraing. The desire to ascend the latter was strong upon me; and I hoped to gratify it in the genial companionship of the Sheriff, the attached friend of my early manhood.

My wife and young daughter accompanied me on the occasion, and, as the Sheriff's cottage was small, I sought accommodation at the principal—almost the only—hotel of Portree, to the good offices of whose proprietor we had been specially recommended by another most excellent friend, to whom I had been particularly attached from early years, the late David Hutcheson of Glasgow and Oban. Mr. Hutcheson was the founder and proprietor of the fleet of steam-ships, by the agency of which he had opened up the West Highlands to trade and travel, and, by the successful and popular management of which great enterprise, he had done more than any man of his day and generation to develop the resources and extend the civilization of the Highlands.

A letter from him to any inn-keeper on the west coast of Scotland was almost equivalent to a royal command, and I made no doubt that I and mine would receive every attention from Mr. Ross, the worthy landlord of the "Royal." But, on arrival at Portree, we found that Mr. Ross could not accommodate us, inasmuch as all the available rooms were pre-occupied by the Empress Eugenie, her son the Prince Imperial, and their suite, among whom was Count Clary. The Empress, however, was to leave Skye on the following morning, when the rooms which she had vacated would be at our disposal.

For one night we had to make shift as best we could, which we resolved to do, acting, like true philosophers, on the wise old adage which tells the unhappy as well as the disappointed that "what can't be cured should be endured." We could have remained on board of the steamer, if it had not been for the fact that she had started for Stornoway, in the Long Island—as the island of Lewis, is called—after half-an-hour's delay at Portree; so we passed the night as comfortably as we could on chairs in the dining-room.

In the morning I paid my respects to the Empress, to whom and to whose unfortunate husband I had been introduced some years previously. I was honoured by a long and friendly conversation with her. Having inquired of Her Majesty whether she had yet visited the wondrous cave of Staffa, and the sacred Isle of Iona, she informed me that she had not yet had the time to do so. I took the liberty of reminding her, now that she was in such near proximity to those renowned spots—to which no traveller in the West Highlands should omit to make a pilgrimage—that she ought to stretch a point and take advantage of the favourable opportunity.

She replied that she had often heard of Staffa and its sublimities, and had a great desire to visit it, but that she was reluctantly compelled to defer this pleasure until she made another visit to Scotland. It was now the 10th or 11th of August,

and the *fête* day of the Emperor was on the 15th. She would not and could not for any consideration be absent from his side on such an occasion, and therefore felt herself compelled to hurry home to Chislehurst as fast as steam could carry her.

On bidding farewell to the Empress at the porch of the Royal Hotel, as she took her departure for the steamer that was to convey her to Oban, *en route* for Glasgow, a little crowd—great for small Portree—had assembled to give her a parting cheer. She said to me, loudly enough to be heard by the bystanders, that she had highly enjoyed her visit to Scotland, and was greatly pleased both with the country and the people. I remarked to Her Majesty that the Scotch believed that she also was of Scottish extraction, through the Kirkpatricks.

"Yes," she replied; "I have Scottish blood in my veins, and I am proud of it."

A ringing cheer, that burst spontaneously from the bystanders, was the echo to this short speech, spoken with a slightly foreign accent—*it* being pronounced *eet*—but, in all other respects, unexceptionable English; in the midst of which she courteously extended her hand to me, and proceeded, accompanied by her son, Count Clary, and her suite, to the little pier of Portree, and the steamer that had waited about five minutes for her cleared the harbour, amid the cheers of a

second small crowd that had assembled to witness her embarcation.

The next day being fine—and fine days are scarce in the "misty moisty" island of Skye—our little party, accompanied by Sheriff Fraser, hired a carriage and pair, not showy but serviceable, and proceeded to Quiraing. The distance from Portree is twenty-three miles, over a good road, through a district crowded with historical memories of Flora MacDonald, the Young Chevalier, the Rebellion of 1745, and the devoted attachment of the brave Highlanders to a lost cause, so sacred to their hearts that not even the magnificent bribe of £30,000 offered by the Hanoverian Government tempted one of the thousand and more of poor peasants who were in the "Pretender's" secret to betray to the cruel mercies of his enemies the unfortunate fugitive, whom they considered to be their rightful King.

The Sheriff informed me, during his ride, that the first few months which he passed in Skye, after receiving his appointment and removing from Inverness, where he had previously resided, were the most desolate and dreary of his life. He had nobody with whom he could exchange ideas, except the ministers of the Established and the Free Churches and the local medical practitioner, with neither of whom had he much or any community of sentiment.

"Had it not been for my books," he said, "I believe I should have gone melancholy mad."

He added that, fortunately, after six or seven months, he made the acquaintance of a little old Frenchman, who lodged in a small room in the house of the watchmaker in Portree, who spoke tolerably good and fluent English, and with whom he became in a short time very intimate. He was a scholar, a philosopher, and a man of the world, who had evidently had a large experience of life and society, and whose conversation was in a high degree instructive and entertaining.

He discovered after a while that his name was Neckar, the son of Neckar, the Minister of Finance in the days of Louis XVI., just previous to the outbreak of the great French Revolution of 1789, and the brother of the famous Madame de Stäel. M. Neckar was poor—very poor; but his wants were few, and he had enough to live upon in his humble and contented manner, and, finding his way accidentally to Skye, and discovering that the climate agreed with his health, and that he could live far more cheaply in Portree than in any other place he had ever visited, he had resolved to make it his home for the remainder of his life. He seemed to be as pleased with the Sheriff as the Sheriff was with him, and they became almost inseparable, until the death of M. Neckar at a

venerable age deprived Mr. Fraser of one of the most intelligent friends he ever had.

The Sheriff went on to inform me that, during the summer months, he had no lack of society, as the influx of tourists was great, and yearly increasing, in consequence of the facilities of travelling afforded by the steamers of Mr. Hutcheson. He often received visits from old friends, legal and other, from Inverness, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, as well as from London; and had, besides, learned to accommodate himself to his secluded life, and to find enjoyment in it.

On arrival at Quiraing, we found that the ascent to the summit had been rendered easier of accomplishment than it had been a week previously, or than it had ever been before, in consequence of the gallant forethought of the landlord of the hotel at Portree. Mr. Ross had gone to the trouble and expense of employing labourers to cut steps in the most difficult portions of the very steep ascent, so as to render it less fatiguing to the delicate and illustrious lady—once a powerful Empress, but an Empress no more except in name, though still exercising a quasi-Imperial influence, by her grace and beauty, over the hearts and minds of all with whom she was brought into personal contact.

The name of Quiraing has never been explained to the satisfaction of Gaelic philologists—a race who are more inclined to disagree than to agree

upon the origin of the Keltic names of places in the British Islands. One set holds that the first syllable is derived from *coir*, "a court or circle," and the second from *fraing* or *fhraing*, pronounced *raing*, "French"; while another, agreeing in the derivation of the first syllable, maintains that the second is to be traced to *reang*, "a rib or spar," which the pillar-like perpendicular and detached rocks by which the singular circle is enclosed very closely resemble.

The Sheriff agreed with me in thinking that the second derivation was preferable to the first, more especially from the fact that neither history nor tradition has any record of the connection between the singular and striking circle that forms the *coir* or *corrie* and any thing, person, or story connected with France. Quiraing resembles the crater of an extinct volcano in the side or heart of a hill upwards of a thousand feet in height, and is surrounded by huge rocks that shoot up into detached and pyramidal masses of varied shapes and altitudes.

Between the intervening chasms of these columns noble views of the country and of the German Ocean are obtainable. The wild sublimity of Quiraing is unique in Scotland, and possibly in Europe—unless in Norway, of which I cannot speak, as I have never visited that country. There is a very comfortable inn at Uig, seven miles distant on the road

to Portree, where travellers, either in large or small parties, may find all needful refreshment, especially grouse and salmon in their season, and at all times mutton, oat-cake, Highland butter, and cream, as well as ale and whisky. The attendance is adequate and obliging, and the charges at the time of my visit, had not reached half-way to the exorbitant demands so common in Highland hotels, and for which the only possible excuse is that they are kept open all the year, and that their only chance of custom is for a short season of three months at the utmost.

A Very Successful Money-lender.

In the autumn of 1875, while walking on the breezy Esplanade of Brighton, an elderly gentleman in a bath-chair suddenly accosted me, and inquired after my health. I had known him many years previously; but, in the interval, time, sorrow and sickness had made such changes in his appearance that I scarcely recognised him. He had acquired a large fortune and retired from the exercise of his profession, to enjoy in peace—if enjoyment were possible—the short remainder of his days. He had, however, found what is sometimes called the *dolce far niente* the reverse of *dolce*; a heavy load, weary, monotonous, objectless, and oppressive to a mind that was far stronger than his body.

He had made most of his money by usury, and as the agent of the impecunious heirs to large estates, in raising funds for the gratification of their passions, and the satisfaction of their gambling or racing debts. His best customers were young men, who did not know that they were purchasing "a minute's mirth to wail a week" in having transactions with such as he, and discounting the wealth that might be theirs in the future, for a mean modicum of ready money to purchase present enjoyment.

After less than twenty years of this lucrative business, he was reported to have retired with more than a quarter of a million sterling, won from the sons of rich men, and in many instances from the fathers themselves, who happened to be involved as deeply as their sons in the miry pits in which bygone follies had plunged them. Post obits, reversions, and interest of eighty, a hundred, and a hundred and fifty per cent. were the fountains whence came the streams that filled up the wide-spreading reservoir of this poor man's riches.

He invited me to walk by the side of his chair down the Esplanade to the West Pier. I consented willingly, for the sake of a talk with an old acquaintance who seemed to be in want of companionship. The confidences he gave me made a painful impression on my mind, and have haunted me ever since, forming as they did a sadly realistic homily on the old, old text, that, for seemingly prosperous as well as for really unprosperous people, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

He confessed that he was rich, very rich, though not quite so rich as he was commonly reported to be, and that his wealth, great as it was, did him no other good and served no other purpose than to keep him alive, in a state of miserable suffering.

"I have," said he, "one of the finest and largest houses in London, in which I inhabit only one room on the ground floor, not having the

power to mount the stairs. The house is filled with fine pictures, noble statuary, and *bric-à-brac*, which I never see, and could not enjoy if I did. It is surrounded by a beautiful park-like garden full of the choicest and rarest flowers, a garden in which I cannot dig, as I should like to be able to do for my amusement, and in which I cannot walk on account of chronic rheumatism, which makes me a cripple, and forces me to have recourse to a bath-chair or perambulator for the sole means of locomotion that fate allows me. I have a magnificent library, full of valuable books, which I cannot consult, on account of my failing eye-sight, and for want of the power of fixing my attention, and which I cannot have read to me without being sent to sleep by the motonous voice of the reader. I have a cellar full of the most expensive wines—Romanée Conti, Chambertin, Clos Vougeot, Château Margaux, Château Lafitte, Château Yquem, Sillery, Roederer, Tokay, Rudesheimer, Marcobruner—all the most delicious vintages of Germany and Hungary, not one glass of which can I drink with impunity or pleasure. I have many acquaintances, and few or no friends, except, perhaps, in my own family, to whom I cannot help thinking the miserable state of my health and my daily increasing infirmities render me a nuisance and an incumbrance, and who probably, in their secret hearts, wish that I were dead, that they might share my wealth among

them. I cannot enjoy refreshing sleep or sink into oblivion for more than one restless hour at a time. I suffer agony from gout and rheumatism. I am growing deaf as well as blind, and, worse than all, I cannot perform the most ordinary functions of nature without surgical and mechanical assistance, accompanied by pain as well as degradation. And yet people think I must be happy because I am rich! Idiots! I would give every shilling of my money could I be again a boy, sweeping a lawyer's office, or running errands for a wage of ten shillings a week, eating with an appetite, drinking with a relish, able to walk, run, leap, jump, and swim, and sleeping every night without waking in the middle of it, and arising every morning refreshed for the day's work. Now I never rise from my bed in the morning, and look at my pale face in the glass, without an insane desire to cut my throat. Do not be surprised if you read some day in the newspapers that I have done so, and that the Coroner has held an inquest upon my miserable carcass."

I drew the obvious moral at the time from the mournful story of this poor rich man, and leave the reader to do the same if he be so disposed. Perhaps the poor as well as the rich may say that, after all, his money was a benefit, and that he might have suffered quite as many bodily ills if he had been a pauper. Perhaps so. But there is a possibility that his miserable life would have ended sooner in the

workhouse than in his lordly palace, and that he would have escaped the lingering agony and the daily death that he was doomed by his wealth to suffer, unrelieved and unrelievable, except by the final death that so long refused to come. As a pauper he would have gone with resignation to that truest refuge for the destitute, the house appointed for all living, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER XIII.

CLOSING LABOURS.

THE records of a busy literary life of half a century would be incomplete if I were to make no mention of its closing years, which have, in one sense, been the busiest of all. Like too many unfortunates in a country where Literature is ignored by the State, and scantily recognised by a Legislature that jealously affirms the rights of a man and his heirs to his houses, his lands, and his money, but denies the rights of an author and his heirs—except for a very short and limited period—to the works of his brain, I have found literature to be but a parsimonious mother in the way of pecuniary recompense. Literature in Great Britain is both a pleasant and a perilous profession. It is pleasant and remunerative

to those who care nothing for posthumous fame, and who make it their business to amuse the public, and tickle the thoughtless to laughter, who are merchants that deal in frivolous and light reading, and look to no other rewards than are expected by merchants who deal in cheese and butter, fish, flesh, and fowl, wines and broadcloths, or other physical commodities. It is pleasant and perilous, but often fatal, to those whose aims are too high to pander to the evanescent and often ignoble tastes of the multitude, and who have no hopes except in the appreciation and sympathy of the thoughtful few, and the barren homage to be rendered to their memory by a remote posterity.

In looking back upon my literary work, I am painfully conscious that my worst has been the most popular, and that my best has received but slight or no recognition. The ballads of "There 's a good time coming" and "Cheer, boys, cheer," thrown off at a heat in an hour or two, have earned the acclamations of the million; while the conscientious labours of years have been welcomed only by the choice few, whose numbers might be counted by the score.

But, successful or unsuccessful, I have never "bated heart or hope" in the exercise of my vocation. I have laboured in it because I loved it, and found, as Coleridge said of his poetry, that my work

was "its own exceeding great reward." During the last ten years, freed from the trammels and deprived of the regular income of daily or weekly journalism, I have—to use a phrase common among painters and sculptors—been compelled, by the not-to-be-avoided demands of baker, tailor, and house-owner, to produce "pot-boilers" to pay my way. Since the sudden cessation of my unfortunate connection with the *Times*—in the favour of which journal I stood high as long as Fortune seemed to smile on the cause of the Southern Confederacy—I have contributed anonymously to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly Review*, and to Dickens's *All the Year Round*, leaving myself leisure for other work that did not pay, but that ministered to my enjoyment, the increase of my knowledge, and the education of my mental faculties.

The chief of these labours of love was in historical philology, which always, as long back as my literary memory can carry me, had charms for my mind. The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson—an ignorant philologist, following in the track of still more ignorant predecessors—maintained, in his famous Dictionary, that the original inhabitants of England, who spoke Keltic, one of the oldest languages in the world, though spared by the Romans during five hundred years of occupation, were *exterminated* at a later period by their Saxon con-

querors, and that, being exterminated, their language was necessarily exterminated with them; that the few miserable fugitives who escaped the incredible massacre took refuge in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland; and that the remnants of their language which they carried along with them to their all but inaccessible mountain fastnesses were mere gibberish, unworthy of the attention of philologists and students of language.

He based his Dictionary on this unfounded assertion, and persuaded himself, his contemporaries, and successors in the industry of compiling Dictionaries, that the English language was almost wholly a variety of the Teutonic, enriched and extended by the Latin, and the Norman French, and that it was in no degree indebted to the British of the early inhabitants.

Dr. Johnson and his predecessors were utterly in the wrong, historically; and their philology was as much founded in error as their history. There is no evidence of the so-called extermination of the British, except the untrustworthy assertion of Gildas, a credulous British monk, who wrote a Latin treatise after he had taker refuge in Brittany. This prejudiced and frightened ecclesiastic endeavoured to prove that the Saxons occupied the whole interior of the country, as well as the fringe of the Southern and Eastern

coasts. He did not hint that they had put to the sword the helpless women and children of the Britons, or even any large proportion of the male inhabitants; and brought forward nothing to militate against the very natural supposition that, as the invaders had not brought their women along with them, they must have married in due time the daughters of the natives, who were of the same race, though not of the same language, as themselves, and that the children of such marriages must have learned to some extent in the nursery the language of their mothers.

Having some knowledge of the Gaelic spoken in the Highlands of Scotland—which Dr. Johnson thought to be different from what he called the "Erse" spoken in Ireland, though the two are identically the same, with some slight varieties of orthography and pronunciation — I devoted my leisure to the further study of that venerable speech which the Keltic swarms, in their successive immigrations from Asia in the pre-historic ages, brought to Europe along with them. In that speech they gave names, still existent, to all the rivers, all the mountain ranges, and all the great physical features of Western Europe, including Greece, Italy, Spain, France, and the British Islands. That language is now proved and recognised to be co-eval and kindred with the Sanscrit, the Hindustani, the Turkish, the Arabic, the Persian, and the Hebrew.

With all of these it has many hundreds of words in common, all traceable to one source—the Sanscrit, one of the oldest languages which has come down to our times, though comparatively modern in comparison with the Chinese, and probably the Japanese and Malayan tongues.

Pursuing my investigations in this direction, I found the undoubted sources of hundreds of colloquial, vulgar, and unliterary expressions in common use among the English-speaking people, and of a multitude of recognized literary words in all the languages of Western Europe, for which Johnson and his successors in England down to the present time, and M. Littré in his great French Dictionary, had either been wholly unable to account, or for which they had imagined the most absurd and ludicrous etymologies.

I found that English "slang" or "flash" words —once called "cant," "Pedlars' Greek," and "St. Giles's Greek"—still spoken by tramps, thieves, and members of the very lowest substrata of the vulgar—as well as by some members of the upper vulgar who move in good society—are all derived from the original British, and are, in fact, the oldest words in the language. I also found that French "Argot" and the German "Rothwelsch" had the same ancient paternity.

I found, among other discoveries, that the intensely vulgar phrase, "do you *twig*?" was from

the Gaelic *tuig*, "to understand"; that a "cove" was the Gaelic *caomh* (*mh* pronounced as *v*) and signified a gentle or courteous person, synonymous with the equally vulgar word, a "gent"; that "beak" (a magistrate) was derived from the Gaelic *beachd*, "judgment, or a judge"; that "cut stick" or "cut your stick"—an intense vulgarism, which has been rendered still more vulgar, if that be possible, by the drearily comic modern phrase, "amputate your timber"—was the Gaelic *cuite 'a steach*, "quit the house"; that the equally vulgar phrase, "cut your lucky," was a corruption of the Gaelic *cuite an lorgach*, "quit the track!"

Among other discoveries which I made during my laborious researches, was that the apparently unmeaning choruses of many popular English and French songs and ballads, which Dr. Johnson would have treated as "gibberish," such as "Fal lal la," "Fol de rol," "Tooral looral," "Fal lero loo," "Hey, nonnie, nonnie," "Hey, derry down," "Hey, trollollie loo," and others—still popular, but more greatly popular in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—were in reality the desecrated remnants of Hymns to the Sun, sung by the Druids of France and the British Isles more than two thousand years ago, all distinctly traceable to the Keltic. "Fal lal la" is a corruption of *failte là là*, "hail to the day," a welcome to the sun, sung by the priests at day-break; *fallal*

là signifies "farewell to the day," sung at sunset; "tooral looral" signifies *tuath reul*—pronounced *tua-reul*—"north star," and *luath reul*—pronounced *lua-reul*—"swift star"; while "*hey, nonnie nonnie no*" signifies "hail to the noon," or the ninth hour—which at midsummer, in our northern latitudes, was reckoned from sunrise, at 3 A.M., making noon the *ninth* hour, or 12 o'clock by modern calculation.

Following out these clues, and a multiplicity of others which the study of Gaelic or Kymric afforded me, I compiled a comprehensive Dictionary, which I published by subscription in 1878, and dedicated by permission to the Prince of Wales, which I entitled *The Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe, and more particularly of the English and Lowland Scotch, and of their Slang, Cant, and Colloquial Dialects.* In the compilation and preparation of this work I expended five years and upwards, of conscientious and careful work, and by its publication I incurred a pecuniary loss of upwards of £300. The only literary encouragement I received during its progress was from Dr. Bosworth, of the University of Oxford, author of the well-known Anglo-Saxon Dictionary and Grammar—two works by which, as he informed me, he gained first and last the handsome sum of £18,000. He informed me at the same time that he always regretted his ignorance of Gaelic and Kymric, and the other branches of the great and ancient Keltic languages,

and that, if it were not for his great age—he was then upwards of eighty—he would make it his pleasure and his duty to study them.

But I was not discouraged at my loss and my failure of recognition from prejudiced and ignorant English critics and philologists. The only exception was the late Rev. Dr. Stormonth, the author of a valuable English Dictionary, recently published by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, of Edinburgh. I extended my researches in two other directions. The first is entitled *Recreations Gauloises, ou Origines Celtiques de la Langue Française*, which I wrote in French, with the hope of finding a French publisher. In this work I pointed out many of the omissions and mistakes of the well-known French philologist, M. Littré, whose ignorance of Keltic—not so great or so presumptuously displayed as that of Dr. Johnson—was nevertheless conspicuous. In that work I have traced the origin of more than seven hundred words against which in his Dictionary he has placed the commentary "*origine inconnue.*"

My accomplished and versatile friend, the late Mr. Grenville Murray, long resident in Paris, endeavoured in vain, and took the most zealous pains, to induce some of the most influential publishers of Paris to undertake the publication of this work; but they all refused, though nothing was expected for the copyright. They severally agreed in commendation of the work, and some went so

far as to say that it was "highly important," but that it would make such slow progress in public acceptance, that no profitable returns from its publication could be expected until after the lapse of many years. And as none of them could afford to wait, even for one year, for a return of at least a portion of their money, they respectfully declined the venture.

This work, which remains in manuscript, without a publisher, occupied me about four years; and, if the literary and popular ignorance of and prejudice against the Keltic are as great in France as they are in England, it is possible, and highly probable, that the publication—if it ever take place—will be posthumous.

Still another work of Gaelic research, which has been to me a labour of love, remains to be mentioned: *New Light derived from the Ancient Language of the British People on the obscure Words and Phrases in the Writings of Shakspeare and his Contemporaries.* Hitherto the editors of and commentators on Shakspeare's writings have looked to every imaginable source for the explanation of the archaic, obsolete, or unintelligible words that occur in his Plays, rather than to the current speech of the common people of Warwickshire and Mid-England, who had Keltic blood in their veins and Keltic words on their tongues, well understood by Shakspeare in his early boyhood and youth in his native town and

neighbourhood, though not intelligible to the literary men or public of London in the seventeenth century, or to the printers—then or subsequently—of his immortal works.

The ludicrous attempts of every one of these commentators to explain or account for these words may be exemplified by two or three instances which I select at random from the great mass of similar materials which I have collected:

Cosier.—Malvolio says in *Twelfth Night*, "Do you make an ale-house out of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your *coziers'* catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?" What is a *Cozier*, or *Cosier*, as it is sometimes written? Dr. Johnson thought it meant a *tailor*, from *coudre*, "to sew." Nares and Halliwell considered it to mean a *cobbler*; while Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, alludes to the catches or rounds sung by working people in ale-houses, and songs "sung by *tinkers* as they sit by the fire with a pot of good ale between their legs." The Keltic etymology of the word refers it neither to tinker, tailor, nor cobbler, but to *cos*, "a foot," and *cosaire*, "a traveller on foot, a walker, a pedestrian, a tramp"; *cosan*, "a footpath." It would thus appear that in Shakspeare's time the working men of England, when on the tramp, or travelling from place to place in search of employment, were in the habit of assembling in the evening at the way-

side public-houses, and to sing "rounds and catches" together. On this subject see Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, Vol. I., pages 109, 110. The musical taste of the people was not confined to tailors, cobblers, or tinkers, as might be supposed by those who narrow the meaning of *Cosier* to any one handicraft, but prevailed generally among the working classes. In the introduction to Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson*, the editor (the late Dr. Carruthers of Inverness) says that at that time the last gleams of romance in Highland life had been extinguished, and that the chiefs no longer boasted of their *coshir*, or retinue, *i.e.* their footmen, or men on foot, who followed them on grand occasions.

Duc da me.—This word or phrase occurs as a line in a stanza added by Jacques to a song sung by Amiens in *As You Like It*:

> If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease
> A stubborn will to please,
> *Duc da mé, Duc da mé,*
> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he.

Amiens, puzzled by the phrase *Duc da mé*, asks Jacques what it means. Jacques replies, "'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle." By "Greek" he appears to have meant "*Pedlars' Greek*"—the popular name for slang or for the

cant language of the beggars and gipsies of his day, which is not wholly disused in our own. In a note on this passage, Mr. Staunton says: "After all that has been written in elucidation of the word, we are disposed to believe that it is mere unmeaning babble coined for the occasion." Sir Thomas Hanmer and others thought it was once a call of farm-wives and farm-servants when summoning the ducks to be fed!

No one has discovered, or even hinted at, the "circle" to which Jacques alludes. Perhaps the old game of Tom Tidler's Ground may throw some light on the matter. One of the most ancient of the rhymes still sung by British children is:

> Here I am on Tom Tidler's ground,
> Picking up gold and silver.

The origin and meaning of the name *Tom Tidler* have given rise to much controversy. The Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, maintains it to be a corruption of "Tom th' Idler." "Tom," he says, "in the game stands on a heap or mound of stones, gravel, &c. Other boys rush on the heap, crying, 'Here I am on *Tom Tidler's* Ground,' &c. *Tom* bestirs himself to keep the invaders off." This has hitherto passed muster; but the true derivation is from the Keltic or Gaelic, proving the game to have been known to British children before the Saxon and Danish irruption and conquest. *Tom* signifies "hill or

mound," a word that enters into the composition of the names of many places in the British Isles; and *tiodlach*, "gift, offering, treasure": so that *Tom-tiodlach*—corrupted by the Danes and Saxons into *Tom-tiddler*—signifies "the hill of gifts or treasure," of which the players seek to hold or to regain possession. It was the custom for the boy who temporarily held the hill or *tom* to assert that the ground or circle belonged to him of right, and dare the invaders to dispossess him, by the exclamation of "*Duc da mé!*" This phrase has puzzled commentators quite as much as the name of *Tom Tidler* has done. The word, however, resolves itself into the Keltic or Gaelic *Duthaich* (the *t* silent before the aspirate, pronounced *duhaic*), and signifying "a country, an estate, a territory, a piece of land"; or *duc*, "a mound or artificial hillock"; *do* signifying "to," and *mi* "me"—*i.e.* "this territory or ground is to me; it is my land or estate." This old British phrase continued to be used by children and illiterate people long after the British language had given way to the Saxon English, and was repeated by boys and girls in the game now called *Tom Tidler's* Ground so lately as forty years ago, when I heard it used by children on the Links of Leith and the Inches of my native city of Perth.

I have extracted these specimen words from a small pamphlet which I have sent forth into the

world, as a sort of pilot balloon, or forerunner of the greater work, with the elaboration and the preparation of which I have employed and amused the fast closing years of my life, in the hope that the undying popularity of Shakspeare would ensure some amount of public support towards its publication. But the literary prejudice of English philologists against the Keltic is so wide-spread in England that I shall not be very greatly disappointed if I find but scanty support in the undertaking, unless, perhaps, in Germany, where Shakspeare is as highly appreciated as in England, where the importance of the study of Keltic is acknowledged by all scholars, where no Anglo-Saxon prejudice exists against it, and where its true value and antiquity as a matrix of many languages, even to some extent of the German, is fully recognised.

As regards the years I have spent in these studies, I will but say in conclusion, in the words of a true poet—

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

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